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CITIES OF MANY MEN

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A WANDERER'S MEMORIES OF LONDON PARIS, NEW YORK, AND CHICAGO DURING HALF A CENTURY

BY

H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

With Illustrations

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HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
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Πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστεα καὶ νόον ἔγνω.

He saw the cities of many men and knew their manners.'

HOMER, *Odyssey*, I, 3.

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CITIES OF MANY MEN

* * *

PART I

London

CITIES OF MANY MEN

* * *

LONDON

I

HALF a century ago, I made my first transatlantic voyage, in mid-winter, aboard the White Star liner *Republic*, a lumbering old tub rigged with square sails which were set to supplement the efforts of her feeble screw whenever there was a wind to belly them. I was but nine years old at the time; yet I possessed a precocious nautical training acquired on the banks of the Chicago River in the days when the blue waters of the lake beyond its mouth were dotted by the white sails of the grain and lumber fleets which made Chicago, at that time, the liveliest port of entry in the land.

With many a deep-sea sailor who had drifted inland to find an easy berth in the fo'castle of some freshwater barkentine or topsail schooner, I made friends in those days, and from them I imbibed a knowledge of ships. Though I smelt salt water for the first time aboard the *Republic*, I was so thorough a little sailor-man that her third officer, with whom I had scraped an acquaintance almost before the pilot had gone over her side, was unable to find a sail, rope, or spar aboard her with the name and use of which I was not familiar, clewlines, leechlines, and buntlines, braces and brails, and the rest of the com-

plicated cordage of a full-rigged ship being, by name at least, at my finger-tips.

Had my sea-legs been as unwavering as my sea-knowledge, I might have passed in the eyes of my newly made friend for an able seaman. Alas, no sooner had the *Republic* stuck her blunt nose into a briny head sea than I was seeking the seclusion that a cabin grants, to remain within it until a winter gale had spent its fury. My bunk was beneath a porthole, and whenever a green wave dashed against it, I felt confident that the next would break the glass in bits, and if the roll of the ship tended upward, I pictured myself as one of an ill-fated lifeboat's wretched crew, bending in vain to an oar.

But when a fair wind blew over the taffrail, and I heard the shrill notes of the bo'sun's pipe summoning the crew to make sail, my little heart thrilled with an unwonted joy. Never had I seen sailors climb nimbly up the shrouds of a ship and lie out on yardarms; nor had I been stirred by the crackling of topsails flapping against their brails, while yards were being squared, or tacks and sheets hauled home.

'And when we get to Liverpool town,
Ye, ho, bowl a man down,'

was the refrain the sailors sang merrily as they manned the braces. But it was a British song, and my Yankee heart so resented the ignominy of sailing under the red ensign that when at luncheon, that day, a steward passed a magnificent mould of wine jelly, through the transparency of which I beheld the blazoned arms of the

STEAMSHIP REPUBLIC

United Kingdom supported by a cluster of English flags, a vision of my forbears peppering Major Pitcairn's redcoats with buckshot from behind the hedges of the Concord road arose in my bellicose little heart. Though my mouth watered for that jelly, I felt that I would face death before a firing-squad of British grenadiers rather than partake of it.

'No,' I shouted, 'not with that flag,' and shook my red head defiantly; whereupon the ship's captain, who sat near by, began to laugh heartily.

'By Jove,' he exclaimed with a twinkle in his eye, 'so I have a rebellious little Yankee aboard my ship; I've a jolly good mind to put him in irons.'

Yet in spite of his threat I stood to my guns, and refused resolutely to partake of a jelly through which the flag of a hated nation was visible.

That afternoon, while I was watching the ship's carpenter repair a lifeboat injured in the storm the ship had just weathered, the captain, who was planking the deck, halted beside me.

'I hope you like the looks of that boat, my boy,' he said; 'for as soon as that man finishes his job, over the side you go in her, with a bag of biscuits and a beaker of fresh water to keep you alive until the sharks get you. But I mean to give you a Yankee rag for company, and perhaps it will waft an ardent young patriot such as you to the land of the free and the home of the brave.'

Tears welled in my eyes as he turned on his heel, and an hour later my mother discovered me locked and barricaded in my cabin crying my heart out. In all my life

I have never felt such abject terror as when that burly sea-captain threatened to cast me adrift in an open boat — a tempting meal for sharks.

I was only a typical American boy of the day lashed into a hatred of the British by chauvinistic school histories and by the talk of my elders, the hostile attitude of the English during the Civil War being still a canker in the hearts of Northerners, despite the fact that a full amend for the depredations of the *Alabama* had been made in a treaty just signed at Washington.

That demon of ill-will toward the one nation with which the United States ought ever to dwell in peace and harmony is still kept alive, I fear, by the fact that Englishmen and Americans never quite understand each other. Speaking the same language and enjoying a common inheritance of laws and traditions, having, moreover, a goodly portion of the same blood in their veins, and possessing the same spirit of fair play, or shall I say the same sporting instinct, they, nevertheless, eye one another askance, each wondering why the other is not precisely like himself.

In reality, a well-bred Londoner and a well-bred Bostonian are so alike in speech, manner, and tradition that the difference between them would be difficult to analyse. The Westerner of the plains does not, it is true, find his counterpart in the tight little island; yet neither does the Canadian of the Rockies or the Australian of the Bush, the characteristics that distinguish Anglo-Saxons from one another being due to environment rather than to inheritance.

There is, however, one radical difference between England and the United States which no reaching-out of hands across the sea can uproot; for, although freer in many respects than our land, and more democratic in some of its aspects, England is still feudal, its people, in spite of their unquestioned liberties before the law, being, traditionally at least, either overlords or vassals. An Englishman born in a labourer's cottage may attain to a residence in Downing Street; yet he will never be able to eradicate the imprint of the class in which he was born, and he will always be ill at ease in the presence of a lord. This self-made ruler, moreover, will be looked upon by the lord as a 'rank outsider,' whom he cannot take into his confidence so completely, or receive so cordially, as he would a man of his own class.

It is this caste system which the American understands least and resents most; and because of it, he is likely to condemn everything British. But let him attempt to enter unbidden the society of even his own small town, and he will discover a caste system quite as rigid in its way as that of England. The one, however, exists *sub rosa*, whereas the other is a recognized part of the law of the land; and herein lies the fundamental difference in the outlook on life of the Englishman and the American. The one knows the particular cog he happens to be in a particular wheel of society; while the other believes that he, a free-born citizen of the United States, is a sovereign in his own right, owing allegiance to no man.

So long as there are peers in England, there must

perforce be commoners as well; hence, democracy, in the sense that all men are created equal, as well as free, cannot exist. Still, that is not a sufficient reason why two peoples having the same language, the same literature, the same fundamental laws and traditions, the same honesty of purpose, the same religions, largely, and the same inherited sense of fair play, should look askance at one another. If only they would forget their differences and jealousies, once for all, and work together for the betterment of mankind, this miserable world would be a better place of residence, I believe, for you and me.

Yet, when the *Republic* docked in the Mersey on a foggy morning, and I saw in the throng on the pier a British redcoat with a 'pill-box' aslant his blond hair, I had no such tolerant views. On the contrary, I hated him as truly as I have ever hated any man; for was he not a symbol of the tyranny against which my ancestors had fought and bled? It was the sort of hatred that had prompted me to pound with my childish fist the pictures of Confederate soldiers in a bound copy of *Harper's Weekly* belonging to my parents — a hatred born of unreasoning prejudice.

But my dislike for British redcoats was soon diverted by the strangeness of all I saw on that foggy morning in Liverpool. I took my first drive in a hansom, and my father had to hold me to the seat to keep me from jumping upon it in order to poke my head through the hole in the roof and peek at the bulbous-nosed cabby, whose face, redder than that of any human being I had ever seen, made me think of the goblins in my fairy tales.

While still wondering at the narrowness of the streets and the sombreness of the smoke-ridden buildings, or the meaning of such signs as 'vintners,' and 'licenced victuallers,' I was whisked out of the cab and into a huge railway station where tiny locomotives that looked like big toys were screeching the shrillest screeches that had ever reached my ears.

Before I could realize that the long row of little coops with windows and doors standing beside the platform down which I trudged was actually a railway train, my parents and I were locked into one of them by a man in a coat so resplendent that I made sure he was a major-general until he touched his gold-braided cap, and mumbled an obsequious word of thanks for the little piece of silver my father had placed in his hand.

Soon the train into which I had been bundled was speeding through the shires. Now it was a trim station with multicolored signboards glinting like the shapes of a kaleidoscope, now a white roadway, the soggy fields about a manor house, the closely trimmed hedgerow around a villa, or, perchance, a stretch of woodland, more carefully tended than the choicest of American garden spots, that flashed before a pair of childish eyes glued to a misty window. When the day had waned, clusters of quaint chimney-pots appeared surmounting row upon row of dingy houses; then, through a pall-like fog hanging over a mighty city, countless lights began to glimmer. Finally the train came to a stop and I was dragged out of my snug little coop and into a four-wheeler. Then trunks were piled upon its roof, and it

began to rattle through the wet streets of London on its lumbering way to the Langham Hotel.

If ever an hotel had an entity it was that stately old hostelry in Portland Place. From its sombre reading-room, where beefy Britishers with shiny bald heads dozed over their evening papers in leather-covered easy-chairs while their wives in lace caps knitted bolt upright upon ottomans, to its chilly ordinary where shuffling old waiters with mutton-chop whiskers bore cuts of the roast beef of old England and its unseasoned vegetables, or sour gooseberry tarts, to guests who might have stepped from the pages of 'The Newcomes' or 'Pendennis,' it remains in memory as the essence of Victorian smugness.

No trifling with tradition was brooked in that hotel; and whenever nasal tones resounded through the reading-room, down went the pages of *Pall Mall Gazettes* and *Evening Standards*, while over their edges disapproving eyes appeared to glare so fiercely from beneath shaggy brows that the untutored savage from over the sea, who had dared to disturb the hush of that precinct with his rasping voice, was shamed into silence. In fact, the only brightness in that sombre caravansary was the scarlet of the jackets worn by the little pages who flitted about with silver salvers in their hands.

But the even tenor of the Langham's staid ways was unseemingly disturbed by me on the night of my advent in London. Our train having arrived at a late hour, I was permitted to dine with my parents, and, after partaking of my first course-dinner from the soup to the

savoury, I spied a huge orange which seemed a fitting culmination to the most gluttonous repast I had ever enjoyed. Alas, no sooner did I use a steel knife upon it, with the same amount of muscular energy I was accustomed to expend in manipulating one of the plated kind in use in my native land, than I felt a sharp pain, for I had cut not only the yellow fruit, but my little finger, as well, right down to the bone.

I began to cry, and straightway was taken from the room, much to the annoyance of its phlegmatic occupants and the chagrin of my mother, obliged to run the gauntlet of their disapproving glances as she led me bawling the entire length of it. I am confident that the assembled Britishers had never before seen a boy of my age dining with his parents in public; and to this day I bear a scar to remind me of the time when I ruffled the Langham's wonted calm while subjecting my poor mother to a display of English scorn, than which there is nothing more humiliating on earth.

The vividness with which I recall that mishap proves the sagacity of a saying I have read somewhere to the effect that the memory of a social delinquency lingers after a crime has been forgotten. In fact, I believe that I acquired my first worldly knowledge in that moment; for while I was being led sobbing from that dining-room, I was deeply conscious that the eyes of every one in it were scornfully centred upon my diminutive self.

In fact, it did not take me long, even at the age of nine, to learn that I could not behave in the Langham Hotel as I had been accustomed to behave at home. But in-

stead of hating its frigid denizens for their disapproval of my boisterous young Americanism, I became overawed by them, and, at the same time, unconsciously their admirer. My father was a fastidious man, careful in both dress and speech, and my childish intuition told me that, in spite of their spats and monocles, these low-voiced Englishmen were more like him than he was like some of his fellow countrymen whose loud talking disturbed the Langham's tranquillity.

But not until I was placed under the tutorage of an Oxford M.A., who had stroked his varsity crew in a gruelling race from Putney to Mortlake, was I given an insight into the intricacies of English social customs. This man eventually died from dissipation in a distant colony; but he was a gentleman by birth, and during the months I remained under his care, he tried to impart to me some of the niceties of English speech and manner; not because of any regard for my future, be it said, but in order that he might show himself with me in public places without being called upon to blush for my uncouthness.

But the recollection of that gentlemanly reprobate is leading me away from memories that linger about the Langham Hotel. The morning after my arrival, a fog hung over the city so densely that from my window I could barely see a near-by house in Portland Place on which hung the hatchment of a dead nobleman. While engaged in a perplexed study of its painted escutcheon, a sight to thrill a boyish heart met my eyes; for out of the fog rode what looked for all the world like a pair of

knights-errant from King Arthur's Round Table. They were horsemen clad in armour, to be sure, but in place of hauberks they wore red tunics beneath their cuirasses, and instead of a poised lance, each held the butt of a carbine firmly against his white-breeched leg.

While still entranced by their helmets plumed in horsehair, their sheepskin holsters, their shiny jack-boots, their clanking sabres, and their sleek black chargers fretfully champing at bit and bridoon, I saw a lone trooper, like the two who were passing, loom out of the mist, and then a platoon of them, riding two abreast, all helmeted and cuirassed in steel. It was only a detachment of Household Cavalry, on its way to Whitehall; yet never have I been so thrilled by anything as by the sight of those Life Guardsmen emerging mysteriously from the fog, on my first morning in London. It did not take me long, as you may imagine, to find my way to both the Horse Guards and the Friary Court of St. James's Palace, at the hour when the guard was relieved; and I had but to witness on the Queen's birthday the spectacular ceremony called 'trooping of the colours' to be convinced that there was no soldier in the world so superb as the British redcoat I had hated so fiercely but a short while before.

In due course of time I learnt the intricacies of his uniform, and when I met him walking proudly beside a trim housemaid, and saw that the buttons of his tunic were spaced in twos instead of equally, or that the band of his forage-cap was white instead of red, I knew that he was not a Grenadier, but a Coldstream Guardsman.

And if he trotted by on a spirited charger, a glance at the cord running through his white leather pouch was sufficient for me: since, if it were blue instead of red, I knew that his regiment was not the first, but the second Life Guards.

In a shop of Regent Street I bought one day a book entitled 'Great Battles of the British Army,' and was delighted to find that the only victory won on the soil of the New World of which it told was that of Wolfe upon the Plains of Abraham. When I began to read it, I was still animated by the unreasoning dislike of England which was in the heart of almost every American boy of that day; but when I had turned its last page I felt that the blood of the breast-plated cavalry which followed Marlborough to victory on the banks of the Danube, and of the red-coated infantry which repelled the onslaughts of the Imperial Guard at Waterloo, was the same blood that flowed in my own boyish veins.

Since that day every Englishman has been to me a man of my own race, and I of his, and any quarrel I may have had with him has been a family quarrel. Lest the charge of Anglomania be lodged against me forthwith, let me say that, while I am loyal to my race, as well as proud of its achievements, my allegiance is to the flag under which I was born.

Moreover, in my liking for England, I have not forgotten that a proud Coldstream Guardsman once met on the banks of the Monongahela a defeat so galling that the remnants of his army had to be rescued from annihilation by a young Virginian Colonel. In fact, of all

EAST SIDE OF PARK SQUARE, REGENT'S PARK
From an engraving published in 1829

the heroes of history I revere the father of my country most; not because he was a great strategist and a still greater statesman, or even because of the steadfastness shown by him during the travail of my country's birth; but because in the hour of her need he served her without pay; because when he had liberated her, he sheathed his victorious sword, like Cincinnatus of old, to return to his plough; and because of the example he set, to the chagrin, alas, of many a successor, in refusing a third term of the presidency. So many fine things as these, no man with power in his grasp did before him, and none since him has surpassed.

II

IF cities, like human beings, have souls that find expression in moral achievement, then the self-sufficient part of London's soul is to be found in the amazing square mile lying between Temple Bar and Aldgate. In fact, if the faces seen in the streets during the days I am endeavouring to recall wore an expression either of vainglory or despair, one might be fairly certain of being within the territory of guilds and livery companies. All London was frock-coated and top-hatted then; yet the men of the city had a mien quite their own, there having been no more danger of mistaking the banker for his cashier or the solicitor for his clerk, when within the shadow of the Mansion House, than there was in the West End of confusing the merchant tailor with his patrician customer; since, in the words of the philosopher of clothes, 'neither in tailoring nor in legislating does man proceed by mere accident.'

If the selfish part of London's soul was in the City — where no doubt it still resides — its smugness was in Bayswater, or thereabouts, and its superciliousness in Mayfair. Its compassion, however, was largely confined to the East End, the contented being too often contemptuous, as well. But the converse, that those who are miserable are obsequious, was not always true, even in feudal London. In fact, I recall an evening spent in Whitechapel, not on account of the evil of which one hears so often, but rather because of the democracy

found in a workingmen's club. The evil was there, to be sure, in all its hideousness of gin-soaked women, half-starved children with the bruises of beatings upon their emaciated backs, drunkards lying in the gutter, and skulking brutes with caps drawn over their eyes to hide their faces from the police. But at the top of a rickety flight of stairs I saw good-fellowship, too, such as is seldom to be found in Pall Mall or St. James's Street.

The club to which I had been taken was organized by my companion and his fellow pioneers of Toynbee Hall — the first social settlement — the purpose being to brighten the lives of men whose lot was to toil in the heart of squalid London. I was not, as might be imagined, ushered into its quarters ostentatiously and permitted to glance about me patronizingly. On the contrary, I was forced to wait on the threshold until proposed and seconded for membership, and formally balloted upon by a committee of workingmen. Only after an election in due form was I introduced to my clubmates and accepted by them, not as a condescending patron, but as a man and an equal. I have forgotten the name of that club; yet I recall with delight the cordiality that reigned within it, and the unobtrusive manner in which I was welcomed by my fellow members. In a West End club I have dined in some cheerless visitors' room, or in a remote end of the members' dining-room set apart for guests; but never in Pall Mall or St. James's Street have I found such cordiality as obtained in that club in Whitechapel.

It has been said that successful clubs are founded

upon eating and drinking; but is not good-fellowship a finer basis upon which to build? To see a number of men dining, each at his own little table, and longing, meanwhile, for human companionship, is a lamentable sight. One may be particular in choosing a club, or one need not join any; but to be under the roof of one's own club, and not be permitted to speak to fellow members because one has not been introduced to them, is an absurdity of life, due, no doubt, to that natural shyness of Englishmen which is called aloofness. Yet the kind of man Dr. Johnson spoke of as 'clubable' must have been primarily a good fellow.

But this is wandering far afield, since many a year passed between a childish advent in London and the crossing of the sacred threshold of a West End club. They were adolescent years, and during them I sojourned by the Thames a dozen times, or more, learning on each visit some new phase of 'the monster London.' But not until I lived within its vast confines in a house of my own did I feel myself to be even an infinitesimal part of it.

It seems but yesterday since first I strolled down Regent Street to the Circus and along Piccadilly to the Burlington Arcade; then back to the Langham by Burlington Gardens, New Bond Street, Oxford Street, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, and Chandos Street, my boyish eyes ablaze with wonderment during every step of that two-mile walk. In youth and early manhood, as well as in boyhood, I have taken it time and again, both in sunshine and in rain, or in fog so dense

that the street lamps lighted to guide wayfarers glowed like the eyes of gnomes in subterranean depths; yet the picture I recall of those sombre streets is rather of the people in them, and the shops I used to frequent, than of any monument or place of historic interest.

Only the other day I was reading a book of essays by Arthur Christopher Benson, in which that gracious philosopher of gentlehood declares that 'travel should not be a feverish garnering of impressions, but a delicious and leisurely plunge into a different atmosphere. It is better,' he continues, 'to visit few places and become at home in each, than to race from place to place, guide-book in hand'; since 'a beautiful scene does not yield up its secrets to the eye of the collector.'

Many an hour have I scurried about London animated by a feverish desire to see sights, yet all that remains in memory of the Tower, for instance, is a Whistler-like impression of its battlements made beautiful by the smoke arising from stack and chimney-pot, or that curling upward from the funnels of penny steamboats whose paddles are churning the black waters of the Thames into yellow foam. Of the countless things of interest within its grey walls, I recall only a narrow cell in which Sir Walter Raleigh was confined, and the executioner's block on which Mary, Queen of Scots — mayhap it was Anne Boleyn — was beheaded long ago.

Of the grizzled Yeomen of the Guard, with their tasselled halberds and white ruffs, their flat Tudor hats and quaint tunics slashed with purple and adorned with gold, I retain quite a vivid picture. Yet conscience tells

me that in thinking of the Tower my mind should conjure up an orderly array of the glistening armour of kings and heroes, and the jewels and splendid robes of queens and noble ladies. Alas, I see, instead, a parade ground on a June morning where white-jacketed grenadiers are drilling under the command of their sergeants, while slim-waisted officers philander in the shade of a castellated wall with ladies whose laughter, soft as the tolling of cathedral bells afar off, tempers the measured tramp, tramp, of the soldiers' feet.

The British Museum, too, is in my mind but a jumble of mummies, marbles, and vases, made human by the recollection of a vast and silent rotunda where spectacled men with bent backs, and dowdy women whose hair is twisted into tight little knots, sit beneath a huge dome, their eyes glued to the pages of musty tomes. For the life of me I could not describe a single curio within its walls; while of Turner's dream-world, before the tender forms and fanciful colours of which I have stood for hours at a time in either the Tate or the National Gallery, I have but the faintest memory of red suns shining through yellow mists. To my shame, alas, when I try to recall to mind some one painting of his, I am haunted by Mark Twain's unfeeling quip to the effect that a sunset by Turner reminded him of a cat in a tomato omelette. The mind plays strange pranks, even in its most reverential moments; yet why should it preserve a profane jest such as this and efface the sacred beauty of the thing that has called it forth?

But before asking myself an unanswerable question,

I was wandering imaginatively in the West End, a youth in my teens entranced by all I saw — and awed as well; for I have never walked the streets of London at any age without revering the power of England and admiring the orderly way in which it is manifested. Once I saw a sham lord of creation acknowledge the salutes of grovelling subjects with a condescension like that displayed by the social upstart toward a friend of other days above whom he has climbed; yet neither the fierce curling of his mustache nor even the goose-stepping of his grenadiers symbolized the strength of empire half so effectively as the raising of a lone policeman's hand at a crowded street crossing in London.

Alas, that very policeman went on strike not long ago against the law he had sworn to uphold; while many another idol of mine has tumbled from its pedestal during the radical march of events. Nevertheless, I still harbour within me as the pride of birth a belief in the ability of Anglo-Saxons both to govern and to be governed with more common sense than other races manifest — a belief that is emphasized considerably by my recollection of the good-natured and respectful way in which the cabbies and bus drivers of Victorian London used to rein in their horses whenever a constable halted the traffic with his hand.

But I should not be moralizing, for am I not strolling in New Bond Street, a first silk hat atop a youthful head, and a stick just purchased in St. James's Street caught jauntily beneath my arm? I wear grey gloves, and I walk with a stride as nonchalant as that of any dandy

I pass; while in the buttonhole of a frock coat made by Poole there is a white gardenia. From time to time I glance sideways at a reflection of myself in a window in order to make sure that a 'topper' is jammed on a transatlantic head at just the angle to make the wearer pass for the heir to an earldom, or at least a baronetcy.

Alas, I knew I was but a sham; yet for hours at a time I strolled in this absurd way, longing, in the meanwhile, to be an intrinsic part of London instead of the mere ultimate atom of it I felt myself to be. When I passed White's or Brooks's I envied the young bucks in the window, and whenever I saw a haughty duchess propped up beside a poodle on the seat of a barouche, I longed to be greeted by her at the top of a flight of marble stairs. Yet, instead of seeing her house in Mayfair ablaze with candles, I caught but a glimpse of its darkened hall if I chanced to pass it at a moment when a powdered footman with padded calves was opening the door.

During those days of adolescent yearning for the unattainable, I lodged at Long's Hotel in New Bond Street, a quaint old inn where one took one's candle from a rack in the hall and went to bed by its sickly light to shiver in a four-poster until a trim housemaid came to light the little slivers of wood and diminutive coals which were charged on the bill as a fire. I forget whether it was she or the factotum known as 'boots' who brought a tin tub of a morning and filled it with icy water from a copper ewer; but at the mere recollection of the tribulation

that passed for a bath in the London of those days my flesh fairly tingles.

Long's was known as a bachelor's hotel, its guests being ruddy-faced squires from the shires, young bloods from Oxford and Cambridge, or officers from Aldershot. They gave to the coffee-room, where octogenarian waiters passed steaming muffins with trembling hands, and to the low-ceilinged reading-room, the walls of which were hung with fine old sporting prints, the air of a dignified club rather than that of an hotel; and while listening to their conversation I acquired a greater insight into the traditions and prejudices of Englishmen than could have been gained by years of study.

With a whiskey-and-soda beside me as an evidence of manliness, and the pages of the 'Pink Un' before my face to hide the fact that I was eavesdropping, I learned from jovial old sportsmen with bandy legs that a steeplechaser should be a 'savage goer,' while a race-horse should glide with a straight reach, or that 'line hunters' who did not go a yard beyond the scent were invaluable hounds, whereas those who ran mute were 'a bally nuisance.' From young men with down on their lips I gathered that Christ Church was the smartest of Oxford colleges, not on account of its scholarship, but because it harboured the largest proportion of undergraduates whose births were recorded in Burke and Debrett; while from those with blond mustaches and slender waists, whose ties were tied and whose boots were varnished in a way to excite my envy, I acquired the knowledge that 'Ours,' whether it happened to be the Ninth Lancers, or

the Ten Hussars, the Black Watch, or the Rifle Brigade, was without doubt the one unit of the British Army, besides the Guards, to which a gentleman should be attached. I learned, too, that an officer in a mere line regiment, or the cavalry organization known derisively as 'The Merchant Tailors' Own,' was a rank outsider; 'for by such a spirit of intolerance was the esprit de corps of the British Army kept alive during the years when its finer instincts were corroded by "the cankers of a calm world and a long peace." '

But when I gathered from the conversation of those snobbish young soldiers and Oxford tufts that Colonials and mere Americans, like myself, were further beyond their social pale than officers in marching regiments, or undergraduates of Balliol grinding for honours, my blood, instead of burning indignantly in my heart, arose to my cheeks, so thoroughly had an Oxonian tutor imbued me with a belief that good form was a thing of vastly more importance than good behaviour. In fact, birth meant more to him, by far, than character; an undue respect for rank, and a disposition to snub inferiors, being faults that were well-nigh universal among Englishmen, until the sacrifices and heroism of war taught them that while the apparel may, as Polonius says, 'oft proclaim the man,' the man should be judged by his deeds.

Yet I, who but a few years before had refused to partake of a jelly through the transparency of which I saw a cluster of British flags, longed in those days to have been born the son of a peer. While envying the young men in that reading-room, I tried to disguise my outland-

ish origin by patronizing the tailors of Savile Row and Conduit Street in the order in which I heard their merits praised.

When arrayed like one of them, I followed these coxcombs to the lounges of the music-halls, where alluring glances brought blushes to my youthful cheeks, or to Epsom Downs, where I squandered my guineas with the book-makers. When the green turf at Lord's was dotted with cricketers, I marvelled at the restraint of the schoolboys in stove-pipe hats and short jackets, who merely clapped their hands like young ladies at a matinée at moments when American youngsters would have rent the air with deafening yells, or have danced a snake dance. If the game lagged, as cricket games are wont to do, I turned to gaze at dandified old boys of another age, who, with spats on their ankles and flowers in their buttonholes, sat beneath gay marquees telling pretty ladies of the time when they had caught out some vaunted batsman while playing 'long-off' for Harrow, or, with clever cuts past point, had batted out a victory for the Blue of Eton.

On the bright days of spring it was my habit to watch the riders in Rotten Row, the men 'with trousers tightened to a well-turned limb,' the women with no such stepping o'er the bounds of modesty as the modern Amazon effects. Indeed, of all the demises in my day I believe I most lament the passing of the side-saddle, not as a prude, but as a lover of the beautiful.

Yet it was not to draw either moral or æsthetic conclusions that I went to Rotten Row as a lad, but rather

to pay adolescent tribute to the beauty of the women who at the height of the season strolled beneath its spreading trees, or galloped along its bridle path upon sleek park hacks. Their waists were wasp-like, to be sure, and those on foot wore absurd little hats tipped forward almost to their noses, and ridiculous bustles beneath the many flounces of their skirts; but their complexions were the fairest I have ever seen, and they were both lithe and blithe, and in the glances their eyes let fall from beneath long curling lashes there was a bewitching softness which has made them linger in my memory as the most beautiful women in all the world.

To the scoffer let me say that side by side with this pleasing picture hangs another in my mental gallery, of women with angular features whose cheeks and noses are tinged with a colour like that of claret dregs — women whose hands and feet are inordinately large, and who wear macintoshes and hobnailed boots, and are walking, always walking, in the rain.

Yet during the Victorian age Englishwomen of the upper class, even if dowdy in the daytime, as they often were, had an aristocratic air by night; for howsoever scrawny their necks might appear in evening dress, or howsoever red their noses, their heads were invariably held, and their jewels worn, in a distinguished manner. Moreover, although their gowns usually lacked that intangible quality the Parisians call *chic*, they were such as a lady might wear without any loss of public esteem.

I used to see these well-bred Englishwomen at the opera or the play. It was the time when that sentimen-

tal comedy, 'Our Boys,' was enjoying its phenomenal run of several years; the time, too, when those delightful players, the Bancrofts, held the boards of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and later of the Haymarket, with quaint comedies by Robertson, or plays more modern in tone, such as Sardou's 'Diplomacy' and Gilbert's 'Engaged.' At the Lyceum, Henry Irving, with Ellen Terry as his new leading lady, was beginning his actor-managership and setting all London agog with his lavish dressing of Shakespeare, or thrilling it to the core by a revival of 'The Bells,' his first success. At the Criterion, Charles Wyndham was moving London to tears as David Garrick, a rôle Edward Sothern had played at the Haymarket a decade before, or making it blush with a naughty farce called 'Pink Dominoes.' At the Folly, to which he soon gave his own name, that inimitable comedian, John Toole, who had patted my childish head and told me funny stories when I was his little daughter's playmate aboard an Atlantic liner, was making his audiences laugh themselves well-nigh to death with 'My Friend the Major' and 'Ici on Parle Français'; while at the St. James's Theatre, which was then thought remote, the Kendals and John Hare were arousing the tender emotions of the town with a play called 'The Squire' by a young man with the odd name of Pinero, which nobody seemed to have heard before.

It was an age of notable players; yet it was not alone for the pleasure of seeing them that I went to the theatre, but rather to sit beside some lady of Mayfair, or man about town; for then I felt myself a part of a won-

derful world which Ouida had pictured for me. Between the acts I tried to find sophisticated words with which to flatter the pretty girl in white cap and collar who was opening soda bottles at the bar, but my tongue stuck, alas, to the roof of my mouth. I wore a swallow-tailed coat and a collapsible opera hat, it is true, yet I was only an overgrown boy of seventeen whose head had been crammed full of nonsense by a snobbish tutor. Luckily for my character, I soon went to an American university where I found it advisable to pack my English clothes away at the bottom of my trunk.

III

THINGS begot in what Shakespeare calls 'the ventricle of memory' are sometimes kept from perishing by a trivial thing, the London I knew most intimately being brought to mind by the recollection of my wife saying with considerable firmness that unless I stopped spending money foolishly, I should end my days in a poorhouse. We were sitting on the terrace of the Savoy Hotel, gazing at the river Thames flowing in a graceful curve from Westminster to Blackfriars. A flag was fluttering at the taffrail of an antiquated man-of-war moored beside the Embankment for the training of naval volunteers; and I began to think in a subconscious way of another warm day in October when that ensign with the red cross of St. George upon a white field had floated at the peak of a wooden ship, like the one before me, while a hero of the seas lay in a fetid cockpit, and a surgeon worked in vain to stop the ebbing of his life.

This day-dreaming caused my wife to repeat her words with more emphasis, and when their import finally dawned upon me, the ignominious fate she had prophesied seemed quite as tragic as Nelson's death aboard the *Victory*. As if to bear witness to the truth of her foreboding, a pair of chestnuts, 'jobbed,' as the English say, from a liveryman in Mayfair, were champing their bits in the courtyard below. Moreover, the number of pounds sterling for which a letter of credit had been written had disappeared at so amazing a rate

during a honeymoon passed on the Continent, that I acquiesced without much ado in my wife's desire to take the bull of our extravagance by the horns.

Dismissing the victoria for the day, we drove in a lowly hansom to a house in Holles Street, Cavendish Square, a friend had recommended, and engaged lodgings forthwith. How to leave the Savoy without arousing the scorn of its gold-braided porter became a serious problem until I hit upon the expedient of departing upon a day, and at an hour, when Americans were taking the train for Liverpool. 'Euston Station,' I said, while giving a magnificent individual his tip; but when out of sight of his resplendency, I told the cabman to drive to Holles Street.

Whenever I am tempted to become vainglorious, I think of walnut chairs with antimacassars on their haircloth backs, and an engraving of Queen Victoria's wedding hanging above a mantelpiece, on the marble slab of which stand vases filled with pampa-grasses, and an ormolu clock flanked by simpering cupids. As I picture these forbidding things, I seem to hear relentless raindrops falling, and, through the grimy panes on which they beat, see dismal houses veiled in mist. In the wet street before me forlorn wayfarers are trudging under dripping umbrellas, while speeding hansoms, their rain-soaked drivers bent to the wind, churn the mud into rivulets. When in fancy I light a jet of sickly gas, and try in vain to warm myself before a handful of tiny coals sputtering futilely on a hearth, I hear an old waiter's shambling step, and know, before I see his tray of dishes,

that he brings for my disconsolate dinner a soup, a joint, and some boiled potatoes, an unseasoned vegetable, and an apple or a gooseberry tart accompanied either by a Stilton or a Cheddar cheese demurely wrapped in a damask napkin.

During two rainy months I dwelt in such a joyless place, and the dank smell of it still haunts my nostrils. Even in the rare moments when it ceased raining, and my wife and I could sally forth with umbrellas tucked under our arms, we were quite as 'alone, all, all alone,' as Coleridge's Ancient Mariner upon 'a wide, wide sea.' There were people everywhere, to be sure, yet not a soul to whom we might speak in friendship; consequently, we sat amidst sneezing and coughing strangers in the icy stalls of some theatre or drove in a foggy park.

We still had a carriage, but it was jobbed in Bayswater; so instead of speeding around the Serpentine behind a sleek-coated pair of high-steppers, we were dragged at a snail's pace along its soggy banks by a spavined nag with bristles on his drooping lip. No longer did a smart young coachman and groom sit erect in trim liveries on the box before us. In their place was a septuagenarian wearing a threadbare coat too ample for his bent shoulders, and an unbrushed hat which only the spread of his ears prevented from covering his entire head. In this shabby state we drove round and round Hyde Park until we knew the face of every fat or wizened dowager who rumbled by in landau or barouche, her powdered footman stiff and imperturbable beside her pursy coachman.

While the leaves were still on the trees, pretty young women passed us, too, in phaetons or victorias; but they fled one by one to the moors or to the shires, and with them went the slim dandies who drove stanhopes or tilburies; so when the branches were bare, only a few old ladies, bundled up in rugs, and our forlorn selves remained as denizens of Hyde Park, or perchance a lone member of the 'liver brigade' cantering his 'gee gee' on the sand-track of Rotten Row; since in London out of season:

> 'Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
> A single horseman faces Rotten Row;
> In Brooks's sits one quidnunc to peruse
> The broad, dull sheet which tells the lack of news;
> At White's a lonely Brummell lifts his glass,
> To see two empty hackney coaches pass.'

During the dismal weeks we lived in lodgings, the rain fell day after day; and even when it ceased for an hour or two, the sun never shone. It did not seem possible that any one in all that monstrous congregation of souls could be other than utterly miserable like ourselves; and to this day I cannot help wondering if any one living in winter within sound of Bow Bells ever feels happy enough to smile.

But misery loves company, they say, which is perhaps the reason why London is the largest city in the world. At least it accounts for a pilgrimage made one day to Eugene Field's lodgings in Chelsea. He lived at the top of several flights of creaking stairs, and we found him amidst his sprawling children, chuckling over a conver-

sation he had had on the preceding evening with Mrs. Humphry Ward.

She had asked him whether Indians were still to be seen in Chicago; and he had assured her that not only did bands of them in paint and feathers ride daily through the streets brandishing their tomahawks, but that when the buffaloes stampeded, the inhabitants either fled for their lives to a cellar or climbed lamp-posts; and in answer to her look of incredulity he had added with perfect gravity: 'In case you doubt what I say, Mrs. Ward, you have only to look at me. Before I was caught and tamed, I lived in a tree.'

It is easy to picture this deadly serious English authoress, wholly unused to Field's quaint humour, glancing from his hollow cheek with a wart on it to his huge nose and flanging ears, and then to the top of his skull-like head, on which a downy fuzz grew instead of hair; and saying to herself, meanwhile, that he looked like a wild man; therefore, why doubt his word, especially when he appeared to be so thoroughly sincere.

Eugene Field was the homeliest of men, but delightfully human withal. Alas, it seems but yesterday since I saw him poke his head cautiously through the door of the sanctum in which Slason Thompson, his biographer, and I sat grinding out copy for a short-lived review called *America*. Drawing his cap over his eyes like a burglar, and turning up the collar of his coat, Field tiptoed stealthily across the room, dropped an envelope on Thompson's desk, and tiptoed out again without a word. That envelope contained the manuscript of 'Little Boy

Blue,' written in his monklike hand. We paid five dollars for it, I believe, a sum that seemed to him munificent, for he used to say that he brought a poem to us when he was entirely broke and could not sell it elsewhere.

But this incident happened a year or two before I saw the merry twinkle of his eye in Chelsea and went back to Holles Street under the spell of his delightful personality.

Amid the fog, the rain, and the abject loneliness, a day came finally when any economy that made life unbearable appeared a false economy; so in the same hopeful spirit with which we had sallied forth from the Savoy in search of lodgings, my wife and I set out to find a furnished house.

The first one shown us was opened by a pretty maid with engaging manners and a lovely voice. The chintz on the chairs was so pleasing, the greeting of the cockatoo on the perch in a corner so friendly, that in the enthusiasm of the moment we engaged it forthwith.

The photographs beneath the glowing lamps ought to have made us wary; for they were either of men with bloated jowls and sleek bald spots, or of women in very décolletés gowns whose eyes were languid and whose hair was frizzled. After the lease had been signed and our trunks had been unpacked, we learned from the pretty maid that our landlord and landlady had never been united in the bonds of wedlock, and that the women whose photographs adorned the cosy drawing-room lived in similar retreats not far away.

But there was a church across the street, and the house itself stood but a few steps from one of Belgravia's most fashionable thoroughfares; so we decided to brave its shady past. Luckily, *la maladie du fin de siècle* was prevalent in London, then, so when it was whispered, both in Pont and Cadogan Streets, and even in Curzon Street, as well, that a young American couple had taken the house of one of the frail beauties who supped nightly at the Criterion, a desire to see the interior of her *asile d'amour* arose in the breasts of those neighbours who were able to read Zola, Maupassant, and Huysmans in the original.

But many dreary weeks went by before worldlings such as they began to cross our threshold, and meanwhile we sat disconsolately at home with no company other than a squawking cockatoo whose neck we were ready to wring before we had been in the house a day. It was the time of year, moreover, when a pall of smoke hangs over London day and night, and the sun, when it can be seen at all, looks like a terra-cotta plate; the time when every now and then a saffron-coloured fog that makes your eyes burn as if they had been bathed in sulphurous acid, and your throat feel as if it had been rubbed with emery paper, invades every nook and cranny of your house; or, if you happen to be in the street, makes you grope your way from wall to wall, and consider yourself lucky if you can reach home at all. In a word, a fog such as Dickens describes as 'pouring in at every chink and keyhole.'

Once, when we were returning from the Park, the fog

became so dense at Albert Gate that our superannuated coachman was unable to distinguish the pavement of the street itself from that of the footway for which the English, though they decry 'sidewalk' as an Americanism, have no name of their own; so to our consternation we found our horse trying to climb the paling surrounding the French Embassy. On that same day an acquaintance who had gone for a ride in Rotten Row was obliged to dismount and lead his horse. When he reached the stable, he found his saddle gone, a thief having quietly removed it while the erstwhile rider was groping his way through the fog.

With the frosts of January, life assumed a brighter aspect. The sun shone occasionally, then, and occasionally, too, a carriage stopped before our door. The sequence of the events which changed our abject loneliness into an abiding affection for London and its people, I cannot recall with any degree of certainty. I remember, however, that we had counted rather fatuously upon the friendship of the American Minister (we had no ambassadors in those days), as well as upon that of the American wife of a peer of the realm. But the Minister, only recently appointed to his post, was busily engaged in making his own way in London, while the peeress was too new to her station to feel quite sure of it. She invited us to her mansion in Park Lane, to be sure, but it was to dine alone with her husband and herself, and go to the play. We met her a few weeks later at a house of some importance, and a look of surprise illumined her pretty face. But neglect by one's fellow

countrymen is the common lot of Americans abroad, those struggling for their own social existence being loath to extend a helping hand, even to a lifelong friend.

Yet many an English house of that day might justly have had inscribed upon it this Chinese saying which I saw, not long ago, above a door in California:

'To the stranger the gates are not closed — the rice jar is on the left, and the sweetmeats on the right as you enter; hospitality being the virtue of the son and the wisdom of the father.'

Once an Englishman's door is opened to you, there is no hiding of the rice or the sweetmeats, as so often happens in lands where hospitality is not to be found sitting beside the fire, the proverbial coldness being a quality an Englishman displays only to those he does not know or is chary of knowing. Yet the Londoner of the Victorian age was too fastidious by far in regard to what he termed good form, too regardful of inherited rank to appear other than feudal to an American; since with all his love for freedom, he loved a lord, as well.

But it was below-stairs that the English caste system was most rigid in those days, for while the liege lord might unbend, at times, not so the retainer, there being no such snob in all the world as the English manservant. In fact, what could be more supercilious than his change from a tone of tolerant condescension to one of exultant reverence when heralding the advent of a peer of ancient lineage, after having been called upon to announce a name that has just appeared in the honour

list? He does not raise his voice nor move an eyelid; yet there is both an intonation and a look which tell the assembled guests beyond peradventure that here, at last, is a genuine peer, instead of a mere upstart, the advertisements of whose soap or liver pills are to be found in the illustrated weeklies. Again, what could be more lordly than the way in which he puts an under-servant in his place? And is there any court so punctilious as the below-stairs of an English house, where his haughtiness the butler dines in the housekeeper's room with my lord's valet and my lady's maid, while the footmen, the housemaids, the vegetable maid, the still-room maid, the scullery maid, and buttons sit humbly in the servants' hall at the feet of her cantankerousness, the cook?

Only the other day I read a lament by the London correspondent of an American paper concerning the passing of the English manservant. It is difficult, however, to believe that a flunky in small-clothes no longer stands powdered and erect in my lady's hall to open her door the moment one's step resounds on the flagstone before it; or that neither a groom of the chambers nor a butler appears from darkened depths, as if by magic, to guide one to the drawing-room door and announce one's name on the threshold.

But if, as this correspondent declares is the case, the doors of Mayfair and Belgravia are opened now by parlour-maids, I shall offer no protest; since with a shudder I recall the ordeal of giving my untitled name to the imperious servant at a nobleman's door, feeling, meanwhile, that his practised eye was scanning me from

head to foot in order to decide whether I ought to be escorted to the drawing-room or left standing in the hall.

Yet this mortification was as nought to that experienced by me at the hands of Oscar Wilde, at a time when I was endeavouring to enlighten a deaf and inquisitive marchioness in regard to the pork-packing industry of my native city. The subject had been thrust upon me by the tactlessness of a hostess who had shouted into the old lady's ear, when introducing me, the fact that I came from Chicago. At the moment when the brilliant author of 'Dorian Grey' made his exquisite entrance, I was shouting into an ear-trumpet an incoherent answer to a question as to whether or not it was true that, when a pig was put into one end of a machine, he came out a sausage at the other. Finding the centre of a stage he had expected to occupy himself already taken by an unknown protagonist who was talking at the top of his voice about such unseemly things as hogs and stock-yards, the High Priest of Æstheticism gave me a glance of scorn so pitiless and withering that its contumely tingles in my cheek to this day.

When George Alexander, the actor, told me a few weeks after this humiliation, that soon all London would be shocked by an amazing scandal, I experienced, I confess, a secret delight. During succeeding days, I met the unfortunate poet several times, and his manner toward me became so kindly that, when I read in my morning paper of the shameful crime of which he had been charged, the rancour in my heart turned to compassion.

In fact, I am haunted still by the memory of a terrified look, like that of a hunted animal, which I saw in his dissipated face as we sat side by side sipping our coffee in silence, just a day or two before the news of his disgrace appeared in print.

But no such note of tragedy appears to mar the recollection of another mortifying incident, since it took place in a spirit of light comedy such as one finds in plays of the drawing-room. At an afternoon tea my wife had met a woman whose maiden family name was the same as her own, a coincidence which caused the lady not only to claim cousinship, but to recount her woes as well, she being one of those effusive persons who dabble in art and literature and feel themselves to be life's martyrs. Her mother, it appears, had forced her to marry a guardsman of philistine tastes whose name had the prefix of Honourable, but whose life was spent in gambling, polo-playing, and grouse-shooting. He was a beast, she averred, and in order to prove the truth of this contention, she invited us to lunch with the unfeeling monster and herself at the 'hovel' in which she was obliged to live because of the extravagant sums her lord and master wasted on book-makers and ladies of the stage.

In comparison with our unpretentious abode, the 'hovel' proved to be a veritable palace; but the host of noble lineage was certainly as brute-like as his loquacious wife had depicted him. Moreover, the two men who sat down to luncheon with us were of the same ilk as himself; these three young military dandies, in spite of their slim waists and faultlessly varnished boots, being offi-

cers and cads, rather than officers and gentlemen, at least when judged by the canons of politeness in vogue in my native land.

When we were introduced, they eyed us disparagingly through monocles, then turned their backs; and at table, whenever my wife lapsed inadvertently into an Americanism, they greeted it with guffaws and repeated it after her, while burlesquing her accent; or, ignoring her presence completely, talked across her to each other about racing odds and Gaiety girls. Furthermore, not once during the mortifying half-hour I was obliged to pass alone in their society was a civil word addressed to me, or their conversation other than about matters of interest only to themselves. Had it not been for the thoughtfulness of a butler, I doubt if I should have been permitted to solace myself with tobacco while forced to listen to their shady stories of intrigues with footlight favourites; since before that functionary entered the room with the coffee, the host and his friends had already helped themselves to cigars without deigning to offer one to me.

I have met rude Englishmen from time to time, who, like those I have just depicted, were supercilious officers in swagger regiments, or else ill-mannered boors of the shopkeeper class who had suddenly amassed great wealth; yet it is my belief that nowhere are better manners to be found than amongst the conscientious members of England's aristocracy and landed gentry, or in that educated portion of her society which, with feudal disdain, she persists in terming the upper middle class.

In fact, there is a certain quietness of bearing and demeanour, as well as an unobtrusive courtesy, in the manners of a well-bred Englishman which only the cultivated American of a generation that has all but passed away has ever quite emulated; for, while manners on the Continent excel in politeness, they lack, I believe, the reposeful distinction of the best that are to be found in Anglo-Saxon lands.

Yet the preaching of a homily upon good breeding was not my intention; but rather to enjoy, in memory, the pleasures of a London season during the Victorian era. When the fogs subsided and the leaves began to appear on the trees, the most sombre of cities assumed an air of decorous festivity. The sun shone then from time to time; and riders appeared in Rotten Row who had not been seen cantering their horses on its sand-path since the grouse season began. Meanwhile, the number of victorias with beautiful ladies within them became perceptibly greater, day by day, as one by one the houses in Mayfair assumed an inhabited appearance. Men and women, too, whose faces were last seen on the Riviera began to stroll once more beneath the trees of Hyde Park, or nod familiarly to one another in Piccadilly. In the afternoon, when steaming ponies were galloping upon a green field, they were to be seen sitting beneath the gay marquees of Hurlingham, or, between the periods of the game, strolling upon a velvety lawn while a regimental band played popular airs. All London then was on parade — noblemen, politicians, diplomats, dandies, or men of the hour, whose pictures hung on

the line, whose plays were the vogue, or whose books were on every library table, sauntering beside women of fashion or celebrity who were rouged and waved, or doffing their shiny hats to gouty dowagers.

If it chanced to be an afternoon when pigmy-like jockeys were urging their mounts over Ascot Heath or the hillcrests of Goodwood Park, these same men and women, eager but politely restrained in their enthusiasm, were to be seen watching the horses on which their guineas were staked, flying nearer and nearer over the green turf. Should colours that were strange chance to surge to the front, many a heart might sink, but not a whimper would pass the lips of any in that well-dressed throng.

On that very evening, perhaps, while stately carriages were arriving at a house in Mayfair, and pale children gazed with envy at the muffled guests who were hastening over a red carpet to the door, the gambler who had lost his all that day would calmly mount a flight of marble steps to shake the outstretched hand of a hostess, then search in the gorgeous room beyond her for the one girl in all the world. A nonchalant smile on his lips, he would dance with her and sup with her, and on the morrow, without a word of farewell, he would leave for the brush or the veldt, such being the nature of the Englishman whose watchword is good form.

IV

SYDNEY SMITH once said that the parallelogram lying between Oxford Street, Piccadilly, Regent Street, and Hyde Park 'enclosed more intelligence and ability, to say nothing of wealth and beauty, than the world has ever collected into such a space before,' this favoured region being the little city of fashion which, because of a sale of gimcracks that used to be held within its confines during the month when London appears in green raiment, is called Mayfair. In novels and plays its domain is restricted to the scented boudoirs of Park Lane; but its customs permeate the most remote portions of Belgravia and Kensington; while somewhat of its spirit is to be found wherever Anglo-Saxons congregate in evening dress; consequently it is an elusive region. To the social struggler panting for recognition, Mayfair spells Paradise; to its denizens it appears sufficiently commonplace to cause them to sigh for mountain peaks or tropical shores; while to the groundlings who view it from the street when a fashionable wedding takes place, or from the pit when a comedy of manners holds the boards, it must appear either as a place of infinite luxury or else of sinful intrigue, where Satan still finds mischief for idle hands to do.

But the glory of Mayfair is perhaps to end, else, in a copy of *The Graphic* lying before me, I should not find this lament:

Bankrupt by war, we are selling our armour. Stricken by strife, we are, like Charles Surface, knocking down our ancestors. Burdened by taxation, our castles are to let. The best in England are the poorest. . . . Warwick Castle occupied by an American! How the great Kingmaker must turn in his grave! Palaces untenanted — abbeys to let! There is the same sign everywhere. . . . They are stripping history's walls of the pictures of the great. Heraldry is for sale, just as titles are.

It is difficult to believe that the England I knew and loved has sunk to such a state of decayed gentility. A few noblemen may be impoverished by war and their estates be to let; the land may be overburdened by taxation, as is every land; but the love of freedom that has animated the English nation through the ages is not dead, I am sure; nor is its sense of justice! Even the author of this elegy in prose upon England's departed glory feels such to be the case, or he would not have ended it with these inspiring words:

We pledged our word, and so we must pledge some of our treasures. But Milton is ours, still, and Shakespeare and Keats. . . . And the real glory of England — its liberty — has no price.

At the time when I dwelt in Belgravia, England had no thought, either of selling her Romneys or of letting her castles to multi-millionaires from over the seas. In fact, she had scarcely begun to marry her sons to their daughters, there being barely half a dozen American wives of British peers in the London of that day.

There were, to be sure, two or three hostesses of modest means from *outre mer*, whom the English had long

ceased to look upon as foreigners, and in the terrace which takes its name from a certain Baron Carlton of another century lived a pioneer in transatlantic lavishness whose sumptuous entertainments were the talk of the town. But Americans, instead of being the rule they have since become, were the exception. Moreover, British coldness was not so apparent as it is to-day, London then being a city 'given to hospitality.' In fact, the most trying gauntlet to be run by an American was that of the supercilious flunkies at the foot of some flight of marble stairs.

If the occasion were one of those magnificent though excruciating entertainments known as 'London crushes,' this ordeal was but momentary; since you were quickly lost to sight in the ascending flood of guests. On the landing a hostess extended, for a moment, a hand already numbed by handshaking; then you were pushed by those behind you into a room jammed with pretentious old ladies weighted down by lustrous heirlooms, who were conversing with men of birth or parts. In a gilded room, beyond, Hungarian cymballos were twanging; and there stiff-jointed guardsmen and young men-about-town were dragging sophisticated or simpering partners through a game of hop, skip, and jump, which passed, in their eyes, for a waltz. After you had had your toes trodden upon in its gyrating mazes, and fought before a plate-laden buffet for an ice or a glass of champagne, you were glad to elbow your way to the cloakroom, then shiver in a draughty hall until told that your carriage blocked the way. Yet, if the truth must be confessed,

you felt proud, as you drove away, of having graced an event of the season.

If the occasion were a dinner, it consisted in a thick and a thin soup, a fish, two entrées, a roast attended by a retinue of vegetables, a game bird and salad, a choice of sweets, one hot, one cold, a savoury compounded of a dozen piquancies, and a dessert consisting of all the fruit and nuts in season. Such a repast was a trying test of endurance for a transatlantic stomach, while its stimulative deluge of sherry, hock, champagne, and burgundy, and, when the glasses for these wines had been scrupulously removed and clean ones brought to replace them, of claret and comet port, served in decanters that were set before the host for him to pass round with the sun, was a veritable test in sobriety to one accustomed, in one's youth, to ice water with one's meals.

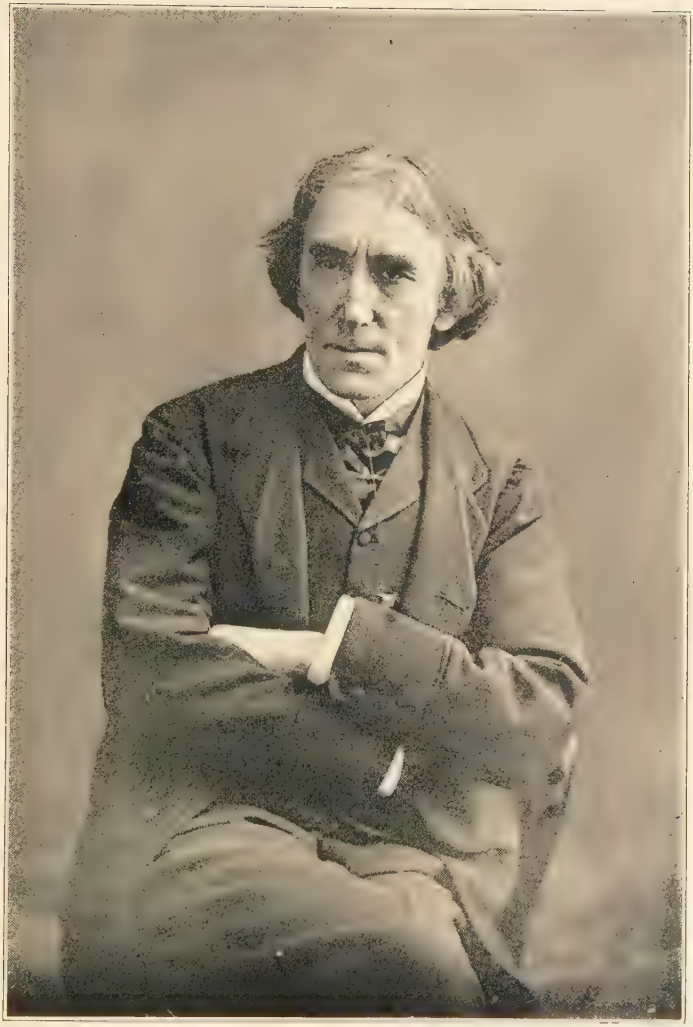
Yet, amid all this Victorian bountifulness, I lived in London quite a while before learning that the only way to get sufficient nourishment while talking to a neighbour at dinner was to hold one's plate tenaciously; for if this precaution were relaxed for a fraction of a second, a footman, as nimble and provoking as an attendant of King Tantalus, would whisk it away.

Not until a wise man of the world, who was an all-powerful prince as well, caused it to be noised abroad that if he were kept at table more than an hour, it was unlikely that he would cross the threshold of his hostess again, was a London dinner other than of the tedious and oppressive proportions I have indicated. In fact, whether given in an ancestral hall of Mayfair or in a

'dining parlour' of Kensington or Brompton, it was of the same abundance, the most noticeable difference between these extremes of environment lying in the fact that, if the stately dishes adorning the centre of the table were neither heirlooms nor hall-marked, the oranges, apples, and pears they contained, instead of being quartered before they were passed, were offered in their entirety as an indication that they had been hired for the evening as a decorative display, and therefore were not to be eaten.

If the servants wore liveries of a tincture to be found on the family arms, one might, with some degree of safety, permit one's mouth to water for the luscious-looking fruit that graced the table; but if, on the contrary, the dinner was being served by a pottering minion whose shiny coatee was spotted with the grease of ages, it was safe to predict that on the following evening that very fruit, still in an uncut state, would be passed at a neighbour's table by the same antediluvian from the establishment of a certain genteel caterer whose frosted cakes had been incised by full many a generation of blushing English brides.

During those punctilious days of Queen Victoria's reign, the various circles of Mayfair and its environs were kept from intersecting by the rigid tangents of an inherited feudalism; yet there was one class to which the laws of caste applied with less severity than in a younger, and presumably more democratic, civilization, artists, writers, and, particularly, actor folk being then received in London with a cordiality such as was not ex-



HENRY IRVING

tended to them in New York during the age of its innocence. After the chimes at midnight had been heard, it was, in fact, no unusual thing to see in the drawing-room of some liberal-minded lady of Mayfair the familiar faces of Ellen Terry and Mrs. Bernard Beere, the Bancrofts, the Kendals, Henry Irving, John Hare, George Grossmith, Beerbohm Tree, and George Alexander, as well as that of Arthur Bouchier, who, being both a Christ Church man and the son of an officer of hussars, mingled with the guests by right rather than on sufferance.

At such an 'At Home' one was likely, too, to meet Du Maurier, Pinero, and caustic Henry Labouchère, as well as the testy librettist of 'The Gondoliers.' Among the somebodies, too, of brains or position, whom the hostess had selected with care, one saw young politicians such as Arthur Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, or Henry Asquith, then merely a Q.C., yet soon to rise to a more exalted height when Lord Salisbury's government fell.

It was the beginning of the period known as 'the blasés nineties,' when the pendulum of fashion swung away from Victorian smugness toward *fin-de-siècle* smuttiness. It found expression in Aubrey Beardsley's drawings and the stories of *The Yellow Book*, and during it young women in négligés of Liberty silk were to be seen lolling on gilded *chaises longues*, while reading novels by Maupassant and smoking violet-tipped cigarettes. But if the name of a titled prude were announced, the cigarette was hurriedly put out and the book hidden, the flaunting of naughtiness being still a dangerous pastime.

In looking back upon that day when the propriety of an age that was passing had begun to oppose futilely the prurience of one that was dawning, I regret that I did not fight with more ardour for the cause of old-fashioned morality. Indeed, when I view the world of to-day and compare it with that of yesterday, I sigh for the time when the old fogies of England began to wear primroses in their buttonholes on the birthday of the 'Mystery Man.'

In one of those moments of pessimism such as must come to all who attempt great things, Mr. Disraeli (how much more fitting is this name than Beaconsfield!) declared youth to be a blunder, manhood a struggle, and old age a regret. The one of these three periods of life I have reached is made apparent, alas, by the sincerity with which I regret the passing of Victorian seemliness, aye, with all its cant and smugness. In fact, I fail to see wherein the prudish and well-ordered old world in which my youth was passed has been improved upon by a licence such as, in words of Tacitus, 'fools call liberty.'

V

IN the days of my childhood the kaleidoscope was a popular toy; and many an hour I marvelled at the figures of coloured glass formed in its long black tube by the mere turning of a handle. In a way, memory is a kaleidoscope, only its reflections are not symmetrical like those of the optical instrument, nor are they changeable at will. Moreover, in looking through darkened years to scenes of long ago, some are quite distinct and others so hazy as to be almost indiscernible; while those looked upon for a moment only are often more vivid than some on which I gaze for a longer time.

Thus I see a gallery in New Bond Street where an exhibition of modern paintings is being held. A friend and I are standing before a picture of a nymph frolicking beside a stream. George Moore joins us, shrugs his shoulders and laughs. 'Instead of painting a naked wanton on a river-bank,' he says, 'and calling her a nymph, Degas would have pictured an old peasant woman bathing herself in a hovel. With an ugliness both genuine and human, he would touch the heart; whereas the chap who painted the conventional nude you have the bad taste to admire bores with a beauty that is utterly false, truth being a quality without which there can be no art.'

The author of 'A Mummer's Wife' ('Esther Waters' did not appear until four years later) was not my friend, but that of my companion, and I believe the only time I ever met him was in that gallery in New Bond Street.

Yet his views upon art, and the causticity with which he expressed them that day, left an enduring impression.

With an equal vividness I remember lunching with handsome Archibald Forbes, pioneer of war correspondents, at his house near Regent's Park. Frederic Villiers, his colleague, was a fellow guest, and our host and he quite forgot my presence while discussing earnestly the pros and cons of General Skobelev's theory of tactics. This, as I recall it, consisted in attacking in a series of columns launched at intervals, each as it faltered to be pushed toward the objective by the one in its rear, just as waves, after breaking, are forced onward by the impetus of those behind. Forbes, as I remember, cited the storming of Plevna in proof that the theory was correct. Villiers, on the other hand, held it to be a dangerous expedient only justified in a case where the attacking army, as on this occasion, was overwhelmingly superior in numbers to the defending force; and even then, he thought, the loss of life might be too great to warrant it.

Instead of definite pictures such as these, I see, sometimes, only a vignette, or perhaps the bare outline of an incident in which the dignified subject of the recollection is shown in a paltry light. In this way I remember Sir Arthur Sullivan running panting through a corridor of Shepherd's Hotel in pursuit of a pretty American girl who had challenged him to catch her. And when I try to recall Sir Beerbohm Tree playing the part of gracious host at his house in Belgravia, I hear him murmur to a pretty woman in a drawing-room of Mayfair that his

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON

heart opens as readily to love as a midnight flower to the rays of the moon, this sentimental simile having remained in memory after things of real import have long been forgotten.

But occasionally a man's personality appears more clearly than any act or saying of his, or even his surroundings; for while I recollect but vaguely the Oriental atmosphere of the house in which he used to be at home to all London of achievement, I see Sir Frederick Leighton quite plainly (he had not been elevated to the peerage then) as a man of medium height with a neatly trimmed black beard which is tinged with grey, and curly hair that is brushed more in a Continental than an English way. Though dignified in bearing, he is dandified in dress, and over-fond of flavouring his English with foreign words. Yet he is genial, withal, as well as a man of fine presence, whose step, due, no doubt, to a long tenure of the colonelcy of a regiment of artist volunteers, is more like that of a soldier than a painter.

When I recall the gracious way in which this artist greeted his own guests in Holland Park Road, and those of the Academy in Burlington Gardens, I am tempted to consider him the most courteous Englishman I ever met; an opinion fortified by the fact that no distraction or success ever dimmed his devotion to his profession, or prevented him from extending a helping hand to a fellow craftsman in need of assistance or encouragement. His pictures are no longer sought by the collector as are those of an atrabilious contemporary whose art was inspired; yet, he was a knightly figure of his day,

skilled in the gentle art of making friends instead of enemies.

Of Sir John Millais, who succeeded Lord Leighton in the presidency of the Royal Academy, my recollection is less clear; yet I recall with delight a visit to his studio in Palace Gate, at a time when he was painting his third portrait of Mr. Gladstone. Sir John, as I remember him, looked more like a healthy English squire than a fanciful crusader of Norman blood, fighting with Holman Hunt and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, to uphold the cause of presenting on canvas only what a painter sees in nature. But perhaps my recollection of Millais as a man who was hale, hearty, and frank, rather than morose and visionary, like his pre-Raphaelite colleagues, is not amiss, since he lacked their imagination and idealism.

Of Alma-Tadema, I see only a dim outline in the shadows of a fading day as he strolls into a room where his charming wife, in a gown such as Sappho might have worn, is pouring tea in a setting as Greek as one of her husband's pictures. Lest it appear that memory has ceased 'to lend her light to me,' I will shift the scene quickly to a supper board where Henry Irving sits surrounded by his friends of the world of art and letters. He has left his famous mannerisms in his dressing-room; it is difficult, therefore, to believe that the unaffected gentleman, who talks well into the night with the repose of a man of the world, is the same Henry Irving I had seen but an hour before abusing every vowel in the language while strutting through his part; yet, at the same time, thrilling his audience by significant suggestions

replete with human meaning which he has passed over the footlights without uttering a word, for while he was a very bad actor, he was, at the same time, a very great one. Moreover, the throne he filled for over twenty years has been vacant ever since his death; and I doubt if it will ever be occupied again — certainly not by another Henry Irving, who was a national figure of his day as puissant, in a way, as the Prince of Wales or Mr. Gladstone.

My acquaintance with this gracious sovereign of the drama was of a less intimate nature than that which I held with George Alexander, once his leading man. This talented young player lived in a house in Knightsbridge of the size of a bandbox; and I remember lunching in the tiny garden behind it in company with a little poet who appeared to be in no danger of inheriting the earth. In fact, he dragged me, willy-nilly, up Mount Olympus to show me the very slope where Euterpe had bestowed upon him, as he fondly thought, the priceless gift of song; my wife being offered, at the same time, the unsolicited gift of his published works, the many volumes of which, all duly autographed, were sent her bright and early on the morrow.

After he had departed, our host said that we had been lunching, he thought, with a future poet-laureate. When I pictured this vain little chatterbox floundering about in shoes Wordsworth and Tennyson had worn, and which, in all justice, ought to be placed on Swinburne's winged feet, a smile arose that the world shared with me when the prophecy came true.

But if a monarchy may, at times, be as ungrateful as a republic to those who have glorified it, I have never seen an Englishman show a contempt for England such as many an American who has lived too long abroad is wont to display toward his native land. Indeed, it is my belief that those Americans who voluntarily expatriate themselves ought, in due course of time, to be denied the protection of the flag under which they were born — a radical view inspired, in considerable measure, by the recollection of two notable fellow countrymen I met in Victorian London, each of whom wore a sneer on his lip for the land that had given him birth.

One was a man whose wealth had been amassed by the vigorous endeavours of an enterprising ancestor. Our Government had even honoured him with a preferment of no mean order; but because his fellow citizens failed to appreciate him at the value he had placed upon himself, he became the expatriate founder of a baronial house. The other was a writer with a laurel crown upon his brow who saw only the uncouthness, and not the greatness, of the country in which he had been born. Grievous faults it has, no doubt — maladministration of far too many laws, and a lawless disrespect for them, intolerance, too, and many another; yet to see only these, and not its idealism, to be biassed by the bad manners of some and the nasal voices of others into believing it to be a place unfit for a cultivated man to live in, is to have a soul too dead to say, 'This is my own, my native land.' In fact, some words that were spoken to an acquaintance of mine by Colonel

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS

Roosevelt come temptingly to mind. 'A snob,' said he, 'is not the most criminal of men; but he is the most contemptible.'

I can fairly see the gleam of the Colonel's white teeth as he said this, and hear his earnest chuckle; and to turn my thoughts from the kind of men I have had in mind, to him, is like letting morning air and sunlight into a room that is reeking with smoke and cosmetics.

I met this most American of Americans for the first time, just after his term in the New York State Assembly had expired, and my recollection of him as an ardent young reformer is associated with that of a noble Scotchman of the Victorian age; for in the second number of the weekly review to which Slason Thompson and I had given the patriotic, albeit grandiloquent, name of *America*, both Theodore Roosevelt and Andrew Lang appear as contributors.

A poem of some fifty lines, entitled 'The Haunted Tower,' was Mr. Lang's contribution, and although my fellow editor and I were eventually reduced by adversity to filling its columns ourselves, we were so prodigal at the outset of *America's* short-lived career that rather than have our publication appear niggardly beside *Longman's* and *The Morning Post*, we mailed to our Scotch contributor a cheque so generous that he declared himself obliged to send us another poem of the same length, for which he would expect no honorarium. This promise he fulfilled within a few months — an example of literary integrity I believe to be without precedent, or emulation, in the history of authorship.

As I gaze into memory's kaleidoscope, other men of those Victorian days are shown to me, yet for a moment only; — Lecky, the historian, enjoying a good dinner and talking but little; Edmund Gosse, holding a brief for Ibsen over the walnuts and wine at a time when his own translation of 'Hedda Gabler' was being played by Elizabeth Robins at a London theatre; little Max Beerbohm, too, who was but a noted actor's younger brother then, yet given to dry table-wit; and delightful Anthony Hope Hawkins, who had not yet written 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' nor been knighted, but who, I am sure, is as charmingly modest to-day, as when waiting in the Middle Temple for briefs. Serious and stately Mrs. Humphry Ward, and petite, vivacious, charming Mrs. Craigie, or rather, John Oliver Hobbes, of brilliant pen and untimely death, appear to me, as well, but for a pleasing moment only. Meanwhile, the handle of the kaleidoscope is twitching persistently in my fingers until, against my will, I turn it.

Alas, the instrument has played a scurvy trick; for instead of showing me more delightful men and women of a seemly age, it presents the portraits of two men whose rôles were played, not in a Victorian comedy of manners, but in the grim drama of another day.

One of these I met in Cairo upon a Sabbath morning, while war still capered to 'the lascivious pleasing of a lute.' He was the Viceroy of Egypt; although, by a pleasing fiction through which England sought to palliate her presence in a subjugated land, he bore the unpretending title of Consul-General and Diplomatic

Agent. But his retinue of secretaries and aides-de-camps spoke of the interview I had been granted as an audience, and I was presented, as if to royalty, by the diplomatic representative of my own land; therefore the fiction was transparent. The entourage, however, and not the man himself, assumed this vice-regality; for the card that was left at my hotel upon the following day bore simply the words, 'Field Marshal Viscount Kitchener of Khartoum.'

I had pictured the hero of Omdurman as a taciturn soldier who would receive me with a few words, and then dismiss me. He was blunt, it is true, and lacked the poise and suavity of a polished man of the world; yet he was affable, even to the point of laughing heartily several times during a conversation which, instead of being brief, lasted nearly an hour; a cordiality on his part due, perhaps, to the fact that I had been in Egypt during the winter preceding the bombardment of Alexandria, and could talk to him of the many changes which had taken place in the land during the years that had passed since he had served in the Egyptian Army with the humble rank of captain.

Although Lord Kitchener was more urbane than I had imagined, he was far from being the military Adonis of his photographs. He had a clear eye, it is true, and a soldierly bearing; but his forehead was low, and there was a heaviness (dare I say a coarseness?) in his face which had not been apparent in the pictures I had seen of him. Moreover, in my talk with this legendary hero I received no impression of surpassing ability, and went

away feeling him to be a man with a high sense of duty and a laborious mind, who was given to doing things painfully well — a man, in short, who was more of a plodder than a genius. But his eye, to my surprise, had twinkled several times, and his manner had been both hearty and engaging. When I told the British officer with whom I lunched that day that Lord Kitchener had laughed and joked with me, he refused to believe it, save on the ground that the great man wished me to spread abroad the impression that he was not the bear he had been painted.

'No man likes "K,"' said he, 'and, so far as I am aware, no woman has ever loved him. Still, he is a tradition that does the British Army a world of good; for although his faults are many, he never shirks duty, nor tolerates the neglect of it in others. He has a sense of justice, too, but an odd way of showing it. While on a trip of inspection in the Soudan, he descended without warning upon a pal of mine who was the only white man in his region. With only natives to help him, the chap had been doing an important piece of engineering work, and, as he thought, doing it jolly well. After looking the job over, "K" eyed my friend from head to foot and said with that inhuman coldness of his: "Captain B, there is a regulation of the British Army requiring an officer to shave daily. See that you adhere to it." Then, leaving the poor fellow, who had been working his head off in a hellish country, to feel that his career was ended, he turned upon his heel.

'Believing he had no future in the army, my pal

ANDREW LANG

applied for leave with the intention of resigning his commission when he arrived in England. Upon reaching Cairo, he strolled into the Turf Club, almost ashamed to show his face among successful comrades. To his amazement, his friends rushed toward him, and began to shower congratulations upon him. "Congratulations!" said he; "I call it deuced shabby of you chaps to rub it in!" "Why, man," said they, "you've been given your majority and the C.B.; what more do you expect?"

'That,' concluded my military friend, 'is "K's" way of doing things; and you can be jolly well sure that the fellow I have told you about will never miss shaving another day, so long as he lives.' Then, touching his glass to his lips, he added laconically: 'Here's to the cantankerous old beggar! We all hate him; but deep in our hearts, we love him, too.'

I wonder if any one loves the other man I have in mind, for he is not of the kind men love. I mean the little Welshman, with the noble head too large for his body and legs too small for it, whom I met in Algiers just before the anointed of the Lord unleashed his dogs of war.

If, as Emerson said, 'To be simple is to be great,' then the Right Honourable David Lloyd George may be so considered, even though he be the utter scoundrel many a fellow countryman considers him. Though simple, in the sense of that word which means plain in appearance and unaffected in manner, neither friend nor foe can view him in its other sense, since he is certainly not artless or ingenuous. If a man, moreover, is to be judged by

the company he keeps, Mr. Lloyd George suffers by comparison with other rulers of men; he being, in the words of one of his own countrymen, 'far more at home with third-rate people than with those of a higher and more intellectual order.' In fact, when I saw him arrive with his retinue of henchmen at the hotel in Mustapha Supérieur where I was sojourning, I could not refrain from wondering what the polite Governor-General of Algeria, whose bountiful table I had just left, would think of such a collection of bounders.

That engaging Irishman, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, having been a member of Mr. Lloyd George's suite, let me say forthwith that those to whom I apply this British epithet were of British blood, the most objectionable being a newly made baronet who, doubtless, is a peer of the realm by this time, able to boast, like General Junot, Duke of Abrantès, not of having ancestors, but of being one.

I did not seek Mr. Lloyd George's society; but one day I found Wallace Rice, a friend of radical proclivities, who was travelling with me at the time, holding a conversation with Mr. O'Connor outside a restaurant. As the Irishman feared that he had mistaken the place at which he was to join his companions, I proposed that he lunch with us, a suggestion that was readily accepted. No sooner had the oysters been served than the then Chancellor of the British Exchequer and his unmeet retinue appeared in the doorway; whereupon, in accordance with the comity demanded by the situation, I became the host of one whom English friends had led

me to believe was sending their country to the dogs for his own base ends.

When my unwelcome guest took the seat beside me, I was prepared to grant him as Malcolm did Macbeth, 'smacking of every sin that has a name,' but long before the coffee had been served I began to feel that this son of a schoolmaster who had grown up in a shoemaker's shop was free from both pomp and vanity, as well as zealous in the cause of his beliefs. In fact, I have never met a man of note who appeared so simple or one more modest in his bearing.

His talk was mostly of questions of the day; and I was astonished at the time by the frankness with which he expressed his views about certain things. I recall asking the indiscreet question as to why the Irish problem could not be solved by separating Ulster from the rest of the land, or rather by separating the rest of the land from Ulster, and giving the South a parliament of its own.

Mr. O'Connor gave the answer direct. 'Because,' said he, 'the larger part of the wealth of Ireland is in the North, and if that cannot be taxed there will not be sufficient revenue to support the Irish Government.' 'Yes,' said Mr. Lloyd George, '"Tay Pay" has hit the nail on the head, every political question being in reality a fiscal question. In the case of the Irish, the trouble is to induce the parties involved to realize that fact, and deal with each other honestly.' Then, with a twinkle in his eye, he turned toward O'Connor and added: 'Of course, if they were not Irishmen the

problem would be simple enough, but the Irish are always dissatisfied.' 'With the English, but with nothing else,' answered 'Tay Pay' dryly.

The impression both of earnestness and modesty I received of Mr. Lloyd George during that impromptu luncheon became intensified rather than diminished by subsequent talks I had with him. He impressed me, moreover, with a belief that democracy produces on both sides of the Atlantic much the same type of tribune; for had I met him strolling in Pennsylvania Avenue, I should, from the contour of his head, the way in which his hair was worn, and the cut of his clothes, have assumed that he was a Senator from a Western State.

My last word with him was at the moment of his departure. As he came out of the hotel to take a modest seat in the omnibus, I happened to be returning from a walk. Seeing me, he stopped to say good-bye; and on the following day when I went to take tea with one of his countrywomen, I was confronted with a snapshot of Mr. Lloyd George and myself shaking hands, which had appeared in an Algerian newspaper. 'If you associate with such a rascal, you cannot take tea with me,' said the lady, yet within two years she wrote me, saying, 'Your friend has saved England.'

'If you have ever tried to hold an eel, you can imagine the sort of fellow Lloyd George is,' a leader of the English Labour Party said to a friend of mine not long ago; yet, when England's hard-headed manufacturers were answering the cry of her soldiers for a greater output of guns, with the plea that they could

not combine their efforts because it would lead to the divulgence of trade secrets, this little Welshman, instead of wriggling, turned to them pale and trembling, and said, with tears in his eyes: 'Gentlemen, have you forgotten that your sons, at this very moment, are being killed — killed in hundreds and thousands? They are being killed by German guns for want of British guns. Your sons, your brothers — boys at the dawn of manhood! — they are being wiped out of life in thousands! Gentlemen, give me guns. Don't think of your trade secrets. Think of your children. Help them! Give me those guns!'

In one of his letters, Junius, the anonymous critic of another age, says in regard to a crisis that had arisen in his day: 'As we are Englishmen, the least considerable man among us has an interest equal to the proudest nobleman in the laws and constitution of his country, and is equally called upon to make a generous contribution in support of them; whether it be the heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute.'

In birth, Mr. Lloyd George is one of the least considerable of men, and it may be that he is slipshod, superficial, hasty and tricky, or, in the words of one who pretends to know him, 'clever and stupid; truthful and untruthful; pure and impure; good and wicked; wonderful and commonplace; or, in a word, everything.' Still, in the greatest crisis that ever beset England, he was the one man in all the land who had the heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, and the hand to execute.

If those who criticize either hastily or rancorously the faults of statesmen would but stop to consider how hard is their lot, the world might advance at a far more rapid gait than it does; for then many a man fit to be a statesman would essay the rôle, instead of holding aloof from it because of a feeling that the politician is, as the wisest of poets has said, 'one that would circumvent God.'

A few weeks after my chance meeting with Mr. Lloyd George, I had an audience with the King of Italy during the course of which I came to a realization of how difficult it is to be a ruler of men. It was the day following the landing of American marines at Vera Cruz, and His Majesty and I had been discussing President Wilson's reasons for this action. 'It is so easy,' said he, 'for one in your President's position to make a mistake, so easy to criticise harshly; but, whatever the result of his warlike act may be, you may rest assured that, after sincere deliberation, he has done what he feels in his heart to be right.'

Whenever, during the ensuing years of strife, I was tempted to condemn a statesman or a politician hastily, I became shamed to silence by the memory of the sympathetic way in which that very human king, who knew by experience how difficult it is to govern both wisely and well, spoke of the sorely beset ruler of my own land.

VI

WHEN Rip Van Winkle awoke from his sleep of twenty years and entered the skirts of his native village, he found that 'there were rows of houses which he had never seen before,' and that 'those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared.' This was somewhat my experience on returning to London, after an absence of a quarter of a century. Troops of strange children did not, it is true, run hooting at my heels; nor did the dogs bark at me. Nevertheless, I began to wonder, as did the good-natured vagabond of the Catskills, if both I and the world around me were not bewitched.

This must be London, thought I, while journeying to my hotel in a taxi instead of a four-wheeler, since there, beyond a doubt, are the decorous walls of Buckingham Palace; there, too, is Hyde Park Corner, the Iron Duke astride his charger, as of yore. Nevertheless, it was not the London I once knew. As in the case of Rip Van Winkle, 'strange names were over the doors, strange faces at the windows — everything was strange.'

The hotel at which I descended, not built in the days of long ago, was situated within a stone's throw of the house where I had dwelt. The house itself had held to its former condition better than many of its neighbours, since it had recently received a coat of fresh paint, and its curtained windows were adorned with boxes in which spring flowers were growing. One morning, I paced

back and forth before it for fully half an hour, trying, meanwhile, to summon the courage to mount its steps and ring the bell. But fear of the frigid reception such Yankee presumption might receive at the hands of some haughtily insular Briton kept me from attempting to gratify the longing in my heart. When a constable, thinking, no doubt, that I was planning a robbery, began to eye me suspiciously, I slunk away hurriedly, lest he take me in charge.

I sought a grimy lane that would lead me by a short cut to a ramshackle building in the Brompton Road I had known as Harrod's Stores. But the lane had become a street, and the rickety old building itself a palatial structure covering an area of land such as we Americans term a city block, but which the English in their circumlocution would probably describe as a collection of buildings bounded by four streets.

While many a landmark had disappeared in this magic way, there were others which time had not altered, even the old Langham, the grime of years upon its stately walls, being still a hostelry. One day I took my youngest son, a lad of thirteen, to lunch in the very room from which, as a child, I had been led bawling. Outwardly, the building was unaltered, but within I found an attractive modern hotel. Thus, to my surprise, I found that one bubble, instead of bursting, had grown more pleasing with the years.

If I experienced less difficulty than did Rip Van Winkle in finding familiar haunts, like him I looked in vain for faces I had known. Not only were the features

of those I met wholly strange, but their appearance, as well, London being no longer frock-coated and top-hatted as of yore, but slouchingly attired like other places. The sight of young men in tweeds and felt hats who were manifestly not of 'the masses,' strolling in Piccadilly, or, with brier-wood pipes between their lips, driving their own cars toward the city, made me rub my eyes in amazement; and when in Rotten Row I met women riding astride, I thought, like dear old Rip: 'That flagon last night has addled my poor head sadly!'

Only at Lord's, on the occasion of the Eton and Harrow cricket match, did I see London wholly attired in the raiment of other days; for even on the velvety lawn of Buckingham Palace, when Their Majesties gave 'an afternoon party in the garden,' Labour members of Parliament wore tweeds, and trim maids in apron and cap, instead of scarlet-coated flunkies, were to be seen serving tea. Not that I resented the change! On the contrary, I welcomed it; for if you would have contentment in both soul and body, 'Be plain in dress,' as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu once said, 'and sober in your diet.'

In fact, it was the sight of pomp that saddened me most. Men with gaunt faces, who, when a regiment passed, straightened themselves from habit to salute the colours, were roaming the streets in search of work; and at almost every corner sat a legless or an armless ex-service man peddling matches or pencils. To see the Household Cavalry in their shining cuirasses and the Foot Guards in scarlet tunics instead of in the khaki

that had won them glory, to see royalty in gilded coaches drawn by sleek horses caparisoned in red and gold, at a time when men who had fought and bled for England roamed the streets in search of employment, were sights to sadden me.

An Englishman, however, is either the most conservative or the most adventuresome of men, and often a contradictory blending of the two. His house is his castle, where, jealous of the rights that inheritance or tradition have vested in him, he lives in privileged seclusion behind a stone wall or a hedge, a stout stick ever handy with which to drive trespassers from his land. On the other hand, you will meet him roaming the countryside, sailing the seven seas, tilling the veldt, or engaged in adding some remote dominion to an empire on which the sun never sets. Yet the Crown, which to an American spells tyranny, typifies for him both patriotism and allegiance. It is to this symbol of his country's traditional glory, rather than to its wearer, that he bends the knee. In fact, the Union Jack has not the same place in his heart that the Star-Spangled Banner has in ours; the toast that is foremost on his lips being not to his country, or its flag, but to 'The King, God bless him!'

It is these differences, both in character and national feeling, that prevent us, I think, from accepting him, not as a cousin, but as a brother. On the part of a certain type of Englishman, moreover, there is a sentiment in regard to us such as a father has toward a rebellious son; for, wayward though he considers us to be,

we are united to him through consanguinity; consequently, he feels justified, not only in reproving us for actions that seem to him unfilial, but in hoping that we may one day see the error of our ways and return to the family fold, at least to the extent of acknowledging the ties of blood.

Mr. Sinclair Lewis has had the temerity to attack this kind of Britisher in his very home. 'There is an element in England,' he said, not long ago, within sound of Bow Bells, 'that I would like to see eliminated — it is only five per cent of the English people — the five per cent who try to patronize America. When these people talk to me in the elder brother and bedside doctor manner, I put on my war-paint, my Huron feathers, and get out the old scalping-knife and axe. I want that element of the English people to know,' he continued, 'that they may say anything they like about America. We are noisy, we are backward, we know nothing of the arts, we don't speak English — because we have a better language of our own, anyway — we hustle each other, and humbug ourselves. We are hypocrites, tyrants, slaves, vulgar and ignorant. But one thing we are not — we are not a little nation . . . moreover we are very proud, very vain, very sensitive to snubs, and especially to condescension.'

Except to its parenthetical declaration that we have a better language of our own, I heartily subscribe to this just outburst. We have a more emphatic language, if you like, but the word 'better' connotes beauty, as well as terseness, and in this regard the language we are

rapidly creating seems to me to fail lamentably beside that of our forbears. But my fondness for the mother tongue is making me lose sight of the kind of Englishman who, in language such as Mr. Sinclair Lewis would approve, makes an American hot under the collar.

Neither the type nor the irritation is of recent growth. In fact, Washington Irving, an American who felt that after our own country there was none in 'whose glory we were more delighted' than in that of England — 'none towards which our hearts yearn with such throbbing of consanguinity' — had this to say in regard to that five per cent, apparently as annoying in his day as in our own:

'Perhaps, through mistaken or ill-directed hospitality, or from a disposition to cheer and countenance the stranger, prevalent among our countrymen, they may have been treated with unwonted respect in America; and having been accustomed all their lives to consider themselves below the surface of good society, and brought up in a servile feeling of inferiority, they become arrogant upon the common boon of civility; they attribute to the lowliness of others their own elevation; and underrate a society where there are no artificial distinctions, and where, by any chance, such individuals as themselves can rise to consequence.'

To-day, they rise to consequence not only in our land, but in their own as well. In fact, I met at table in London one of high state but humble beginning who did not seem worthy to bear 'the grand old name of gentleman.' He was far, however, from being what Shenstone

the poet called 'a chancellor in embryo'; for while his seat may, or may not, have been on the woolsack, it was at least in the British Cabinet of the moment, aye, in spite of the fact that his manner was bumptious and that he tippled after dinner.

But it is not alone the Englishmen who have vaulted into the seats of the mighty who 'become arrogant upon the common boon of civility'; for with me at another board sat one of ancestral blood possessing not only the coveted Garter and several stars, but many a nobiliary title, too. Still, he was far from being 'generous and free,' as one of his state should be. On the contrary, he was wont to sit at the council board, I have been told, with the same complacent smile of self-assurance frozen on his lip which I saw that evening. His manner, like his progress through life, had had the wearisome regularity of perfection; yet, impeccable and unruffled though it appeared on the surface, there was beneath it that irritating condescension which Mr. Sinclair Lewis denounces with so much feeling.

This five per cent of supercilious Englishmen, and the equally reprehensible five per cent of our nation who, for their own base ends, bait the British lion and twist its tail, prevent two great nations, having a common language and ideals which they hold in common, from clasping hands. Alas, must it ever be so?

'Above all, let us not be influenced by any angry feelings so far as to shut our eyes to the perception of what is really excellent and amiable in the English character,' wrote Washington Irving, a century ago.

'There is no country,' he continues, 'more worthy of our study than England. The spirit of her constitution is most analogous to ours. The manners of her people — their intellectual activity — their freedom of opinion — their habits of thinking on those subjects which concern the dearest interests and most sacred charities of private life, are all congenial to the American character; and, in fact, are all intrinsically excellent; for it is in the moral feeling of the people that the deep foundations of British prosperity are laid; and howsoever the superstructure may be time-worn or overrun by abuses, there must be something solid in the basis, admirable in the materials, and stable in the structure of an edifice that so long has towered unshaken amidst the tempests of the world.'

England is still worthy of our study; and to her respect for the law we should bow in shame. This fact, Judge Kavanagh of Chicago realized, not long ago, when sentencing a criminal. 'A man and a woman were recently hanged in London,' he said. 'If that were in Cook County the woman would have been found not guilty and the man probably given fourteen years in prison. The statistics show that in this country one out of every twelve thousand persons dies by the hand of an assassin, while in England one out of every six hundred and forty thousand meets death in that manner. Why should life be safer there than here? Because it is a life for a life over there.'

Yet, in spite of her just observance of the law, England did not seem to me to be 'towering unshaken amidst the

tempests of the world.' House upon house in Mayfair and Belgravia had the sign 'To let' upon its stately façade; women, with the pinch of poverty upon their faces, held sickly children in their arms, and shambling men roamed the streets in the rain with the collars of their shabby coats upturned and caps drawn low over their sunken eyes! It was the aftermath of war! France has a devastated district; England, a devastated trade: while in both lands there are devastated hearts!

But the redcoated sentries, pacing as of old before the gates of palaces, were like the gesture of a hand groping in vain amid the fragments of an heirloom. In fact, at that very time a barrister had the temerity to declare in a court of law, when the legitimacy of a baby heir to a title was questioned, that 'in forty or fifty years, according to the trend of modern political life, there would be no peerages to inherit.' Moreover, an earl with a title centuries old laughingly said to me, one day, that he never wore his watch at the House of Lords because the old nobility was so poor that it might be tempted, and the new nobility was recruited from the criminal class. Small wonder I felt like Rip Van Winkle that 'the very character of the people seemed changed.'

The England of my youth — that of 'The Grand Old Man' and 'Dizzy' — was a self-complacent land where sovereigns jingled in the pockets of both the mighty and the rich; a land of plenty, for all save a submerged tenth of the population, given to 'the inglorious arts of peace.' In it, every man, though free, had his place in a seemly arrangement. If he had both courage and

ability he might rise in the social scale; but, in all probability, he would (like his father before him) live out the span of his life, content to believe that 'small service is true service.'

'But England has always been in revolution,' a son of Scotland has said; 'only her revolutions are not somersaults.' No doubt, in the comfortable England I look back upon with so much affection, a revolution was taking place before my very eyes. Yet, at the time, it seemed as if the traditional order of things was too firmly entrenched ever to be overturned or even seriously menaced.

Since that day, however, and without bloodshed, the hereditary peers have been shorn of their right to veto the will of the people, and sons of toil have even sat upon the Ministerial benches. Meanwhile, the overlord has been deprived by taxation of a goodly portion of his income, while his lowly retainer has been granted state insurance against the evils of sickness, unemployment, and old age — revolutionary proceedings which, when advocated in our free land, are denounced by our tories as sheer anarchy. Not that the tories of England have accepted these radical changes in their pleasant state without a murmur. If one listened to them, one would be convinced that their country had already gone to the dogs. Yet its money has returned to par by giant strides, and it scorns the thought of repudiation.

England, it is true, has her agitators and her profiteers, and many a wretch who evaded the draft in order that he might rob widows and orphans. She has her bitter

war, too, between the Haves and the Have-nots, and there is hate in the breasts of her returned soldiers for the slackers who took their jobs. Yet there is a fundamental decency in her heart to prevent her from losing her head, and, in her character, a soundness and a toughness which have carried her through many a trying ordeal. Moreover, she does not turn somersaults; therefore, she is in no danger of breaking her neck.

Though shorn of their power to veto the will of the people, her serious-minded peers still serve as a wholesome balance-wheel for the wonderful engine which ever since the days of Runnymede has driven the ship of state ahead. Its safety-valve is a thrifty middle class and a hard-headed yeomanry, who, whenever the steam of radicalism is generated too rapidly, let just enough of it escape to enable the weather-beaten old craft to forge ahead without danger to the lives of those on board.

There is always a revolution in England, to be sure, but it is a land where the revolting is done by the sane, and not by the insane. When the fevered stokers who have been firing the boilers to the bursting point come on deck to cool their heated brows, they are fairly sure to find the good ship Britannia still upon her course.

PART II

Paris

PARIS

I

HER decks awash from stem to stern and the tricolour at her taffrail stiffened by a gale, a paddle-wheel steamer of two or three hundred tons pitches her way across the English Channel, while I, a seasick boy, gaze feebly, albeit enviously, at the nonchalant stewards who are passing china basins to forlorn passengers huddled, like myself, in the lee of a deck-house. Until I see a stretch of sandy shore and the red roofs of a town, death itself seems a boon; but when the little craft rights herself in smooth water, then glides beside a pier, I forget my misery of only a moment before while gazing in sheer wonderment at the hags with bristles on their chins who lean on sticks and hobble; the swarthy girls in wooden shoes; the barelegged urchins in black smocks; the lusty labourers with shirts hanging, indecently, as it seems to me, outside their trousers; and the little burghers of a better class, in straight-brimmed stovepipe hats, whose long beards flutter in the wind as they watch a storm-tossed packet make her landing.

There are soldiers, too, in that motley throng whose blue coats are ill-fitting and whose red trousers are baggy, and to me they seem the antithesis in military bearing of the smart British Tommies, who, swagger-stick in hand, had stood erect on the pier at Dover when a wretched little steamer cast off her moorings.

But those little *piou-pious*, as they were called until

their valour won for them the name of *poilus,* aroused no such feelings of ill-will in my chauvinistic heart as did the first redcoats I saw upon the dock at Liverpool. On the other hand, they did not seem akin to me, even though it were a kinship embittered by a traditional enmity. In fact, I looked upon both soldiers and civilians alike as something to be marvelled at, like the pageantry of a circus, rather than as fellow human beings. Moreover, when the gangboard had been run ashore and I stood among them, I realized for the first time in my life the meaning of the word 'foreigner,' as applied to a person differing from one's self in nature and belonging to a race apart from one's own, a distinction which had not been apparent to me in the English-speaking land I had left barely more than an hour before.

Officers of the American Army who were in Europe in 1918 have told me that, although the men of their commands never seemed to be sympathetic with their French allies, it was difficult to restrain them from fraternizing with the enemy when they marched into his land. I am sure that this anomaly arose, not from any real affection, but rather because they had seen so many Germans in the streets of their own cities, and had heard a guttural tongue spoken so frequently that they felt more at home on the banks of the Rhine than in France. Moreover, the frugality of the French, and their aptitude for what our forefathers termed 'chaffering,' are qualities which made them antipathetic to a prodigal soldiery whose wives, daughters, and sweethearts squandered dollars upon silk finery whilst the patient

women-folk of their brave comrades in arms were husbanding francs in the toes of stockings taken from feet which had laboured in the fields of a land for whose protection husbands, fathers, sons, or lovers had fought and bled during four agonizing years. Alas, in spite of alliances, and even of blood shed in a common cause, there are traditions and also racial characteristics of both the Anglo-Saxon and the Gaul which prevent the one from understanding the other's moral point of view; consequently, they have eyed one another askance throughout the centuries, each scornful of the other's beliefs, and often doubtful of his good faith.

The French heart I believe to be a veiled mystery to the Anglo-Saxon mind, and by the same token I have known Frenchmen who, though they have lived in my own land throughout the major portion of their lives, were unable to understand or even tolerate the peculiarly American point of view which is exemplified by the Puritan conscience and its tradition.

If sent at an early age to a red schoolhouse, the son of one of those very Frenchmen will acquire a Puritan conscience, but never quite understand his father's racial convictions. Only the other day, in fact, I met, for the first time since we had been at college together, a friend of my youth whose parents were both French, but who had been born and bred in a Western town. During a quarter of a century he had practised his profession in the land of his ancestors, yet he confessed to me in a moment of confidence that the outlook upon life of a Frenchman was still an enigma to him; whereas

that of an Englishman was not unlike his own. If the French heart is a mystery to one of such antecedents and experience, how can my own impressions of France and her people be other than objective; for must they not perforce lack the perceptive consciousness upon which true subjectivity is based?

But when I stood upon French soil for the first time, I had arrived at no such introspective conclusions. On the contrary, I was merely a dazed child of ten gazing in utter bewilderment at the strange sights about me, and quite unable to comprehend how a sea voyage of barely more than an hour could have wrought so magical a change in my environment. To hear people talking in a language I could not understand should have been sufficient in itself to make me realize that I was a stranger in a strange land; yet that fact did not dawn upon me until I had asked in vain for a glass of water in a station restaurant. Even then it did not occur to me that in the eyes of those about me I was but a poor little alien to be pitied for not speaking the most beautiful of human tongues. In fact, I looked with commiseration upon the waiters who failed to understand me, while viewing them as dull foreigners who ought to be discharged because of their stupidity.

This incident occurred on the way to Paris, and meanwhile I had been gazing at the fields and villages of Artois and Picardy. The railway carriage in which I sat was so like the one which had borne me from London to Dover that I accepted it as a familiar object; but the little bearded man who politely raised his cap when he

asked my father for the tickets, only to raise it again when he had torn off the coupons he sought, looked to me more like one of the hobgoblins who had played bowls with Rip Van Winkle, when I saw Joseph Jefferson in the part, than the conductor of a railway train.

But to my American eyes the strangest sight of all was that of women working in the fields, or dragging carts along the highroads like beasts of burden. Never had I seen members of their sex doing manual labour such as this, or guarding railway crossings with a flag upheld in salute of a passing train. When we stopped at a station and I saw a pair of gendarmes in bicorne hats, such as Napoleon wore, dragging to jail a man in a blue blouse, hoping that he had been arrested for permitting women to do work he ought, in all conscience, to have done himself, I clapped my little hands in delight. But I had passed the few years of my life, it should be remembered, in a land where chivalry toward women still obtained; and where, though it may seem incredible to those of a generation younger than my own, when a woman entered a street car, every man within it arose to offer her his seat.

Another sight contrary to my free-born convictions was that of freight cars labelled, 'Hommes 36, Chevaux 8,' and filled with soldiers who were herded together like so many cattle. They were singing merrily, and, as our train passed, each waved a greeting to it with one hand while clutching in the other a loaf of bread or a bottle of wine. But though they were happy in the exuberance of youth, hatred of a ruthless foe burned in

their hearts, the army of arrogant conquerors which had recently overrun their land having left its beloved soil barely a year before. Little did I dream that the day would come when my own son, in command of a conscripted company of American lads, would conduct them within sound of the guns of that same enemy across that very land, in cattle cars like those I saw that day.

But when first I gazed through the cindery window of a French railway carriage, I thought only of the strangeness of all that was before me — the whiteness of the tree-lined roads, the tidiness of the fields, and the tininess of the tile-roofed villages, each with a grey spire in its midst. Whenever the turreted château of an erstwhile liege lord was to be seen upon a neighbouring hilltop, I pictured within it a beautiful châtelaine for whose favour valiant knights in armour jousted, or troubadours touched the strings of their instruments and sang sweet melody.

Yet no sooner had I imagined so pleasing a scene of long ago than a shrill whistle and the sudden grinding of brakes made me realize that knighthood was no longer in flower. Instead of a grey château upon a green hill, I saw the ugly chimneys of a town, and, when the train had passed through its purlieus to busy streets and finally stopped beside a crowded platform, the door of our carriage was opened by a blue-bloused man who shouted in a language I did not understand that Abbeville or Amiens had been reached and that there were either *dix minutes* or *vingt minutes d'arrêt.*

Thus the hours went by until I fell asleep upon my mother's shoulder, to dream of the strange things I had seen. When the train stood motionless, at last, beneath a great glass roof, while black smoke and white steam curled upward from its snorting locomotive, I was awakened and made to trudge the length of a long platform to a cold *salle d'attente*, where I waited an interminable hour till customs officers had searched the family luggage in vain for contraband tobacco and matches. Then trunks were piled upon the roof of a yellow omnibus and I was jolted within it to the Hôtel de l'Athénée, in the Rue Scribe, which in the days of its glory Baedeker used to speak of as 'a favourite resort for English and Americans.'

Although my disturbance of the Langham's staidness with childish cries of pain makes me remember that austere hostelry with an unwonted vividness, I have no such recollection of the first hotel at which I lodged in Paris. I remember, however, the cold bedroom in which I slept, and the terror I felt at being left alone in a room of such lofty ceiling. The tall candles burning before a mirror, the bed covered by a massive canopy, and the musty smell of a room which in all probability had not been ventilated for weeks, made me, young though I was, feel as if I were in a chamber of death; and after I had crawled beneath a feather coverlet, I lay awake for hours, afraid to close my eyes. But fatigue overcame me finally and I slept until startled by a white-capped *femme de chambre* drawing back the ponderous curtains which had shut out the light of day.

While I lay in my bed wondering if I had the courage to step from its warmth to an uncarpeted floor, a cup of coffee, a dab of butter, and a hard roll were placed before me. Eyeing this meagre repast suspiciously, I came to the conclusion that it must be a prelude to breakfast; whereupon I partook of it ravenously, little recking that I should get no other food until the noon hour.

Fully awake at last, I heard strange noises in the street and ran to the window. An opera-house embellished by a superabundance of statuary and medallions stood before me; yet it was the sights of the street rather than the depressing ornamentation of this sumptuous structure that caught my fancy. In bewilderment, as well as delight, I saw bareheaded women pushing hucksters' carts, while screeching their wares; blue-bloused labourers shuffling in wooden shoes to their daily toil; shop-girls tripping on high heels, and fat cabmen with faces the colour of the wine they had drunk, who, with glazed leather hats upon their bullet heads, sat in huge coats of many capes upon the boxes of their bright-coloured *fiacres*, each gaily cracking a whip or beating a lean horse unmercifully.

But of greater interest to me than any of these was a mounted orderly in a steel cuirass who trotted by my window, a plume of horsehair dangling from his glittering helmet, a sabre rattling against his charger's flank. Then I heard martial music and saw an epauletted colonel on a horse that caracoled, riding at the head of a column of sunburnt soldiers whose red legs opened and shut like a thousand pairs of shears. Their bayonets

glistening, their shoulders bent to the weight of knapsack and canteen, these warriors of a valiant nation marched with a jaunty step beneath my window, to the blare of bugles and the beating of drums.

It was a sight to fill my young heart with admiration for the sturdy little soldier of France which has lasted to this day; for when a rifle is aslant his shoulder his step becomes firm, and a face which may even have been ribald takes on the resolute look which found such grim expression in the words: '*Ils ne passeront pas.*'

But the sun was shining on bright Paris, and no sooner had the last grey wagon of that regiment rumbled over the stones, and the notes of its *clairons* been silenced by the noises of the street, than my father and mother came to take me for a day of sight-seeing. Mayhap it was an Immaculate Conception, or a Madonna and Child, I was told to admire, mayhap an infanta of Spain, or the inscrutable Gioconda herself; but whenever I passed a window through which I saw barelegged children romping beneath the trees of a garden, or little *bateaux omnibus* puffing their way back and forth upon the waters of the Seine, I tarried behind my parents and their guide until dragged reluctantly into another dreary room with more dull pictures of saints or cyprians upon its walls.

I was taken to glorious churches, too, and to palaces on the shining parquetry of which bewigged kings used to dance the stately minuet with the frail beauties who held sway over their base hearts; and beneath a gilded dome I saw the sarcophagus of an emperor who, for an

hour, had ruled the world. But the sight that I remember best was that of a vagabond with a bullet-hole in his temple, lying on a marble slab while idlers gazed at him; for it gave me a horror of death I shall carry with me to the grave.

Having been in Paris many times during boyhood, I find it hard to record my recollections of that seductive capital with any degree of exactness. Yet what could be more beside the mark than to chronologize impressions of a city of so immeasurable a grace that those who love the beautiful may find delight in every nook and corner of its twenty *arrondissements?*

Yes, Paris is as elusive as the waters of the well into which the youth Narcissus gazed, and the image it reflects is quite as personal; for while one may see only enticing shops, and another but a tempting succession of Sardanapalian revelries, to still another it mirrors infinite grace. It may be the setting of the sun behind a noble arch at the end of the finest avenue in all the world, a bridge flanked by gilded statues, a garden where fountains plash and children trundle their hoops, or the towers of a cathedral against an azure sky, that give a momentary thrill of joy to the beholder; or, again, it may be a grilled gateway through which Du Guesclin once rode in shining armour, the arcade of a palace beneath the shade of which Napoleon sauntered as a subaltern while ogling painted queans; or perchance but a patient angler on a river's bank, an old woman frying garlic over a charcoal fire, or a *midinette* tripping across a muddy street with milady's new hat in a band-

box. Nowhere, however, is there a charm so varied as that of Paris, most joyous of cities — yet with a frugality so patient and minute that it is the most thrifty, as well.

II

IN looking back through the years I become extremely grateful to my parents for having permitted me to journey into divers lands while the noses of boys of my own age were being held to the scholastic grindstone; and were I possessed of sufficient wealth to endow an institution of learning, I should be tempted to found an itinerant academy for boys such as Oliver Optic imagined in the stories called 'Young America Abroad' that were the delight of tender years. Indeed, I hold that travel is a more broadening influence than any amount of schooling, particularly that which is enjoyed at an age before the excellences of the 'home-town' have become the unalterable shibboleth of one's existence, provincialism being the baneful thing which prevents a true comity of nations from obtaining in this perturbed world of ours. There is, alas, in every community many an influential citizen whose vision has been so restricted by the hilltops over which he refuses to look that, like Cowper's Jackdaw:

> 'He sees that this great roundabout
> The world, with all its motley rout,
> Church, army, physic, law,
> Its customs and its businesses,
> Is no concern at all of his,
> And says — what says he? — Caw.'

For a boyhood passed in many lands I would be loath to exchange any knowledge I have acquired from books, and I am particularly grateful for the days I was

permitted to enjoy in Paris before reaching my teens. To know the charm of that city of perennial youth, one must have been a youth within it, or, better still, a boy; since the older one grows, the farther one is from joy.

Shy of playmates because I was not an adept at games, I took delight in things I saw rather than in those I did; therefore, when I look back upon Paris as the revel of my boyhood, I view it in a manner different from that of many a reader, the joy of whose early years was baseball, cricket, or any of the athletic sports in which I did not excel. In fact, when I declare the Champs Élysées and the gardens of the Tuileries to be places the memory of which glows warmest in my heart, I am prepared to see a pitying smile on many a virile lip, and even to hear the word 'mollycoddle' murmured contemptuously.

If I have conjured up a picture of barelegged and pasty-faced children tied to the apron-strings of a buxom nursery maid or led by the hand of a demure governess — children whose most vigorous sport is to trundle a hoop or ride a pony led at a walk by a blue-bloused attendant, let me declare forthwith that it was not what I did as a boy which gave me enjoyment, but rather what I saw; and that in roaming the gravel paths of the Tuileries I saw many things the memory of which is still enchanting.

It was there that I learned to appreciate grace, symmetry, delicacy, and all the elusive things which unite in making that most elusive of all things — beauty. 'He hath a daily beauty in his life,' sang the greatest of

poets; and whenever I have been obliged to dwell within the shadow of ugliness, I have longed for the witchery that was my boyhood's lot in Paris. Nay, I would not exchange the tastes acquired while playing beneath her spreading trees for prowess in any game that was ever played.

While the comrades I had left behind in my native city were batting a ball amid the empty barrels and tin cans of a vacant lot, I trundled a hoop, instead, or played battledore and shuttlecock, on paths laid out for *Le Roi Soleil;* and if I panted for breath, or the game lagged, instead of wooden shanties of the forbidding back yards of prosaic mansions to gaze upon, I saw white statues of the seasons, groups of river gods, or the graceful forms of Fame and Mercury astride winged steeds. Instead of foul words shouted in nasal tones by angry urchins, I heard through the trees about me the strains of music by Gounod or Offenbach, played by the band of some regiment that had fought at Woerth or Gravelotte. Moreover, beyond those very tree-tops were the charred ruins of a palace on the stairs of which a guard of lion-hearted Swiss had died for a faint-hearted king; and little more than a stone's throw from the fountain where I sailed my toy boat was the site of the scaffold on which he and his frail queen gave up their lives while relentless old women, with hate in their souls, knitted within its bloody shadow.

When kneeling at the edge of a round basin to trim the sails of a tiny sloop with the Stars and Stripes at her peak, I thought of no dread things such as these; but

rather of the race I hoped to win against the tricolour of France and the red ensign of England; there being an international aspect in those diminutive yacht races in a fountain of the Tuileries which made pride of country course through my childish veins. Yet near me, meanwhile, were the lovely forms of Daphne and Apollo, of Ceres and Aristæus, to instil unconsciously within my boyish heart a love for beauty that has never perished; and although I played effeminate games instead of baseball with barelegged youngsters of another race, and even with little girls who wore ribbons in their curls and broad sashes about their waists, I firmly believe that wonderful garden to have been a better playground than an ugly lot in an unimaginative city.

When I furled the sails of my little craft to wend my way homeward, I passed an Egyptian monolith with fountains playing at its base; then saw against a crimson sky a graceful arch raised by one who sought to conquer the world, only to die a prisoner instead. Vain monument to vainglory, it stands through the years; and whenever I pass it, as I did the other day, a theme given me when a freshman at college comes to mind. 'The name of the inventor of the plough is not known,' it ran, 'nor where he lived and died; yet he was greater than the entire race of conquerors and heroes.' Alas, as a poet said of Cromwell, 'every conqueror creates a muse'; whereas the really useful people of the world live and die unsung.

But away with idle moralizing; for am I not crossing a beautiful square where fountains play, and do I not see

a fairyland before me? In truth, it is but a stretch of parkland where joyous children romp, and nursery maids with ribboned caps upon their comely heads ogle proud dragoons or humble *fantassins*. Gouty old gentlemen are dozing there beneath the shade of flowering chestnuts; and rheumatic dowagers, who graced a Bourbon court in days long gone, are basking in the sun, while eyeing with contempt, albeit enviously, some pretty *mondaine* of rouged lip to whom a lover with a curled mustache is whispering amorously. A ragamuffin picks up the cigarette the philanderer has dropped, to puff it rapturously as he shambles away; and meanwhile, on the white avenue beyond, the stately landau, the trim victoria, the dashing phaeton, or the dowdy *fiacre*, with its lady of quality, its woman of the world, the half-world, or the town, speeds toward the Bois to the pretentious clanking of chains or the proletarian cracking of a whip, it being the hour when playful Paris is at play.

You may say it is the hour when Parisiennes are hurrying homeward to dress and dine, and that I am crossing a crowded square with a tiny toy sloop in my arms, while the sun sinks from sight behind a marvellous arch. But I will answer that in the land of memory time is a matter of fancy; and that in broad daylight, I am strolling, now, beneath the trees of the Champs Élysées, while seeking innocent amusement for an idle hour of boyhood. Ah, there it is — a merry-go-round with a riderless steed I may mount if I hasten my step.

How eagerly a boy pursues fanciful pleasures, how swiftly his imagination flies from conceit to conceit!

THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES
From an old print

While I sit astride a wooden steed tilting at iron rings, I live a dozen fanciful lives in as many minutes, for am I not, in turn, an armoured warrior, a corseleted dragoon, a blue-coated cavalryman, and a buckskin-clad scout of the plains? No champion of the lists, in fact, ever felt greater pride than that which thrills in my little heart when I am told, as I dismount from my wooden steed, my dagger jingling with rings to its very point, that I may ride again without paying. In the next bout, a French boy outstrips me in prowess. Crestfallen, I slink away, but luckily with the price still in my pocket of a seat before the booth of Guignol, where I forget my chagrin while laughing at his pranks.

Although but a puppet to whom the finger of a vagabond gives life, this nimble young *canut*, or silk weaver of Lyons in a peasant's blouse, is in reality a tribune of the people with love for the downtrodden in his heart, as well as hatred for their natural enemies, the landlord and the bailiff. As mischievous and light-hearted as Scapin, as tricky a knave and as fickle a lover, Guignol is quite as true a protagonist of Gallic humour, and I am thankful that he still delights the young of generations other than mine. In truth, only the other day I tarried before the very '*castelet*' where as a boy I had made the acquaintance of this merry rogue of finger and thumb, there to laugh at his drolleries for fully an hour and come away convinced that Byron was right in saying:

'Who loves not puppets is not fit to live!'

But all the Parisian days of my boyhood were not so care-free. Alas, when the leaves began to fall in the Champs Élysées, I was sent to shiver in a cold school. Luckily it was not a forbidding *lycée* with penitentiary-like buildings, but a benign little seminary at the top of a courtly old building with creaking stairs, situated in one of those assemblages of dwellings surrounding a garden-spot such as the French call a *cité*. A kindly old scholar, with a face like Socrates, who wore during school hours a shabby dressing-gown and carpet slippers, and also a velvet skull-cap to protect his shiny bald head from wintery draughts, was its *proviseur*, as well as its entire teaching staff. In fact, it was a tiny school having on its roster, in addition to my transatlantic self, barely half a dozen French boys who were either too delicate, or too dull, to be entrusted to the severity of a *lycée* or of a *collège*.

My recollection is that neither the benevolent principal of this diminutive seat of learning, nor his amiable wife of goodly proportions, spoke English. At any rate, I am certain that through being taught the rudiments of the proverbial three R's in a foreign tongue and constant association with boys who knew not a word of my own, I was able to acquire within a few months more knowledge of what Chaucer called 'Frenche of Paris' than the didactic way in which living languages are taught in my own land could have given me in as many years. Indeed, were I to teach French to a class of American boys, I should, to paraphrase Macbeth's familiar speech, exclaim at the outset

of my task: 'Throw grammar to the dogs, I'll none of it!'

Luckily I had none of it, or at least very little, on the top floor of a shabby *immeuble* in the cité Odiot; else I should still be undergoing mental torments whenever hunger seizes me in France, lest an order for an *omelette aux fines herbes*, or a *poulet grillé*, be wrong in mood, gender or tense. In fact, I remember my father, who had acquired a bookish smattering of German, arguing at length in a Bavarian restaurant with a precise old maid in regard to the gender of an egg, while my mother, by using the homely language of signs, obtained the food she sought.

But occasionally an American abroad employs means to appease his hunger less happy in result; for I have in mind one of the spread-eagle variety I once saw dining at a Parisian table d'hôte with his napkin tucked under his chin like a barber's towel, and his knife and fork held upright like weapons of offence. Regardless of the advice Saint Ambrose gave Saint Augustine about doing in Rome as Rome does, he insisted upon retaining the first plate set before him, until, from the various courses which were served to him in becoming rotation, he had heaped upon it such bountiful portions of meat, potatoes, vegetables, and salad that it appeared to him in the light of 'a square meal.' Having thus outwitted 'the damned Frenchies,' as he called them, he breathed a sigh of eminent satisfaction; then tipped his chair backward in order to view his handiwork with pride. Alas, the parquetry of that *salle à manger* was waxed, while the chair which held him, being of the sedate kind used

during the reign of the most ceremonial monarch the world has ever known, was wholly unused to balancing itself unconventionally upon its hind legs; consequently, and much to the delight of his fellow guests, this *sauvage d'outre mer* was upset, heels over head, upon a glistening floor, there to lie cursing and fuming beneath an overturned chair until the appalled waiters came to his rescue.

This story of a pride which came before a fall is not so irrelevant to that of my school days in Paris as might appear; for in the refectory of the seemly little academy in which I had been immured I discovered that the table manners of the French suffer sadly by comparison with their punctiliousness in other respects, even my dear old preceptor having been deplorably guilty of the solecism which Thackeray called 'administering the cold steel.'

Lest this appear in the light of *autres temps, autres mœurs*, let me add that only yesterday I saw a dainty marquise of ancient race nonchalantly picking her teeth at a formal dinner given at an embassy in Paris. Yet what is looked upon as a barbarism in one country may be a well-accepted custom in another; since I recall that a Spanish friend, himself an ardent *aficionado* of the bull-fight, once said to me, after viewing a Harvard-Yale match, that football was too brutal a sport to be tolerated in Spain.

But I am wandering far afield when I meant to be rising in a cold and carpetless dormitory, preparatory to washing down a hunch of butterless bread with a

beverage savouring far more of the homely chicory-root than of the cheering seeds which in far-off lands are found in berries of the genus *Coffea*. Indeed, when I think of those cold mornings in the cité Odiot, and the icy water into which I had to plunge, what the French call *chair de poule*, and we Anglo-Saxons the flesh of a more ungainly fowl, fairly tingles over me from head to foot, just as it used to when I was condemned to shiver in an unheated schoolroom during the depths of a Parisian winter, while a dear old Frenchman, 'patient, though sorely tried,' sought to fill my benumbed little mind with learning.

Although he failed in making of me a ripe and good scholar such as Shakespeare vaunts, he filled my heart with love for a race which could father so kindly and conscientious a teacher. In fact, of the many who instructed me during boyhood I think only of him with affection. I learned, too, in that Parisian school to respect the thrifty women of France who seem to count the very crumbs which fall from the table, a domestic wastefulness such as is all too prevalent in my native land being a thing unknown to the frugal order to which the wife of my teacher belonged. It is an order now disparaged because of its very virtues, yet one that is the backbone of France, as of every nation; a society without a leavening *bourgeoisie* being likely to come to a bad end, as did that of the old régime and of czarist Russia.

But at the age of twelve I did not moralize in any such pedantic way; for whenever my eyes wandered from my

textbook, it was to glance at the clock in the hope that the hour had come when I might play at *tambourin* in the courtyard below, where moss grew between the flagstones and the plants of a tiny garden, protected from boyish depredations by an iron paling, wore winter coats of straw.

My schoolmates permitted me to join in their sports and treated me, I am sure, with more kindness than would be shown a French boy in an American school; yet, by being deftly kept from enjoying their intimacy, I was made to feel myself an alien. Subsequent experience has led me to believe that a Frenchman is slow to admit a foreigner within the sheltering shade of friendship. It is difficult, too, for him to understand a point of view other than the *parti pris* of his own sentiments, the ability to view two sides of a question dispassionately being a gift nature has denied him to a considerable degree. Anything of an æsthetic nature, moreover, which is not the product of his own soil, is likely to be looked upon by him somewhat in the way a Greek regarded the handiwork of a barbarian, Paris being, to his mind, as much a centre of light as was Athens to an Athenian.

This inability to comprehend the views of others, this intense belief in himself, as typified by the achievements of his own land, makes him, no doubt, provincial in a certain sense; yet provincialism of a nature so sublime that it is in reality that laudable virtue, patriotism itself. Long before their valiant defence of their soil gave proof of it, the French appeared to me to be the

most patriotic of all peoples, their love for their country being a self-sacrificial emotion as spiritual as religion, their belief in its omniscience like unto another's faith in God. But the patriot's 'first, best country, ever is at home'; and though it undoubtedly blinds him to the virtues of other lands, a Frenchman's love for France, when viewed in the light of a sentiment, becomes, I think, one of the inspiringly beautiful things of the world.

III

WHILE living imaginatively in another century I came to the conclusion that plumbing is the only innovation of the past three hundred years that has added anything of consequence to life. In fact, until I became aware that sanitation was unknown in the days of Louis the Great, I was inclined to prefer his age to the present as one in which to have lived, provided one had the good fortune to be of noble birth.

A coach and four (upon a good road, of course, and in fine weather) I know to be a more delightful conveyance than a railway car; and, although I have never fared in a sedan-chair, I have been carried in a hammock on the island of Madeira by two lusty Portuguese; therefore I am sure I prefer such an indolent mode of travel to being hurtled in a Rolls-Royce or bumped in a Ford. To a lover of the seas, moreover, even the most sumptuous of ocean liners is as naught to a clipper ship bowling before a balmy trade-wind with stunsails set, or, with a bone in her teeth, heeled to a spanking breeze. Since the advent of the telegraph, the telephone, and the typewriter to complicate existence, letter-writing has become a lost art. But, in all honesty, would you not prefer to receive from the hand of an obsequious lackey a daintily wafered note with the odour of frangipane upon it, to being called in your busiest moment to a telephone, only to be told that 'the party is no longer waiting'? And had you sat with me the other day in the

old guard-room of the Louvre listening to Lulli's music played upon violins while a comedy by Molière was given in candlelight, I am sure you would have felt as I did, that neither the saxophone nor the electric bulb has added anything to human enjoyment.

But there is still the matter of plumbing to make one hesitate before envying the lot of the fawning courtier. Furthermore, though the obverse of the glittering medal I have in my mind's eye pictures a bewigged king tripping in red-heeled slippers across a shiny parquetry, whilst marquises with feathered hats against their breasts bend at the waist: the reverse, to quote La Bruyère, shows 'certain ferocious animals, males and females, scattered over the land, dark, livid, burned by the sun, and attached to the soil they dig with an unconquerable obstinacy — animals whose voices are almost articulate, and who, when they raise themselves to their feet, present features which are human; for, in truth, they are men.'

Though in many ways less delightful for the few than it was three hundred years ago, life is now less bitter for the many; consequently I would not exchange my lot for that of a beribboned courtier. Yet a preference for the present day as a time in which to have lived does not prevent me from feeling that in certain respects life has deteriorated during my own lifetime; the quality which in mid-Victorian days was known as elegance having disappeared, I am inclined to believe, with the advent of the automobile; while the jazz band has been the undoing of refinement.

To return to our sheep, as the French say, I am confident that even Paris is less polished than of yore, though it still abounds in charm. Indeed, as I look back upon the Paris of my youth and early manhood, I see a clean city without bustle or hurry, where one had time, while sauntering, to gaze into the enticing windows of the shops, or tarry at a table before a boulevard café without having one's eardrums split by the whirring of motors and the tooting of horns. It was a seemly city, too, in which it was safe to stroll at night, and an exquisite city, as well, in which refinement reigned; for the women wore clothes which hid their nakedness, and each frock-coated man a *chapeau haut de forme.*

It was the day of the *boulevardier*, when the mile between the Madeleine and the Boulevard Montmartre was filled of a morning with well-dressed saunterers who, living on their incomes, or by their wits, had the leisure to *flâner.* I can see them, now, with their *redingotes* shaped to the waist like a woman's corsage, their canary-coloured gloves with black stitching, their gold-headed canes, and their waxed mustaches, strolling jauntily in the Boulevard des Italiens, while noting every rosette of the Légion d'Honneur in a buttonhole, as well as every pretty ankle beneath a daintily lifted skirt, your true *boulevardier* having a respect for achievement, as well as an eye for beauty. In fact, he knew by sight every one who was some one in Paris, whether statesman, diplomat, artist, man of letters, or man of the world, great lady, actress, or demi-mondaine, to know what he called *tout Paris* being the principal tenet of his creed.

To his prejudiced mind, Paris was the world, the only other habitable part of it being a pleasant stretch of hill and dale bounded by Trouville, Contrexéville, Nice, Biarritz, and Dinard. The barbarians in tweeds and brogans who tramped through his beloved boulevards with red-covered books under their arms, their raucous language rending the air with savage discord, he eyed with the contempt a patrician of old might have displayed to a group of awestruck Britanni in the streets of Rome, there being within the Gallic breast a dislike for the fair-haired Saxon and his ways, which despite the blood from across the Channel and over the seas generously shed for France, has lasted to this day.

The noon hour, when the shopkeeper had removed the handle from his door to enjoy a ragout in the little room behind his shop, and the bookkeeper had closed his ledger in order to idle two shining hours away at a neighbouring brasserie, was when the *boulevardier*, ever a gourmet, and often a gourmand, too, was in his element. Seated upon a red divan, with his back to a glistening mirror, he battened then upon a dozen *cancales*, or as many *queues d'écrevisses*, an omelette aux cèpes — and perhaps a sole, as well, cooked à la Marguery, if he had sauntered as far afield as the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, or à la Morny, in case he had tarried in the Boulevard des Italiens at the corner of the Rue de Marivaux.

This alimental array was but the prelude, however, to a *pièce de résistance* of meat or poultry followed by a goodly helping of cheese and some *fraises des bois*, or a peach of the impeccable variety which, though known

as a *primeur*, is not sold at prime cost, but rather at its weight in gold. Our *boulevardier*, meanwhile, has been sipping a velvety claret from the banks of the Garonne, or a delicate crû from the Côte d'Or; but when his face has reddened to a generous wine, the glistening decanter or the dusty bottle that held it is replaced by a tiny glass filled with a liqueur of orange, green, yellow or white translucence.

Should you doubt that a midday meal was ever so Gargantuan, let me say that a dinner then consisted of a dozen courses, with two soups, two entrées, and a punch à la Romaine as half-way mark; and that glasses for sauterne, claret, burgundy, and champagne glistened beside your plate, as enticing harbingers of dyspepsia, gout, diabetes, or chronic inebriety.

Yet even in that gormandizing age there was an occasional wise man who, having tried the cures that do not cure, had learned to breakfast on a choice viand or two, to the respect, if not the profit, of *Monsieur le propriétaire*. Yes, there was actually a flesh-and-blood boniface in those days to give the Parisian restaurant that personality which it has lost entirely since it has become the property of some exploiting syndicate. There was civility, too, on the part of the maître d'hôtel, even though one's tips were known to be modest, as well as a welcoming smile from the black-gowned *dame de comptoir* who sat enthroned near the door. And when you had established yourself as a customer of the house, the *patron* himself would tarry beside your table to pass the time of day, while casting a

critical eye over the dish that a fat old waiter with ample side-whiskers and a shiny bald head was awaiting, deferentially, your permission to serve.

Unless you have strayed into some remote corner of Paris where French politeness still obtains, an insolent Hun masquerading as a Swiss, or a transalpine brigand to whom you must pay tribute in order to obtain a table, now scribbles your order with condescension curling on his lip; then rushes off to cringe before the throneless king or the indigent prince whom an American climber is feeding.

Meanwhile, for a mediocre dinner, you wait an unconscionable time in an atmosphere laden with smoke and cosmetics, while painted women and vitiated men, both old and young, gyrate indecently before you to a tintinnabulous din that makes you blush for the land of its origin. They have gone, alas, the way of the gentility to which they catered, those boulevard restaurants of another generation, elegant in the best sense of an abused word: Tortoni's, the Maison Dorée, the Café Riche, and the Café Anglais.

Of these once-famous places, none was so pleasing to me as the little white-walled sanctuary of the palate which owed its name to the patronage it received after the peace of Amiens had made it possible for the English epicure to enjoy, again, the delights of Paris. A favourite haunt of King Edward VII when Prince of Wales, of d'Orsay, the exquisite, of Morny, the adventurer, and all the good livers of their day, the Café Anglais, even in a courteous age, was distinguished for its courtesy, as

well as its cuisine. In fact, the recollection of a stately old servitor with the mien of a marquis of the old régime, who presided over the low-ceilinged rooms of the entresol and, on gala nights, over the famous 'grand seize' where the great men of a great century were dined and wined, remains with me to this day as that of the Chesterfield of maîtres d'hôtel.

Of the refined restaurants of the past that have not been forced either to close their doors or bow to modern vulgarity, the Café Voisin alone remains. I have been told that it is still true to its traditions; yet I pass its door day after day, afraid to enter lest a final bubble burst. As for the places in which the newly rich now splurge, I have only to glance at the liveried boor lounging before the door with a gold-braided cap on the back of his head, to know that I would rather dine in a cleanly Établissement Duval than venture into such a den of thieves.

Yes, when I hear the bleating of a saxophone I hasten my step instinctively, while sighing for the day when Paris was genteel, a word that typifies, not only a period, but my mid-Victorian sentiments as well. Alas, when I think of the seemly Paris I once knew, more than ever do I feel plumbing to be the only boon of modern times. Still, I must admit that in the age I am extolling, *confort moderne* was a thing unknown. Nevertheless, I would gladly dispense with a bath for a day or two, and shiver, meanwhile, in a room without *chauffage central*, if I might see the Champs Élysées without a single motor car to mar its beauty.

Ah, what an enchanting sight was that fair avenue in the days when lovely women drove prancing horses to phaetons as low and rakish as a pirate craft, or reclined against the cushions of victorias as graceful as the chariot from which Aurora, frail and beautiful as they, poured dew upon the earth to gladden the flowers!

In the green Bois de Boulogne the vision became more intimate; and if you drove there day after day in the double line of vehicles that travelled slowly back and forth beside the Lac Inférieur, or at a later day, in the Avenue des Acacias, you learned to know the allurement of each pair of froward eyes that passed. Yes, and to recognize each dandy in a dog-cart, each nobleman with a coronet on the panel of his carriage, and even the man of parts — De Lesseps, perhaps in a landau, or Gambetta in a plebeian *fiacre*. And the implacable face of many an old lady of quality you learned to know, too, as she sat bolt upright day after day in a stately barouche, with an insipid *jeune fille* or a supercilious poodle on the seat beside her. Moreover, there was not a pair of sleek-coated horses, nor a fat coachman with pipe-clayed whip in hand whose red face did not become familiar; and if you had an eye for such horsey things, you learned to tell at a glance the name of the *carrossier* who had built the stately phaeton, or the saucy tilbury that passed you at a walk.

I have had in my mind the hour when the sun was sinking behind the hilltops of Saint-Cloud; yet I remember the Bois as being at its fairest when the amazone in her trim habit was taking a morning canter beside a

blue hussar, or walking her clean-limbed hack beneath the shade of spreading chestnuts, while some white-gloved cavalier with a shiny top-hat on his perfumed head, and skin-tight trousers on his shapely leg, whispered of a rendezvous.

It was then that the demi-mondaine — a diminutive tiger with folded arms upon the seat beside her — drove a pony to a tiny cart — then that my lady strolled beside a monocled admirer with a gardenia in his button-hole, or, listening with impatience for his step, sat beneath her parasol watching a yellow-wheeled drag, with a well-groomed party of her friends upon its roof, rumble by on a shaded avenue, its team of chestnuts in their collars, its lead-bars rattling gently.

But this was the Bois of the flesh and the devil, that of joy and gladness being in the meadow where a picnic was spread and a bride romped merrily, in the shady by-way where the lover strolled with an arm about his sweetheart's waist; or on the greensward where he lay with his curly head in her lap, dreaming the happiest hour of life away. There are still those who go forth to the Bois to love, and then to part; but who, to-day, would sit beside one of its oiled roadways for the pleasure of watching a horde of ungainly motor cars dart by at a speed too rapid to admit of seeing the occupants, even though they should be fair?

To find the charm of Paris, nowadays, one must wander into some remote and narrow street where the cry of the pedlar still resounds as he pushes his cart before him; and where, beneath some vaulted doorway,

one may glimpse, in passing, a moss-grown courtyard, or a garden filled with flowers. In the midst of such a street there is a little green square and a white statue; and at its end a Gothic church; while before the grilled portal of a patrician dwelling built in the days of long ago, a courtly carriage stands, its grey-haired coachman dozing upon the box in cockaded hat and mourning livery.

In the garish boulevard around the corner, motors are whirring and horns are tooting the whole day long; but there the unkempt student sits idling before a café as of yore, a grisette's hand in his; or, with a book beneath his arm, and a cigarette between his lips, saunters towards the Rue des Écoles where there is a seat of learning founded by one Robert de Sorbon two centuries before Columbus sailed the seas. Not far away there is a public garden where barelegged children dance hand in hand beneath the walls of a palace built for a wanton queen; and there, under the trees, the comfortable bourgeois sips his foaming bock, while the hungry *rapin*, with unsold sketches beneath his shabby coat-sleeve, dozes disconsolately upon a stone bench.

Yes, hunger stalks in Paris as in other places; in the Batignolles, barely a stone's throw from the seats of the mighty; in Montmartre, where red evil lurks; in Belleville, where the larder of the superannuated workman stands empty, and under the very shadow of the column which marks the site of the Bastille; for just as on the day when the Marquis de Launay and his white-wigged soldiers gave up their lives in vain, the slums of Paris are to be found in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine.

Once, when suffering from melancholia, I felt that if I might see those more wretched than myself, life would become easier to bear; so I made frequent visits with a French pastor to the quarter whence came the ragged mobs to give to a downtrodden people, as they fondly believed, the threefold blessing of liberty, equality, and brotherhood. My imaginary ills were shamed away by the fortitude of those with real troubles to bear; and as I think of their misery, the face of a bedridden old woman living in an attic upon a government pittance comes to mind. 'I manage to keep body and soul together on my pension of five francs a week,' she said. 'Go to the floor below. There you will find a woman with a drunken husband and five young children to support.'

I remember, too, a crippled workman with six mouths to feed, who limped down as many flights of stairs in order to escort his pastor to the door; and also a courtly old wood-carver whose handiwork no longer satisfied the employer in whose service he had grown grey. Work this superannuated artisan would accept, but not charity; and often I was at my wit's end in devising a piece of carving he might undertake in the belief that it was a bona-fide order from some one to whom his skill was known.

Before I knew these fine men and women, I had been meeting, in a different part of Paris, a society which seemed to be in many respects as dissolute as that against whose evil ways the Faubourg Saint-Antoine had revolted long ago. But the courage and cheerfulness

of the Frenchmen I saw in adversity taught me how idle it is to judge the many by the few. Moreover, since that day I have felt that so long as it is possible for a human being to starve in the midst of plenty, civilization, so called, is a failure. This is not meant as an expression of socialism, or bolshevism, but merely of a belief that from among the countless isms that beset mankind, altruism will arise one day, to scourge the others from the temple.

IV

NOT long ago I drove through the byways of Paris in a rickety *fiacre*, and so humorous was the sight of this vehicle of another age that the laundress looked up from her ironing-board to laugh at the antediluvian sitting in a crumpled heap upon its box, while the housewife, resting on her broom, chaffed the urchins who were riding surreptitiously upon its creaking springs. Yet heedless of the mirth my antiquated state provoked, I dwelt in fancy in those very streets, at a time when Molière — once the constant object of my thoughts — was a pupil of the *lycée* I chanced to pass. But no sooner had I pictured him as a frightened boy reciting Latin to a Jesuit with a birch rod in hand, than the name of his ungrateful rival, given to the street into which my cabman turned, recalled to mind the bitterness of his maturer years; and when I had gone but a little way farther, I saw a theatre in which generations both young and old had laughed at the rascalities of Scapin, or the pranks of Mascarille.

A moment later I found myself in the street where a stage-struck lad in love with an actress older than himself had taken his first halting steps in the pathway of fame. Then I passed the place where, after death claimed him in the hour of triumph, Molière's faithful comrades and his fickle wife had set up their trestles to glorify his name; and soon I came upon a bridge adorned with a king's statue, which I imagined alive with bumpkins,

HÔTEL DE VILLE, PARIS
From an etching

rogues, beldams, and wenches, with the froward little son of an upholsterer, in their midst, laughing at the merry-andrews of a mountebank, while noting their every grimace.

I seemed to see brave D'Artagnan, too, marching in plumed hat to a palace hard by — yes, and to hear the cries of lackeys who were clearing a way for the coach of young Madame de Rambouillet as it rumbled toward her hotel in the Rue Saint-Thomas du Louvre. But while I dreamed of the colourful days of long ago, the Pont Neuf was hidden from sight by the home of the Academy that had refused to honour a genius because he was a mere buffoon.

At the sight of its smug walls, a distaste for pedants such as Molière himself had felt began to surge within me. Yet the recollection of a vile daub that had just been extolled to me as a marvel of a new and revolutionary art, and the stench that was still in my nostrils of a lewd novel I had been urged to read as a masterpiece of emancipated fiction, strengthened anew my belief that academic law and order, with all its pettifogging, is preferable to the artistic anarchy of the day that is overturning altars in order to build dunghills.

I had passed, meanwhile, a courtyard filled with statues out of which a horde of students was pouring at the noon hour; and soon my cab was crawling through a decorous street of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. To bear it company, as well as emphasize its lowly condition, an old-fashioned carriage stood before a patrician's door; and while a stately old lady and a circumspect

jeune fille were being assisted deferentially to its seat, I fell to thinking of the obsolescent lives led by them in the heart of Paris; yet as far from its modernity as if they had been lived three centuries ago. And further from its intellectuality, I suspect, since I know of no blue salon in that seemly faubourg where questions of language and taste are still discussed with passionate intensity. Moreover, I do not recall a single Comtesse de La Fayette among its elect capable of penning a 'Princesse de Clèves' nor even a Madeleine de Scudéry to depict its foibles laboriously; while I doubt if within its respectable confines any Marquise de Sévigné is 'letting her pen trot with a loose rein' to a beloved daughter in the provinces.

In punctiliousness, however, those who dwell in certain portions of the sixth and seventh *arrondissements* of Paris vie worthily with their ancestors; for while I make no pretence to any real intimacy with them, I have, during bygone years, penetrated into a few of their austere drawing-rooms far enough to have been able to carry away with me a lasting picture of the formality that reigned within. Indeed, not even in the lands where the halberdier heralds the approach of the grandee by pounding three times with his weapon, have I seen such a deference paid to courtly tradition as is shown for it by the monarchists of France, a deference so deep that it is, in fact, a reverence like unto that with which they regard their faith; Catholicism, too, having taken a more uncompromising root in their hearts than in those of any other of its spiritual charges.

Even the white-gloved footmen of such a house as I have in mind, show a respectfulness of a kind that does not obtain in the more worldly quarter adjoining the Arc de Triomphe; while the grey-haired maître d'hôtel who announces your name betrays a pride of service akin to his master's pride of birth, the very dignity of which seems to say: 'You are entering the drawing-room of one whom I find it an honour to serve. Here you will meet no vulgar parvenus, but only those who bear historic names, or have been distinguished by my master's friendship. Here, although atheists and opportunists rule the land, we still revere God, and the legitimate King.'

The master of such a mansion has the features of a Valois king; its mistress, the grace of the age of powder and patches; while to cross its threshold is like entering a haunted castle at the hour of ghostly revel, the imperious ladies who sit in an unbending row against the wall, the courtly seigneurs who converse in subdued tones in a doorway, the demure young girls and the deferential youths who turn round and round in a seemly dance, appearing to have stepped from the gold frames on the wall.

Yet with all their suavity, these descendants of an old régime can be implacable in their hatreds, as I know from an incident that happened at the time when the Dreyfus case was agitating France. A white-haired marquis and two or three others were taking tea with a French lady of my acquaintance, when the name of a young scion of a Jewish family of international fame was

announced. As her guests were sitting cosily together at a small table, to introduce the newcomer seemed a necessity; but when the hostess turned first to the old nobleman, because of his rank, he arose, drew himself up proudly and said, to the consternation of those who were present: 'Pray, pardon me, Madame, but I must refuse to meet one of Monsieur's race.'

At this insult to his birth, the young Jew coloured, but did not reply, and after accepting a cup of tea, he withdrew with dignity from the presence of one whose age protected him from being called upon to make the amend that is customary in France.

Though shorn of their prerogatives, these descendants of the old régime still hold implicitly to their beliefs, despising the rulers of their land and those not of their faith and traditions with an intensity akin to fanaticism. But their ancestors died with contempt on their lips for the base rabble raging beneath the scaffold, and a prince of their royal house refused, within the memory of man, to forswear the white banner of his ancestors, though he might thereby have ascended a throne. Their pride is a heritage, therefore, and not a mere assumption like that of the upstart with the vanity of newly made riches in his paltry heart.

Once upon a time I lived in Paris and felt myself to be a modest part thereof. To-day I am but a traveller revisiting the haunts of long ago. Many whom I knew are dead; and when I pass the door of one who may be still alive, I hesitate to leave my card — lest my very name be forgotten. These memories being of other days, in

the Faubourg Saint-Germain, for all I know, as in all the world beside, the discords of ragtime may now resound. Yet if such be the case, I feel confident that there is still within its stately precincts a remote corner where mothers watch the actions of their daughters with an uncompromising eye, and a parish church, as well, where old gentlemen who bear historic names offer holy water to one another at the door, with a courtliness not of this age.

Politeness is to be met with in every rank of Parisian society; although I am inclined to believe that it is personal rather than impersonal in its manifestation, and not the spirit of the mob. Thus, the Parisian of whom you ask your way will remove his hat before replying to your question and even step aside to show you the route you should take; but on a crowded platform he will elbow into a railway carriage with a ruthless disrespect for both age and sex. In his personal relations, however, he is, with rare exceptions, a model of courtesy; while his regard for his family obligations is of a kind to shame an Anglo-Saxon.

To see him on a Sunday, or a holiday, enjoying an outing in the Bois, or by the ranks of the Seine, with his parents, his wife, and his children, and even with his uncles and his aunts, his brothers and sisters, and their children as well, is likely to make you believe that his days will be long in the land which the Lord, his God, hath given him. The scrupulous regard for the fifth commandment which is shown throughout the land is perhaps the reason why one sees in France so many

contented old men and women, the French being truer than ourselves, I fear, 'to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.' Indeed, in order to know their virtues, you must see them in the family circle; for there you will find them showing respect to their parents not only with affection, but with a wisdom such as Solomon declared would make a glad father.

But honour to father and mother is the very foundation of French society. Our own, on the other hand, is built upon an abiding regard for purity; and herein, I believe, lies the reason why the two races find it so difficult to understand one another's moral point of view. While it is true that the evidence submitted in the divorce courts of both England and our own land, and the unfortunates who roam the streets of our cities after dark, lend the appearance of truth to the Frenchman's contention that the Anglo-Saxon is a hypocrite, I believe, nevertheless, that an inherent sense of shame for the sin he is committing, even more than the fear of its discovery, causes the one to do stealthily what the other does openly, and without compunction. Moreover, the very Frenchman who takes us to task for our pretence of virtue, will often feign a goodness he does not possess; yet because the tenets of his society differ from those of our own, his hypocrisy is manifested in other ways.

Only the other day I chanced to hear a young Parisian refuse an invitation extended by one of my countrywomen on the ground that because his aunt was to dine at his father's house upon the evening in question, he

must remain at home. He did not speak of her in the derisive way in which a young American would have referred to the prospective visit of a boresome old aunt, but with a punctilious respect for the relationship which brooked no argument. He may have disliked her heartily; and judging by the tone of his voice, this was probably the case; yet he dared not run counter to the traditions of his land because that patriarchal tribunal known as the 'conseil de famille' might, by its harsh edict, make his life unbearable.

This young man knew that he might install with impunity in a nest of his own choosing, the pretty *midinette* or *figurante* he chanced to admire, and even dine with her in a restaurant where he would meet — although without any sign of recognition on their part — the ladies of his acquaintance. But he would never, as many an infatuated young Anglo-Saxon has done in like circumstances, dare to make her his wife; since, when it became time for him to marry, his bride would be chosen for him by his parents in accordance with their means and social position, and the proposal for her hand would be made by them.

The *garçonnière* is a stock feature of French fiction; yet it is idle to search it for a Gretna Green. It is idle, also, to look upon another civilization only in the light of one's own prejudices. Still, I cannot help feeling that in remoulding our society upon Latin lines — as we seem to have been doing of late with an appalling rapidity — we are choosing the worst, rather than the best, of these as our models. Instead of admitting the

lover to the family circle, or enshrining the affinity in a nook around the corner, would it not be wiser to honour our father and our mother?

Among the enemies of decency, in our day, none seem so insidious, to me, as certain writers on both sides of the Atlantic. In fact, whenever I see a Parisian play performed, or read the fiction of some of my own race, I often feel that, like a child who has used vulgar language, I ought to have my mouth rinsed in soap and water. If we do not cast off our puritanical fetters we shall never produce a masterpiece, is the cry of the moment. Yet Hawthorne conceived 'The Scarlet Letter' within the very shadow of Puritanism. Indeed, it is one thing to be a courageous pioneer and 'throw a pot of paint in the face of the public,' as Ruskin accused Whistler of doing, but quite another to throw a pot of filth. Yes, there are moments when I long to see the stocks set up in the market-place. Yet I know it is love for God, and not the fear of Him, that puts decency in the hearts of men; therefore, with Wordsworth I cry: 'Curse on all the laws but those which love has made.'

But when I strayed into this byway of abstraction I was being driven in memory through a quiet street. When hunger seized me, as in Paris it invariably does, at the noon hour, I told the *cocher* of my humble *fiacre* to drive to a little restaurant on Montparnasse, where I knew that I might lunch for a song, and be far away from the panders who haunt the inner boulevards; the charm of Paris lying not for me, as for so many, in the freedom with which she sins, but rather in the cheerful-

ness with which she bears her burdens, and the courage with which she smiles in her grief.

My way lay through a boulevard which ruthless hands had hewn through quaint grey streets in order to line it with tawdry white apartment buildings that looked for all the world as if they had been frosted by a pastry-cook. As I thought of the beautiful architecture of other days the builders of these garish structures had had before their eyes, if they were not blind, I began to wonder if the most æsthetic nation in the world had not grown weary of late, and had its good taste taken from it while it lay asleep; for wherever a modern hand has been laid in Paris, it seems to me that a gaud has arisen.

Speculating in this aimless way I reached a hilltop where the muses were wont to express themselves until their voices were drowned by the vulgar shouting of charlatans. There, with a paper napkin on my lap, and my feet on a sanded pavement, I ate a luscious luncheon out of doors. Barely a stone's throw away was a house where Whistler had lived, and beyond it a cemetery in which were the mortal remains of Houdon, the sculptor; Baudelaire, the poet; Sainte-Beuve, the critic; Jules Breton, the painter; César Franck, the composer; and Guy de Maupassant, the novelist. Indeed, Parnassus did not seem an idle name for such a hill.

But behind the desk of my little restaurant sat a *caissière* who turned my thoughts into a more matter-of-fact channel, she being of the kind who never forgets the face of a customer, and knows, by a glance, to a decagram, the weight of each portion of meat that is served

— the kind, who, when her husband, the *patron*, sits flushed with wine at one of his own tables, keeps his waiters at their task.

Marvelling at her efficiency, I began to wonder if the thrift of the French nation was not an attribute of its women rather than of its men; for while the bars appear to have customers at all hours, and the cafés to be filled with the sippers of *apéritifs*, or the players of backgammon, one never seems to see an idle woman of the industrial classes, except on a Sunday or a holiday, or after working-hours.

In France, as elsewhere, the women, in a general sense, are the spenders, and the men the earners; yet the way a Frenchwoman spends her husband's wages is in the nature of a fine art, not only each sou, but each centime as well, being made to obtain its full worth. If you will go to a Parisian market of a morning, and watch the skill with which the housewife bargains for a cabbage, or a head of lettuce, and the care with which she weighs in her hand her possible purchases, one after another, while examining the under-leaves of each, you will understand why in France the pounds seem to take care of themselves; and why, in the toe of almost every woollen stocking in the land, there is a little roll of savings against a rainy day.

The French Nation could live without discomfort, I am inclined to believe, on what the American Nation throws away; not so much because of the industry of its men, as on account of the thrift of its women. Not only has the French wife a genius for spending her husband's

wages, but often she manages his business as well, leaving him, in the meanwhile, to deliver the goods she sells, or to fish by the banks of the Seine. In the very market where she haggles, the stalls are kept by women; and I have seen it stated that fully nine tenths of the retail shops of Paris are managed by members of that sex. But with all her ability and power, the Frenchwoman seems content to remain a woman, the cause of equal suffrage having made but little headway in her land.

Yet all Frenchwomen are not of the frugal and industrious kind, else La Fontaine would never have penned his fable of the grasshopper who sang while the ant, her neighbour, toiled. Nor would another Frenchman — I think it was the younger Dumas — have said that every woman is born either for the fireside or the street.

Paris has her *mondaines* with 'so much art, so little sense, no honour, heart or health — and yet charm'; and she has those miserable martyrs to her passions who are her shame. Her glory lies in the patience of her housewives, and the valour of their husbands and sons, of whom General Von Kluck, their enemy, said in the hour of his defeat: 'That men who had retreated during ten days, that men who had been sleeping on the ground and were half dead with fatigue should be able to take up their rifles and charge when the bugle sounded, was something on which I never counted.'

Conquest was the passion in this Prussian's heart. He could not foresee the Frenchman's love for home that gave the courage in defence of it to which he paid this tribute.

V

IN an article in *Blackwood's* I learn that 'the tourist is one who knows in a country the hotels and railway carriages; after that the churches, the picture galleries, the places of interest or beauty which other tourists have discovered. What he does not know, is the people, the life.' These words make me wonder if in Paris I have ever ceased to be a tourist. I have sojourned there since childhood, it is true, a score of times, either for a month or two, or a year or more; yet what do I know of its life, its people?

This question brings me to the time when I lived in Paris longest, not in an hotel in the Place Vendôme, but in an apartment of my own within the shadow of the Arc de Triomphe, and looking back upon those days it seems as if I knew only the froth of the city and not the substance. Surely the scornful diplomats from other lands, the overrich from the two Americas, the conceited *gommeux* with hair crimped by the barber and coats shaped to the waist like a woman's gown, the heartless mondaines, so *soignées*, so *bien habillées*, are not the people of Paris! Neither are the bumptuous *arrivistes*, nor the self-seeking politicians whose paths I have happened to cross from time to time; nor even the stately *grandes dames* and courtly *grands seigneurs*, with traditions of another day.

Must I look for the spirit of the people in the butler who seduced a housemaid, the footman who was caught

stealing from my wife's purse, or the chef who padded his accounts so systematically that his pilfering, according to French friends who knew the ways of such as he, averaged a thousand francs a month, at a time when they were still worth five to the dollar? No, I say emphatically; seek it rather in the heart of the *apache*, who skulks through the night on evil bent, or in that of the miserable girl whose painted cheeks are so ghastly in the light of the street lamp.

In the hotel where I am sojourning, there is an elevator conductor who wears on his livery the ribbons of the *médaille militaire*, the *croix de guerre*, and the *médaille pour les grands blessés*. Often I have seen him sitting pale from fatigue between an upward and downward trip of his car, while trying to ease the pain of his many wounds; but never have I found him without a smile on his lip, or a cheerful word of greeting. In the restaurant there is an assistant head-waiter, who, when the bugle sounded, left his lowly fireside to shoulder a musket in defence of it. He returned with the stripes of a lieutenant on his sleeve and the Cross of the Legion of Honour upon his breast; and I confess that it shames me to give an order for dinner to such a man.

The modest soldier who commanded 'a contemptible little army' and kept its thin line from breaking in the most momentous battle since Waterloo, said to me, but a few months before his death, that while the one military genius of the war was unquestionably Marshal Foch, that which had astounded him most was the patience, cheerfulness, and stubborn courage of the

poilu. Need I look beyond this elevator conductor, and this waiter, for the people? Surely in the hearts of humble Frenchmen such as these lies the spirit that was the marvel of the world, but which it soon forgot.

But does one ever know the people of any land, even of one's own, and is not one's judgment of a nation biassed either by friendship or dislike for individuals one has chanced to meet? Moreover, in the final analysis, is not opinion merely experience? Such are the questions that come to mind as I try to recall Frenchmen I have known in days of long ago. Of some a bare outline of the face, or only the suggestion of a trait, remains, while of others there are full-length portraits in memory's halls, even though the name of the subject may have been obliterated by the ravages of time. In fact, while the recollection of many with whom I was once on terms of intimacy has become dimmed, that of others whom I merely looked upon with admiration or curiosity at the age when impressions are deepest, remains vivid to this day.

Thus I remember the tawny face of Marshal MacMahon, with its high cheekbones, grizzled mustache, and tuft of beard beneath the lower lip. Attired in baggy trousers and an epauletted tunic, I see him leaving the Élysée Palace in a stately carriage surrounded by troopers whose breastplates glisten in the sun, while I, a boy of ten, stand on the sidewalk watching him go forth to grace some occasion, the purport of which I have forgotten.

Both Gambetta and Victor Hugo I saw, as well; but

there is a confusion in regard to their bearded faces which renders them indistinct the one from the other. Thiers and Ferdinand de Lesseps, too, are Frenchmen I gazed upon in those days of boyhood; but I was of an age when men of action appealed to me far more than men of parts; so, while the recollection of these great men of France is hazy, that of a *beau sabreur*, whom I watched with awe and admiration as he took his daily constitutional aboard an ocean liner, is as vivid as if I had seen him but yesterday. General de Charette, who led the Papal Zouaves in vain but valiantly to battle on the Loire, is the soldier I have in mind, and I can see him planking the deck hour by hour, slim of limb as a greyhound, straight as an Iroquois brave.

General de Galliffet I remember, too, though I met him long after he had ridden to glory upon the field of Sedan; for, while the plain about him was strewn with the corpses of his azure-coated Chasseurs d'Afrique, he had struggled from it in a dying state, to be saved for a ripe old age by the skill of a surgeon who placed a silver plate within him where the wall of a stomach had been. Like General de Charette, this hero of Sedan remains in memory as my ideal of the aristocrat to whom fighting for France is a dutiful tradition.

'Le brave General Boulanger,' made the hero of an hour by a march sung by Polus, a music-hall idol of the eighties, was a soldier of another ilk, whom I once saw in the Champs Élysées acknowledging the plaudits of the crowd, but lacking in the courage to turn his popularity to political account. He had been in America

to attend the centenary of the surrender of Yorktown, and had sat at a club in my native city drinking with a few young sparks until the early hours of morning; so even upon a black charger he appeared far from a hero in my eyes, an opinion justified by subsequent events.

Opéra bouffe soldiers, however, such as Boulanger, are not alone in their failure to display courage and tact at crucial moments. In fact, if those who are entrusted with the management of international relations were endowed more frequently with these faculties I should not have been tempted, as happened the other day, to declare, during the course of an argument concerning the European outlook, that our ambassadors ought to be chosen from among the criminal lawyers of the land. Yet no sooner had this cynicism passed my lips than I was both shamed and heartened by the recollection of two French diplomats I had known in years gone by.

One of these Frenchmen was Monsieur Jules Cambon, ambassador of his country in our own land for a time, and, during a fateful period, its representative in Berlin. Only a few weeks before he was handed his passports by a brutal enemy and, at the same time, denied the courtesy, customary in such circumstances, of a safe-conduct to the French frontier, my wife and I happened to pass through the German capital on our way to take ship at Hamburg. Years had gone by since we had known Monsieur Cambon in Washington; therefore the thought of annoying one in his arduous and exalted position by attempting to recall to mind Americans whom he had quite likely forgotten altogether did not

à Madame Chatfield Taylor
Ici affectueusement
Jules Cambon

occur to either of us. He happened, however, to hear of our visit a few days after our departure from Berlin, and even in those trying times found time to write, reproaching us for having passed through that city without making 'an old friend,' as he expressed it, aware of our presence. Small wonder that he appears to me as the embodiment of French courtesy.

The other diplomat I had in mind is Monsieur Jusserand, 'Ambassador of the Republic of Letters' as he was aptly called when representing his land in our midst, and who, by the tact and understanding shown during trying years, endeared himself to American hearts. In the earlier weeks of the war, when it became apparent that the enemies of his land were conducting an unscrupulous propaganda in our midst, I had the temerity to write him suggesting the name of an American correspondent who had recently been expelled from Berlin as that of a man well qualified, both by sentiment and experience, to direct an Allied Press Bureau. His reply was to the effect that neither the British Ambassador nor he had any funds at their disposal for such a purpose, and furthermore, that he doubted the advisability of inaugurating a press campaign, it being his belief that the enemy would do more harm than good to himself by the underhand methods he was pursuing, since in a land of truth and justice such as ours the righteousness of the Allied cause would surely prevail in the end. If there were more diplomats possessing the prescience and tact of Monsieur Jusserand there would be less reason than appears to be

the case at present, for concurring in an opinion held by Grotius centuries ago that diplomacy is either useless or mischievous.

From distinguished diplomats to an American painter is a far cry, yet a vision of a lofty studio filled with the likenesses of noted men and women comes to mind without rhyme or reason. 'A beautiful disorder,' runs a French proverb, 'is an effect of Art'; and this describes the impression I retain of the studio of G. P. A. Healy, as well as of the man himself; for I recall him in ill-fitting clothes, wearing one of those flowing ties which the French term so aptly *une cravate flottante.* But I remember him, too, as one of the most courteous of men, and also as a painter of more skill than he has been generally credited with possessing. He was an artist, moreover, who painted not only his own generation in his own land, but many of the crowned heads and great men of Europe as well; his chivalrous personality having made him a sort of courtly ambassador-at-large of the United States at a time when our land was looked upon abroad as a wilderness inhabited by boors and savages.

Puvis de Chavannes, Bonnat, and Carolus-Duran I knew in the humble way in which a young man knows the exalted of a generation older than his own; but when I try to recall their personalities, only the shiny bald head of Bonnat and the suavity and ample beard of 'Carolus,' as he was familiarly called, stand forth with any distinctness. Of Puvis de Chavannes, the only one of this trio whose work I look upon to-day in the light of greatness, not a trait remains in memory. Raffaëlli

and Madrazo, too, were painters whom I knew with some degree of intimacy, yet the memory of them has been sadly diminished by the years. Of dandified Whistler, with a glass in his eye and spats on his ankles, the picture is more distinct. He came into a Parisian restaurant one morning and spoke to a friend with whom I was lunching. I believe I was introduced to him, and that he deigned to extend a hand; but in those days of joyous youth I was more interested in driving a coach to Versailles or a tandem in the Bois than in meeting great artists.

In fact, I blush while thinking of a dinner at which I sat beside a dumpy man with a low forehead, a big nose, and an unkempt reddish beard that reached half way to his waist. Because of the sententious remarks about questions of the day he occasionally let fall and the interest he seemed to take in his food and drink, I thought him either a lawyer or a *fonctionnaire* of the bourgeois class; and I am constrained to confess that when the hostess asked me at the moment of leave-taking if I had made the most of my opportunity of talking to Rodin, I was forced, while thanking her for a privilege I had failed to appreciate, to simulate a knowledge I did not possess.

Not long ago I visited the museum in the old Hôtel Biron which bears the name of the great sculptor who was my neighbour that evening, and there I saw examples of his skill that made me feel him to have been both the most modern and the most classical artist of our day. Faithful to the traditions of his craft, he had been

frankly true to nature as well; and as I viewed his handiwork it seemed to me that his genius united the present age to that of both Michelangelo and Phidias. At the same time I felt that in sensuality he was an utter Pagan, spirituality, or shall I say faith, being the one quality that was lacking to make him, perhaps, the greatest sculptor of all time.

But I am straying into a perilous byway; therefore let me cross without delay the threshold of a palace where Madame de Pompadour, Murat and the Napoleons, both great and little, once dwelt, and where the President of France now lives both in splendour and simplicity; for while there are helmeted sentries without and a host of liveried flunkies within, as well as gorgeous tapestries upon corniced walls, and crystal chandeliers hanging from frescoed ceilings, there is in the manner of both Monsieur Millerand who, at the time, was President of the Republic, and his beautiful wife, a democracy genuine in its simplicity.

The occasion was a reception given during the tercentenary celebration of the birth of Molière in honour of the *délégués étrangers*, as we foreign guests of the Nation were styled. Monsieur and Madame Millerand received us cordially at the door of their drawing-room, then moved among us as unceremoniously as any host and hostess in private life. Meanwhile officers of their military household wearing war medals on their breasts, and wound or service stripes upon their arms, politely engaged us in conversation while helping us to refreshments with their white-gloved hands.

AUGUSTE RODIN

When Madame Millerand asked my wife, in English charmingly spoken, if she would take tea, and, after handing her a cup stood talking with her while she drank its contents, I became convinced that the spirit of hospitality pervading the Élysée was due to the tact and good breeding of its hostess, rather than to any democratic tradition of the land. In fact, never have I met in an official position a more gracious lady than the wife of the eleventh President of the third French Republic, a woman whose charm and simplicity upset entirely a prejudice I had long entertained against the wives of *les politiciens*.

That afternoon I was introduced to a number of Parisian intellectuals who were either members of the Academy or incumbents of posts such as the directorship of the Comédie-Française, or the Presidency of La Société des Gens de Lettres; but it was in the perfunctory way of a courteous bow and the exchange of a polite word or two, as I had met, in years gone by, other Parisians of literary fame, such as Anatole France and Victorien Sardou.

For the recollection of a French man of letters of more import than the gratification of an idle curiosity, the pages of memory must be turned back more than thirty years to a time when Monsieur Paul Bourget was in my own land. He asked me to translate an article he had written for an American magazine, and in discussing my version with him line by line I learned that his knowledge of English was of no mean order. I learned, too, that apart from literary mastery he possessed the rare

quality of generosity, which he displayed by reading, without any solicitation, a first novel the critics had scored unmercifully. Not only did he point out its faults with kindliness, but in its jejune pages he found virtues to praise such as even the pride of authorship had not led me to suspect them of possessing. 'Pay no attention to the critics,' he said, 'but study unremittingly the writings of Thackeray, George Eliot, Stendhal, and Flaubert.'

To find George Eliot in so small a galaxy surprised me, yet having re-read several of her novels of late I begin to understand her appeal to this great analyst of the human heart. Too little attention, alas, was paid by me to this advice. I repeat it here in the hope that it may be heeded by some young writer of to-day who chances to read these lines. That he may be heartened in his darkest hour by so helpful and kindly a master as Monsieur Paul Bourget is my fervent wish.

But all French men of letters do not possess the generous qualities of this great novelist. In fact, I have in mind an academician whose genius I had admired even to the extent of acclaiming it in print, and whose acquaintance I had been more anxious to make than that of any Parisian writer of the day. Yet when this desire was gratified in the drawing-room of a mutual acquaintance, his greeting was so condescending and his manner so supercilious that he became antipathetic at once.

A few weeks later I chanced to attend a notable meeting at the Sorbonne. When the President of the Re-

public, preceded by black-clad mace-bearers and the Doctors of the University in their gorgeous robes, and followed by the orators of the day, entered the huge amphitheatre, I found not only that the man I have in mind was to be one of the speakers but that his seat upon the platform was directly in front of my own. Instinctively I slipped into a chair that stood vacant a few steps away, and when this 'Immortal,' attired in his *habit vert*, trembled like the proverbial aspen leaf while reading in a faltering voice the manuscript of his address, I experienced a secret delight at seeing him ill-at-ease before so vast and distinguished an audience.

How different is my recollection of Jules Claretie, director of the Comédie Française during a quarter of a century. Although his work as manager, dramatist, novelist, and publicist was manifold, this lovable academician never failed to return a call, answer a letter, or write the line of appreciation he felt to be due, even when the fulfilment of such a courtesy necessitated the laying aside of the task in hand. During Monsieur Claretie's directorship of the 'House of Molière' I was his guest, not only at *répétitions générales*, but at preliminary rehearsals, as well, when the actors were in street-dress and the scenery for the play of the evening was leaning against bare walls.

How free those rehearsals were from rowdyism! No swearing on the part of the scene-shifters, no boorish shouting by a stage-manager with a cigar in the corner of his mouth and a hat on the back of his head; but a courtesy and an artistic earnestness such as I have

never seen in any other playhouse! Yet what other theatre has the traditions of centuries to inspire its players? And what other theatre possesses a greenroom adorned with portraits of the notable actors of its past, a foyer filled with statues of the dramatists whose plays have held its boards, or an entrance hall hung with tapestries representing the crowning of its greatest genius? What other theatre, moreover, has a library containing every work of value concerned with its history, presided over by a librarian of the attainments of either that ardent Moliériste, the late Monsieur Georges Monval, or Monsieur Jules Couet, his scholarly successor?

Only in good ventilation is the Comédie Française excelled by any other playhouse. In fact, after many an evening spent within its walls, I have been led to suspect that the air in its auditorium has not been changed since the year 1799, at which time the *sociétaires* and *pensionnaires* of the national troupe took possession of a theatre known till then as the Variétés Amusantes, to remain until the present day.

Not long ago I sat in this classic playhouse at an hour when the seats were empty. A scene for use that evening had been set; in the wings a light burned dimly; and upon the deserted stage I seemed to see a grotesque figure seated in an armchair, while twirling a ribboned cane with one hand and with the other the end of an incipient mustache. Where the smallclothes of this apparition met his silken hose were canions of fantastic shape; and beneath a hat of many plumes, perched upon

JULES CLARETIE

a huge peruke, I imagined I saw the round face with little pig-like eyes, at once so melancholy and so mirthful, of Constant Coquelin, the most companionable Frenchman I have ever known.

In the part of Mascarille, and upon that very stage, I first saw this inimitable actor; but it was in my own land as a reporter for a daily paper that I first conversed with him. He was touring at the time with Madame Jane Hading. A temperamental quarrel between this actress and himself had reached such a height that neither spoke to the other except in the words of the play they happened to be acting together, and to induce each of these warring stars to denounce the other in print was the malevolent object of my assignment. In regard to each other I found them studiously circumspect, yet I did succeed in making them express quite opposite views about their chosen calling.

'Unless an actress,' said Madame Hading, 'loses herself in her part to the extent of feeling that she is the actual person she is portraying, and that the passions she expresses are her own passions, she will fail to move her audience.'

On the morning following this interview with the actress, Coquelin received me at his hotel before he had quite finished dressing. When I told him what Madame Hading had said, a look of contempt crossed his face. A hair-brush in each hand, with which he gesticulated from time to time, he began to pace back and forth excitedly, while expounding his own views.

'Acting,' said he, 'is neither a knack, nor an emotion.

On the contrary, it is a fine art, with a technique which must be learned as patiently and arduously as that of either painting or sculpture. Each movement of the face or body, each gesture, each intonation, must be studied in regard to its bearing both upon the character which is being portrayed and the play as a whole, quite as carefully as the elements of painting, whether of composition, drawing, or colour. If the actor forgets for an instant that he is an artist, or permits himself to be carried away by any momentary emotion, he becomes the mere plaything of his own feelings; since his art should be the same, whether his public be cold or appreciative.'

Although he took this view so opposite to that of Madame Hading, no finesse on my part could induce Monsieur Coquelin to express for publication his personal dislike for her: while several years later, when he was touring the United States with Madame Bernhardt, I saw him display an even greater amount of gentlemanly restraint at a time when an outburst of righteous indignation seemed fully justified. The occasion was a supper given by him in honour of an American actor who was playing in English, at the moment, a rôle Coquelin had himself created. After failing to appear for so unpardonable a length of time that the host in despair decided to wait for him no longer, the guest of the evening stalked in toward the end of the first course. Instead of apologizing for his tardiness, he coolly declared that he had been supping at his own hotel in order that he might be certain of obtaining his favourite dishes, it being apparent that

he had been indulging in his favourite brand of Scotch as well. In fact, no sooner had he taken a seat beside Madame Bernhardt than, with a malign glance at her, he proclaimed himself insultingly in her own language to be the only Thespian at the table who had had the good taste to remove make-up. Aghast at this affront, Coquelin, in an effort to make amends for the rudeness of his guest, began to tell stories of his own stage experiences during the course of which he said that while it sometimes happened that he fell asleep in the wings, when waiting for his cue, his servant could always be relied upon to awake him in time for his entrance.

'No, Coquelin,' interrupted the guest of honour, 'it's your audience, not you, that goes to sleep.'

Blushing for their fellow countryman, the Americans at the table hung their heads in shame, and awaited a just outburst on the part of the host; but he, instinctively the gentleman, merely gave his transatlantic confrère a glance of pitying contempt, while calmly finishing his story.

Never at a loss for a bright or a fitting word, and ever companionable, Coquelin, though in body and soul a man of the stage, was at the same time the epitome of French gaiety. Only a few months before his death I saw him for the last time at his own table in the Rue de Presbourg. Rostand had just been reading him an act of 'Chantecler,' and never, he said, had a part appeared to him so congenial or so suited to his talent. Had he lived to play it, the satire and profound philosophy which are

so artfully blended in the vainglorious personality of a barnyard cock would not have gone over the heads of the audience, as they did in less skilful hands, but would have reached their hearts instead. To his friends this great actor was known as 'Coq.' To me he is *le Coq Gaulois;* since in the memory I retain of him are embodied the gallantry, good humour, wit, intelligence, and tender sentiment that are the true spirit of France.

But in recalling men of Paris I have known, I am forgetting that bright city and its countless charms. Time was when I thought that it was named for the son of Priam, and even strayed so far afield in my imagining as to picture the lad standing in shepherd garb on the bank of the Seine, a golden apple in hand and three unclad goddesses before him. To learn that the name Paris came from that of a Gallic tribe was a sore disappointment; but when I discovered that in Roman days the city was called Lutetia, I was thrilled anew, the word connoting for me a beautiful vestal, in white stola and purple pallium, with a proudly virtuous smile upon her lip. Alas, to be told that a name so ethereal in sound was derived from so earthy a word as *lutum*, was literally, as Tennyson would have said, to blind my soul with clay.

In spite of all that philologists and historians may say to the contrary, these two names suggest to me two wholly different aspects of the same fair city. The one is a place of broad avenues and brilliant shops, of theatres and restaurants, and the abodes of those who seek pleasure, or cater to it — a place of glittering lights

COQUELIN AINÉ

and rippling laughter given to the enjoyment of the moment. This is Paris the voluptuous youth upon the river-bank. Though Chastity and Wisdom seek to win him, he listens to the blandishments of one who is goddess of beauty, mother of love, mistress of the graces and of pleasures, and patroness of courtesans, and to her he gives the golden apple in his hand.

The other is a decorous and frugal place of narrow streets and grey buildings, of workshops and studios, of churches and halls of learning, and the dwellings of those whose watchword is 'noblesse oblige' — a place of seriousness and thrift where duty is the order of the day, and the thought is of the morrow. This is Lutetia the Vestal in her robes of purple and white, sworn to continence, and keeping alight the sacred fire of French genius that has burned through the ages.

Paris you have met, no doubt, but do you know Lutetia? She is distrustful of the foreigner, and her greeting to him is formal. She leads her own seemly life in her own strict way, and resents the intrusion of those she neither understands nor cares to know. I have met her a few times, and while her manner has been correct I have felt myself an utter stranger in her presence. In fact, it seemed to me that she would be as difficult to woo as the vestal of old, who, if untrue to the vows she had taken, was cast into a pit to perish of hunger. Her life I felt to be apart from mine, her heart so different from my own that I could not hope either to understand or to win it. Still, I could admire her stately beauty and stand in awe of her ability; though feeling, meanwhile,

that she was suspicious of me, the stranger, her sacred vow being to safeguard her native land from all intrusion.

Paris, on the other hand, wears his heart on his sleeve. To him the stranger, if he brings a treasure-chest and will carouse with him, is welcome. But like all gay youths he is fickle; for he loves the eyes that are brightest at the moment, the lips that are most alluring. Though I have frolicked with this wanton lad in days gone by, I eschew his company now, while sighing for his sister. Yes, I love Lutetia, because she is so beautiful and so brilliant, yet so diffident, withal, and so enigmatical that my passion for her is without hope of requital.

PART III

New York

NEW YORK

I

IN searching the recesses of memory for an earliest recollection of New York I come upon a picture of myself gazing from a window of the Fifth Avenue Hotel as the many and various sights of Madison Square. I am dressed in a velvet suit the pleated coat of which is held together by a belt adorned with a silver buckle, this being the costume of a small boy at the time when gentlemen with dragoon-like mustaches, or Burnside whiskers — yes, and even Dundrearies — wore Prince Albert coats and stove-pipe hats on week days as well as on Sunday. The crinoline, however, once made fashionable by the approaching accouchement of an empress, had just been supplanted in feminine attire by an absurd little contrivance of wire and mohair known as a 'bustle' which, to my childish delight, became a football whenever I chanced to find that of my mother awaiting, on the back of a chair, the hour of her adornment.

Though foreign to an early recollection of New York, this digression into the realm of fashion should enable the reader of mature years to recognize the period as that when a city, crazed by speculation, was rushing headlong toward the panic of '73. Yet while gazing for the first time in my life upon a pentagonal strip of green grass and the busy intersection of two noted streets, I saw no ruthless magnates of the money mart nor

wretched victims of their lust for gain, but only marvels. To-day, I am tortured, like Lord Byron, 'with the hum of human cities'; but then I was in a state of joy and wonderment, my previous days having been passed in an inland town of moderate size and simple tastes.

No doubt I first saw New York from some point of vantage other than a window; and vaguely I seem to see myself standing beside my father, at daybreak, upon the deck of a Fall River steamer. Yet that recollection is without any definite aspects such as exist in regard to my first impression of Madison Square.

The clatter of the street-car horse's hoofs upon the cobbles of New York, the tinkle of the little bell upon his collar, is memory's sweet music — and so is the rumbling of the Fifth Avenue stage swaying and creaking its way toward Wall Street. And as I listen in imagination to these noises of another day, I see a line of dilapidated vehicles, each with a burly Irishman dozing on its box while spavined horses swish their scraggy tails in a fretful, albeit vain endeavour to annihilate a swarm of pestering flies.

On a bench, meanwhile, beneath a spreading tree, sits a white-clad, hatless man of venerable aspect — George Francis Train, I mean. Yet memory is perhaps galloping apace, since I have a suspicion that this victim of high finance was undone by the very panic I have just anticipated. Still, during the decade at the beginning of which I first saw Madison Square he was one of its notable features; therefore it would appear to be of minor importance whether or not he sat at the time of

THE AUTHOR AND HIS FATHER

my advent upon one of its shaded benches, surrounded by children listening in awe to his maundering, and by the sparrows he fed from time to time.

In any event, I saw more of 'the vain pomp and glory of this world' that day than I had ever seen before, New York, even in a pristine age, having somewhat of the lavish aspect it now presents. Never before, in fact, had I beheld the grandeur of a landau with a bejewelled millionairess vainglorious on its cushions — nor the supercilious magnificence of an English coachman in top-boots and doeskin breeches, a pair of sleek horses in hand, a flunky of scornful lip on the seat beside him, the carriage to which I was accustomed being a lowly 'rockaway' with a protruding roof to shield from inclement weather the unliveried Swede or negro who drove it.

But even in a window looking down upon the bustling centre of a goodly city a boy of six will not long remain pilloried with head thrust through, should there be a call to food. Therefore when told to wash my face and hands in preparation for a noonday meal, I turned my back, though not without reluctance, upon brownstone mansions with precipitous steps ascending to high 'stoops,' and all the enchanting sights they enclosed.

And what a delicious meal I ate in a lofty white dining-room with lambrequins and lace curtains on its spotless windows! Aye, and what a generous selection of viands to choose from without having one's appetite curbed by the sight of a price for a single portion of chicken equal to the per-diem charge for both room and

board, during those halcyon days of the 'American plan' hotel.

To see a portly waiter with a kindly grin upon his Irish face shambling across a red carpet with a tray of covered dishes on his upturned palm was a sight to whet a small boy's appetite to the full. Surely no oysters fried in crumbs were ever half so crisp without, or so juicy within, as those that gratified my childish appetite that day; nor is the hotel turkey in a degenerate age of cold storage ever half so tender, or succulent, as that from a near-by farmyard, basted with fresh lard and done to a turn, a generous slice of which was served to me. The golden corn, so hot that it burned my fingers, exhaled a sweet odour of the fields; the potatoes heaped upon my plate were mashed, not in diluted milk, but in a dairy's richest product; the crust of the pumpkin pie that followed anon was no soggy substance, thick as sole leather, such as obtains in the hotel pie of to-day, but of a wafer-like fragility that caused it fairly to melt in a tiny mouth. Furthermore, the ice-cream concluding a repast that had added a pound, no doubt, to the weight of a little body already too heavy, by far, for its years, needed no analysis to prove that it contained a legal eight per cent of butter fat.

Whenever I enter one of those stupendous caravansaries the turmoil and gaudiness of which have supplanted the seemliness of another day, I am tempted, in the language of those who pass cocksure judgment upon all manner of things, to proclaim the white hostelry which, until a score or so of years ago, graced the intersection of

New York's two most famous streets, to have been, of all time, the world's best. Yet this pronouncement has the futility of all superlatives, since the Brevoort, in its palmy days, and the Windsor, as well, might be said to have vied with it. Beyond peradventure, however, there was a homelike quality in the circumspect hotels of another day, with their lofty ceilings and spacious halls, their ladies' ordinaries, and their carpeted parlours, which is lacking in the modern pile of a thousand or two rooms where everything on earth is obtainable, either by telephoning, or by touching the button of an electric appliance, except solid comfort. In fact, of the many deteriorations I have observed none seems to me more marked than that of the American hotel, the very size of which precludes the possibility of goodness, the largest of anything being likely, I believe, to be the world's worst of its kind, rather than its best.

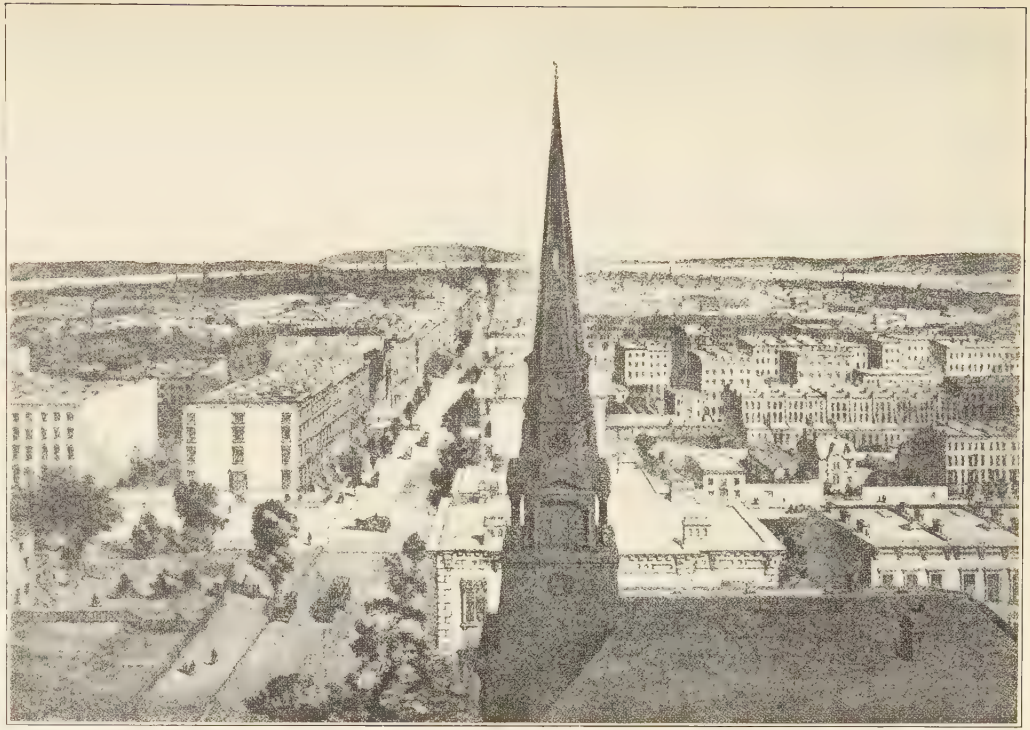
But in expressing this lament of one, who, like Mr. Hardcastle, loves old times and old manners, I am forgetting a small boy in a velvet suit. Yet it would be idle to attempt to present these recollections with any degree of chronological accuracy, it having been my lot to journey from Dan to Beersheba once a twelvemonth, at least. Thus it happened that I sojourned at the white marble Fifth Avenue Hotel in Madison Square a dozen times, at least, and after I had reached my teens fully as many more at the red brick Windsor, remotely ensconced in 'Upper Fifth Avenue' between Forty-Sixth and Forty-Seventh Streets.

The region adjoining Central Park was then the

domain of the Irish squatter dwelling in a shanty perched upon a rocky mound, the slopes of which were dotted with sprawling brats in rags and tatters, grunting pigs, and goats that browsed — if the newspaper wits of that day are to be given credence — upon tin cans and rusty nails. Squatter sovereignty extended, in fact, in certain places, as far south as Forty-Second Street, the Fifth Avenue being then an uptown hotel, less central, by far, than the Clarendon, where Thackeray had lodged, or the Brevoort, where other visiting Englishmen of note were wont to sojourn.

But the hotel dearest to the old-fashioned New Yorker, was, perhaps, the Everett House in Union Square, those most favoured by the persons who in hotel parlance are known as transients, being one of the Broadway caravansaries, that is to say, the Astor House, between Vesey and Barclay Streets; the Saint Nicholas, between Broome and Spring Streets; or the Metropolitan, a few blocks below the 'uptown' store of A. T. Stewart, now occupied by Wanamaker.

The entrance to Niblo's garden was through a portal of the Metropolitan's brownstone façade. Here Lydia Thompson and her English blonds had recently completed a phenomenal run; yet it was not until I had reached my teens that I saw the plump English actress whose unskirted anatomy had scandalized the God-fearing New Yorker of my childhood. At the time I have in mind, Humpty Dumpty, personified by George L. Fox, the clown, had just been sitting on a wall for fully two years at the theatre that had been Laura



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FIFTH AVENUE, LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE BRICK CHURCH AT 37TH STREET, 1872

Keene's Varieties but which was now the Olympic, long runs being as common, then, it would seem to me, as in these days of the 'commercialized drama.' But was the drama ever uncommercialized, I wonder; and has there ever been a time in its history when both manager and player were not dependent for their daily bread upon public approval; or one when the dramatic rule of all rules was not, as Molière tersely said, 'to please'?

Still, the plays that are pleasing to one generation are only too likely to bore another; hence, I wonder if Lester Wallack as 'My Awful Dad' would amuse me at all — were it possible to see him in the flesh — or Kate Claxton in 'The Two Orphans' bring tears to my eyes? I wonder, too, if I should even smile at John T. Raymond in 'The Gilded Age' or haw-haw at Edward Sothern as 'Lord Dundreary'? Would Dion Boucicault move me to tears in the 'Shaughraun,' and to laughter in 'The Jilt'; would the heartrending pathos of Bartley Campbell's 'White Slave,' or that of 'The Corsican Brothers' appear other than mere bathos beneath the rays of the modern spotlight? Moreover, would my heart still thrill to the grand manner of John T. McCullough, as Spartacus, the Roman gladiator, or the eyes of Charlotte Cushman blaze for me beneath the flying locks and shaggy brows of Meg Merrilies, the witch, like gruesome little balls of hell-fire?

Yet of one thing I am fairly certain, and it is that no three actors of the present day could excel, or even emulate, a performance of Julius Cæsar I saw during boyhood, in which Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, and

James O'Neill played respectively the rôles of Brutus, Cassius, and Mark Antony.

Yet it was not the deep-toned melody of Booth's voice, or his inspired portrayal of a soul in torment, nor even thin-faced Barrett's villainy, that most thrilled my boyish heart that day, but rather the fiery oratory of young James O'Neill before imperious Cæsar's bier. So moved by it was I, in truth, that with the little girl who was my first love lying wrapped in a piano cover at my feet, as Cæsar's body, I appealed, one day, before a tolerant audience of my elders, to imaginery friends, Romans, and countrymen for the loan of their ears. But though I tried with boyish fervour to move 'the stones of Rome to rise and mutiny,' I was, indeed, 'no orator, as Brutus is.'

Being frequently on the way either to or from Europe, and occasionally at school upon the Hudson, with New York my vacational goal, and being an only child who was fondly indulged, I became rather an assiduous playgoer for one of my years. Both the Union Square Theatre and Wallack's were in their heyday, and in Irving Place, but a step from Union Square, stood the Academy of Music where Adelina Patti and Christine Nilsson were holding audiences enthralled; yet I delighted less, I fear, in the trills of these divas than in the comic songs of Tony Pastor, or those of Harrigan and Hart.

Although my taste was uncultivated, it does not appear to me to have been quite as benighted as that of the average boy, or even man of the present time. In

fact, whenever politeness to a host or hostess obliges me to endure the jazz-blighted falderal which in the New York of to-day is called musical comedy, I wonder why no modern producer has the acumen to stage in a setting of East-Side streets, a *zarzuela* — to borrow a fitting word from Spain — such as were the plays of Harrigan and Hart.

But at the time when these comedians made New York shout with laughter, the hackman, the hod-carrier, the bootblack, and the pedlar — as well as the policeman and the fireman — were Irish born, and the corner groceryman a native of our land, with Yankee forbears who had sold wooden nutmegs, so that he was 'slick' by inheritance. In these humbler walks of New York life, the Teuton soon surplanted the Celt, to be satirized, in his turn, by Weber and Field; but now, in the Bowery where the Dutchman once drove his cows to market, as well as in the region round about it where the 'boys of Avenue A' were wont to swagger, alien races dark in skin are dwelling. Moreover, on the site of a tavern in which George Washington once lodged — likewise of a playhouse in which Charlotte Cushman once appeared before fashionable audiences — a theatre stands that was the home of bloody thrillers, and then of Yiddish drama. Now upon its venerable stage the rippling tongue of Italy is heard.

In choosing their comic types from the Gay White Way or the Riverside Drive, rather than from Chatham Square or Mulberry Park, the modern librettists are perhaps right, after all; for is not the East-Side Jew a

tragic rather than a comic character? And is it possible to laugh at him as heartily as at a witty, genial, and lovable Irishman with a shillelagh in hand and the stump of a clay pipe in his mouth? Furthermore, has the olive-skinned girl from Calabria or Sicily, shivering behind a fruit-stand, the mirth-provoking quality of the blue-eyed, blarneying colleen,

> 'Who sold peanuts, bananas,
> And Chinese Havanas
> ('Twas really a wonderful sight),
> With bottles of chow-chow,
> And dogs that said bow-wow,
> At the market on Saturday night'?

No one goes to Fulton Market, nowadays, to eat juicy rockaways at Dorlon's oyster bar either on Saturday, or any other night; and no one save the settlement worker or the sedition-monger knows, even by sight, the types of man and woman-kind that frequent the streets surrounding it; therefore a longing to see a musical comedy of modern East-Side life such as used to hold the boards at Harrigan and Hart's theatre must remain ungratified, I fear.

Yet many a desire lies buried in 'those graves of memory, where sleep the joys of other years.' I long, in fact, to hail a white stage in Union Square, and while a slouch-hatted Jehu perched on its roof closes a leather-hinged door by a jerk at a strap attached to his elbow, to stumble over the knees of a courtly old gentleman who raises a shiny hat in acknowledgment of my apology, or those of a glowering fat woman with a basket in her lap,

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BROADWAY NORTH FROM PRINCE STREET ABOUT 1860

METROPOLITAN HOTEL, TIFFANY'S, AND DUSSELDORF'S ART GALLERY

from which green celery leaves and the legs of a chicken protrude.

Goaded by the sting of rawhide on their flanks, a pair of lean horses plunge into their collars; and meanwhile, in memory, my nickel clinks its devious way past safe-guarding entanglements into a padlocked box. Then a clumsy vehicle lurches, and I fall backward upon a carpet-covered cushion to gaze for an hour, or more, at the multifarious sights of Broadway in an age when its most nerve-racking noise was the rattle of iron tires upon smooth cobbles.

The spires of Grace and Trinity are the tallest objects in sight. Even the telegraph poles that line the curbs, tower now and then as high as the flat roof of a sign-covered building of brick, with awnings on window and door. Here and there, it is true, an ornate cornice tops as many as six pretentious stories of white limestone; yet 'vertical railways' — as elevators were primordially called — being few and far between, the height of four flights of stairs, or five at the utmost, was generally considered sufficient for a pair of quaking knees to attain.

If an omnibus lumbering down Broadway to the rhythmical clicking of a pair of raw-boned horses' hoofs, appears to me a more delectable mode of travel than hanging to a strap in a crowded subway car, or clutching the side of a speeding taxi while it misses by a hair's breadth the oncoming wheels of a seven-ton car of juggernaut, it is, no doubt, because I have reached an age where I no longer expect 'that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow.'

Still, in longing for the quiet of a time when the New York policeman — his back against a wall, his cap drawn over his eyes, his thumbs in his belt — dozed comfortably, with no wild traffic to direct, in the shade of a gaily striped awning, I am forgetting that Oakey Hall was mayor of the city, and the notorious Boss Tweed at the height of his infamy. Furthermore, to aid and abet the gigantic swindles then taking place in the street in which the white omnibus was wont to end its journey, 'the wealthy criminal class,' as Theodore Roosevelt, the patriot, calls the most pernicious of all classes, had found, as he says, 'ready tools and allies to be hired for money, in the state and city politicians, and in the judges who were acceptable alike to speculators, politicians, and mob.' To acclaim the seventies an age of innocence as well as of tranquillity, would seem, therefore, to be beside the mark.

II

ONCE more, in memory, my head is thrust through a window in Madison Square, the throbbing of many drums having brought it there in a jiffy. Up the Avenue, with measured tread, marches a detachment of 'The Finest' and behind it a giant with a mighty bearskin on his head. In his white-gloved hand is a baton tipped with shiny brass which he hurls on high, then catches dexterously. The drums of youthful drummers thunder; cymbals crash, and to the strains of braying instruments I sing with boyish ardour:

> 'Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
> Cheer up comrades, they will come,
> And beneath the starry flag we shall breathe the air again,
> Of freedom in our own beloved home!'

A plumed colonel and his staff pass by on fretful chargers — a regiment with bayonetted muskets at right shoulder comes into view, its white cross-belts in perfect alignment, the flags of Nation and State flapping proudly in its midst.

Ah, where are those quaint militiamen of other days in their immaculate duck trousers, swallow-tailed coatees, and leather shakos with fuzzy pompons? Gone, alas, like most that is picturesque, the blues, the greys, the reds, the whites and the greens of their resplendent uniforms having been blended in the ugly drab of an efficiency too single-minded to see the military value of pomp in a land where recruitment is voluntary!

Yet, in a window in Madison Square long years go, I argued in no such idle manner, but feasted my eyes, rather, on the serried ranks of the crack Seventh, the dandy Twenty-Third, the fighting Sixty-Ninth, and the other splendid regiments of the National Guard of New York State marching up Fifth Avenue on Decoration Day — a host of blue-coated veterans in their wake sturdy of step to fife and drum, barely a decade having passed since they were tenting on the old camp ground.

I was older, however, by four or five years than when I gazed for the first time upon Madison Square. Moreover, the window through which I craned my neck was not in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, but in a quiet hostel called the Albemarle, at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-Fourth Street. Like its white neighbour, this hotel lingers in memory enticingly. In fact, I know of no house for the entertainment of the traveller of the present day in which a meal cooked by a chef de cuisine of real, and not fictitious French nativity is served, not in a public restaurant, but in one's own apartment, by a waiter with all the manner of a nobleman's groom of the chambers.

But the Albemarle had no lobby; consequently a change of domicile, when it came about, was not unwelcome to a boy standing upon the threshold of life. The move eventually made by a mother, an only child, and a stepfather, was uptown to the Windsor, or the Bristol, downtown to the Everett, or perhaps but a stone's throw away, either to the Gilsey House in Broadway, or to a dreary apartment-hotel at the corner of

Twenty-Seventh Street and that thoroughfare, where the matutinal slumbers of the guests were wont to be disturbed by the swearing of the proprietress as she made her daily rounds.

But after a sojourn at one of these hostelries a peregrinating family was pretty sure to find itself installed, once more, in an apartment of the comfortable old Fifth Avenue, where there was a Brussels carpet on the floor, and the windows overlooking Madison Square were hung with immaculate lace curtains.

In this hotel there was a marble lobby where a boy verging upon his teens might idle many an hour away in watching the ebb and flow of a diverse human tide. The sight was prepossessing, in the main, the New Yorker of that day — a silk hat on his head, a cane in his gloved hand, a flower in his buttonhole — having a spruceness to shame a slouching successor. But touching shoulders with him was the lank Yankee, careless in dress, or the booted plainsman with tobacco stains upon his lip, and hands, save the thumbs, plunged into horizontal pockets; the slouch-hatted planter, too, in time-worn coat and a waistcoat cut to show a frayed shirt front, in the midst of which a jewel once had sparkled; and maybe a dazed Frenchman, with a virgin beard, or a disdainful Briton in tweeds; for it was a cosmopolitan tide, the elements of which were gathered from the four quarters of the earth, as well as of the land.

Scanning it, in the meanwhile, for likely victims, was the sallow gambler, a diamond in his tie and on his finger — John Morrissey of broken nose, most likely, his

lair being near at hand. Other birds of prey — shady emulators of Fisk and Gould — were hovering in that lobby, also, their furtive eyes on the lookout for lambs to pounce upon, or, at the bar behind it, while amber bubbles rose in long-stemmed glasses, whispering of fabulous profits. Coal-Oil Johnny's foot may have rested on a brass rail, too; yet I was not there to see him light his cigar with a greenback, since not until I entered college did I have the temerity to face Jim Gray, the tutelary spirit of that bar, and his resplendent waistcoat. In a corner adjacent to it, I did, however, at the age I have in mind, see a wily congressman from Tioga County sidle toward a senator with the mien of a pigeon, then take a seat beside him on a bench upholstered in crimson plush.

Yet neither haughty Roscoe Conkling nor Tom Platt, his henchman, made the lasting impression on my boyish mind that the famous soldier did who patted my head, in passing, because he knew me to be the playmate of his son Tecumseh. I saw another bearded soldier in that lobby, too, of even greater fame than the father of my boyhood friend — a cigar between his lips, a look of pain in his weary face. Vicksburg and Appomattox spell less for me, however, than do the magic words 'Atlanta to the Sea,' since these conjure up a picture of a tall, lean man with a stubbly white beard who is entering a room in which, beside another boy, I lie at length upon the floor. He has an eye like an eagle's; yet in a corner of it, as he stops to watch me marshal upon a red carpet the horse, foot, and dragoons of a

leaden army, there is just a twinkle. Yes, and when I pass, as I did to-day, a certain statue modelled by a master hand, my heart thrills to the pride of having known in life the very hero whose gilded image a winged Victory is heralding with conquering palm.

In a marble lobby I gazed with boyish curiosity, too, at the faces of Tilden, Hayes, and Garfield; yet the lineaments of these have faded, in memory, almost into nothingness, whereas, of 'Chet' Arthur, the politician — seen there for the first time also — I have a vivid recollection, because in statelier surroundings I held his hand in mine. In fact, the very word 'courtly' pictures for me an American gentleman in a long frock coat, receiving without ostentation, yet with decorum, the many who come to pay him the respect due the Chief Magistrate of a great nation. I have been greeted in the White House by both Grover Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt, as well as by presidents of lesser parts than theirs, yet Arthur, 'the spoilsman,' as he was called by the self-hallowed, alone had dignity in every gesture.

In regard to James G. Blaine, whom I likewise saw for the first time in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, I am also at odds with those excellent persons called 'mugwumps.' How could a fledgling, in fact, just out of college, feel otherwise than loyal to the 'elder statesman' who, from the head of his own table, spoke kindly words to him?

After standing proudly upon a commencement platform to receive a sheepskin, I went to Bar Harbor to pass the summer, and there was invited once or twice by Walker Blaine to lunch at his father's house. As

befitted my age and station, I was given on these occasions a seat below the salt, an emphasis upon my unimportance being necessary in order that an anecdote concerning the marvellous memory for which my distinguished host was noted may be fully appreciated.

At the time when Mr. Blaine held the portfolio of State I happened to arrive unexpectedly in the national capital, and be taken by friends almost immediately to a reception at his house. Several years had passed since I had met him on the coast of Maine and meanwhile he had not laid eyes upon me. It was impossible, moreover, for him to have known of my presence in Washington. When he entered the drawing-room that afternoon, I was standing near the door, consequently I was the first person he saw. He not only called me by name, but without a moment's hesitation added to his greeting a statement of the fact that not since the summer of '86 had he had the pleasure of seeing me. That being the year of my graduation, I was able to verify, beyond peradventure, the astonishing exactness of his memory.

Having felt in the grasp of his hand that day the magnetic quality of the 'Plumed Knight's' personality, I confess that I rejoice at having once tramped through the streets of a college town, an oilcloth cape upon my shoulders, a blazing torch in hand, shouting meanwhile, in rhythm with my steps:

'Blaine, Blaine, Blaine of Maine!
Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine!'

The bitterest of presidential campaigns is a far cry,

however, from the time when, in the lobby of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, I gazed with boyish curiosity at the faces of both notable and notorious men, or, ensconced in a corner of a white stage, was jounced toward Fulton Street, my goal being a postage-stamp emporium in that thoroughfare. At its junction with Broadway — the busiest corner in a city of a million souls — there was, alas, no white-gloved policeman to direct the traffic; yet there was sad need of one. So inextricable, in fact, appeared the tangle of drays, hacks, omnibuses, and push-carts, that leaving their drivers to curse one another to their heart's content, I clambered out of a cumbersome vehicle, darted to the curb beneath horses' noses, then wended my way afoot to a shop in which I debated long and earnestly as to the wisdom of buying a single rare stamp of the Pony Express or an entire issue of the late Confederacy.

When only a nickel with which to pay the fare of a homeward journey was left in my pocket, a joy still awaited me. It would cost, moreover, only the expenditure of enough muscular energy to carry a fat little body down Fulton Street to the Ferry and thence along the water-front to an omnibus in Wall Street that would bear me uptown.

It was a walk of less than a mile; yet an hour was too little time in which to take it, for bowsprits and slender jib-booms stretched across South Street, then, almost to the walls of the warehouses facing the East River. I must tarry, therefore, in each slip in order to cast a critical eye aloft at the rigging of the brig, bark, or full-

rigged ship beneath the figurehead of which I chanced to pass. In case 'Irish pennants' were dangling from spars in need of a scraping, I hastened on; but if yards were squared 'Bristol fashion,' if running gear was taut, and if shrouds, ratlines, and lanyards had been neatly tarred down, I perched myself, forthwith, upon a cask of rum or a bale of merchandise, to gaze long and admiringly at a clipper ship — the last, perhaps, of those sleek champions of the seas that used to sail to Java Head beneath the Stars and Stripes.

But smoke, alas, was rising from ugly funnels in South Street, even then, to blacken the beautiful sails that were flapping lazily against their brails in a breeze fragrant with spices and the sweet smell of pine. Capstans were clicking merrily, however, and windlasses were creaking while the chanty man was singing to his shipmates:

'Then up aloft that yard must go,
Whiskey for my Johnny;
Ah, whiskey is the life of man,
Whiskey Johnny:
I thought I heard the old man say,
Whiskey for my Johnny.'

There is no whiskey for my Johnny in South Street now; therefore he is lucky, perhaps, to be lying in Davy Jones's locker. Yet amid dingy buildings of another day, crouching at the feet of mighty edifices that rise into smoke-laden skies, crag upon crag, like canyon walls, his valiant soul lives on; else in a little park upon the water-front, where sailors from every land were snoozing

on the benches and negroes from Guadaloupe and Martinique were lisping their soft language, I should not have come, to-day, upon a bandstand erected:

> In remembrance of the officers and men of the Merchant Marine who, in the World War of 1914–1918, without fervor of battle or privilege of fame, went down to the sea and endured all things.

But I have wandered far beyond Wall Street, and must retrace my steps in time to find a seat in a white stage before the crowd from a ferry has filled it entirely.

The pleasures of a day are over; yet other days hold other joys. If I can persuade a boy friend to accompany me (I dare not go alone), I stroll on the morrow down Broadway to 'Murderers' Row' there to gaze in awe at 'Reddy the Blacksmith' standing nonchalantly in the door of his saloon. In fact, that other boy and I even venture into 'The Five Points' — most disreputable of localities — only to flee from it in terror to the Bowery, where wheezy barrel-organs are playing 'Shoo Fly' or 'Captain Jinks,' while barkers with stentorian voices tell of wonders to be seen for a dime.

Yet a walk to be taken nearer home was more delectable, since in the half mile that lay between Madison and Union Squares 'all New York' was strolling of an afternoon. I was more interested, however, in gazing at well-dressed gamblers such as handsome Charles Ransom, or at faces I had seen behind the footlights, than in seeing the mere beauty and fashion of a city.

In the door of the Fifth Avenue Hotel stands W. J. Florence, a fellow lodger. To me, however, he is the Honourable Bardwell Slote, at whose drolleries in 'The Mighty Dollar' I have laughed until my little sides ached; and when amid the saunterers in the street beyond, I see a courtly actor with a dyed mustache and the swagger of a guardsman, he is not Lester Wallack, in my eyes, but Eliot Grey of the play 'Rosedale.' But that which makes a boyish heart beat fastest is to meet Lotta Crabtree — or rather 'the Marchioness,' face to face, she of all actresses being the one most adored. Did you read her will a twelvemonth ago? She was indeed a noble woman!

Should shapely Pauline Markham chance to pass, blushes tingle in my cheek, 'The Black Crook' being a name to whisper with bated breath lest a fond mother discover that during a revival of a naughty spectacle a wicked son has seen clandestinely the very pink tights that had scandalized a city in which, to quote a chronicler of the time, 'vice was open and unashamed.' Yet it was not the evil resorts of the town at which the sermons and protests of that day were directed, but rather at the legs of a ballet.

Alas, are not the sermons of our own day provoked by a fear that Comus and his midnight crew may indulge 'in tipsy dance and jollity,' rather than by any national sense of shame for, let us say, the distressing fact that during the course of a year, about as many Americans are lynched as there are Englishmen murdered? Since Aristotle, long centuries ago, permitted as many as five

ways of begging a question, I shall beg this one forthwith.

Indeed, as I look back upon a city that was shocked by a scantily clad spectacle which the Kiralfy Brothers presented to its prim gaze, I see that while it was undoubtedly self-righteous at the time, it was righteous also. It has been purged of cant to a considerable degree since then; yet godlessness — an ailment quite as harmful, it would seem to me — has afflicted it. Even during 'The Flash Age,' as the days of wild speculation subsequent to the Civil War were called, 'the well-bred, dignified families,' to quote Mr. James L. Ford, 'refrained from putting themselves in competition with the new element.'

No doubt there was a general moral laxity, then, 'as deplorable in its effect upon the young' as one subsequent to a greater war; yet there were, at the same time, those families themselves, god-fearing and law-abiding, to give to their city an air of both seemliness and dignity. It was their righteousness, moreover, and its indignation, that caused Boss Tweed to perish in the Ludlow Street Jail, and it was their 'old-fashioned American respectability,' as Mr. Howells called it, which endowed New York with a charm it has lost.

These families did not reside in the 'jerry-built' brownstone houses of upper Fifth Avenue, 'all alike in appearance, and destined to decay like the fortunes that created them,' but in those stately mansions of ante-bellum days whose red brick walls and classic porticos still give to Washington Square and its neigh-

bourhood an air which, while it may be of decayed gentility, is nevertheless of gentility — something that, like the New Yorker of the old school with his courtliness and fine traditions, has been driven by mammon from the face of the earth.

III

WHILE viewing life serenely from a college window, Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson declares that 'one ought to grow old tranquilly and appropriately.' No doubt he is right theoretically in his belief that one should be satisfied with one's time of life; yet is there a man alive, I ask you, who, having reached 'the ruminating age,' does not join secretly with Aleardo Aleardi, the poet, in uttering this prayer:

> 'O, give me back once more,
> O, give me, Lord, one hour of youth again?'

The picture these words conjure up as they linger on my lip is not of sombre quadrangles seen from a college window, nor yet of cheerless lecture halls where students restlessly await the peal of college chimes to set them free. Rather is it of sunny playgrounds where there is the sound of cheers, of waters where rowlocks click and oars plash in unison, or else of time-worn tables with foaming steins upon them, round which good fellows sit together whilst a good song is ringing true.

In fact, as I look back upon the years of dawning manhood, I realize that college days were the best of all days. Yet I was beset at the time, I remember, by a feverish desire to escape their tyranny, my constant yearning having been to awake after a night of travel and see

> 'The low line of walls that lie outspread
> Miles on long miles, the fog and smoke and slime,

The wharves and ships with flags of every clime,
The domes and steeples rising overhead!'

'Ah me, how many heartbeats go to make up the life of the vast town!' exclaims Richard Hovey, author of these lines. Yet in all New York, no heart beat more rapturously, I am sure, than did mine, when, from the bow of a North River ferry-boat I saw, in truth, the domes and steeples rising overhead; since in the long miles of city at which I gazed there were no structures, save the towers of a mighty bridge that had just been built, to top the fat domes of the post-office or the slender spire of Trinity.

There were, however, fairer things to see than the pinnacles of skyscrapers, for the *Mary Powell*, sleekest of river boats, was churning the Hudson into foam with her paddles, and on its ruffled waters were swanlike sloops with white sails bellying in a breeze that filled my lungs with joy: aye, and a graceful ship, as well, with topsails clewed and sailors aloft to furl them, at whose taut hawser a snorting tug was pulling frantically in an effort to stem an ebbing tide. Sweet, moreover, was the rhythmical sound of the waves splashing against a ferry's creaking planks; sweeter still the grating of her blunt bows against slimy piles and the rattle of chains over windlass-drums; for it meant that in the city of my longing I was free, at last, from college toil.

I am told that the aborigines who sold it to Peter Minuit for sixty guilders called the island on which I then set foot 'Manahachtánienk,' or, in its modern corruption, Manhattan — a name which a certain

missionary bishop learned in Indian lore has interpreted to mean 'the place where we all become intoxicated.' Miss Helen W. Henderson, from whose illuminating pages I glean this information has, in fact, the temerity (the expression is used because she is a Philadelphian) to declare that while 'historians have pooh-poohed this quaintly prophetic significance of a word, indeed, variously interpreted, they have failed to impair its perennial aptness.'

Were it not for the intrepidity thus displayed by a charming 'Loiterer in New York,' I should scarcely dare to acknowledge that, in common with many another undergraduate of the time I have in mind, I held an opinion in regard to Manhattan Isle like unto that of its aboriginal owners. Indeed, I am constrained to acknowledge that after my valise had been flung into a waiting hansom, I told a cabman to drive, not to the Fifth Avenue, or the Windsor, nor to any hotel, in truth, at which I had previously lodged with my family, but to the Hoffman House — a confession that will invoke in many a masculine mind a vision of a mirrored room in which there is a carved mahogany structure of considerable length, and a painting in a gilded frame of a wicked satyr and some naked nymphs disporting themselves in a bosquet.

No longer, alas, shall I be able to appear to the reader of my own generation as a staid writer of books, but rather as a rakish sophomore with a foot upon a brass rail and a glass in hand of the delectable beverage to which Sam Ward, the bon viveur, had lent his name; or

else of that insidious concoction of liqueurs, varying in colour and specific gravity, which to the eye was a spectrum, and to the taste a palatal orchestra such as, in the sybaritic days before his tonsuring, the author of 'À Rebours' described as arousing in the gullet of its vitiated hero, 'sensations analogous to those produced by music.'

In a sophomore's throat a 'pousse café' will stimulate a cheer rather than a symphony; so when my classmates and I begin to pay stentorian honour to our Alma Mater, little Billy Edwards, erstwhile champion of middleweights, feels called upon to tap us on the shoulder, one by one, and, by his menacing glances, force us to seek for our hilarity a place more free and easy, something far from difficult to do at a time when the 'wine-buyer,' as he was called, was making the popping of corks in Broadway sound like the fire of a front-line trench upon a night of attack.

A dance hall with a name suggestive of demure London, yet as wanton in its ways as any lurid haunt of Paris, was then in its heyday, and there a joyous band of undergraduates roister, on the eve of Thanksgiving Day, in a manner difficult to absolve except by declaring in the words of Shakespeare that 'it hath the excuse of youth.' Discreetly, therefore, I will ring down the curtain of memory upon a night of revelry in order that in rising it may disclose a sophomore with an aching head, and scant time in which to bolt a breakfast before hastening to a seat upon a 'tallyho' that is draped in college colours and crowned with ardent youth.

In company with many of its kind and with horses requisitioned from a street-car line to draw it, an ungainly vehicle creaks its way in memory, now, toward the Polo Grounds, the crisp November air being rent, meanwhile, by the 'Sis-Boom-Ah!' of Princeton, the 'Brek-Kek-Koax-Koax-Koax!' of Yale, or the answering cheer of a college that, like my own Alma Mater, is but an onlooker at a fray of great moment. Aye, a fate more important in the eyes of youth than that of nations is, in truth, at stake, and after it has been decided upon a wind-swept field a shivering horde of students wends its way, in the shadows of a fading day, back to the white portico in Madison Square from whence it had set forth while the sun was at the meridian and joy was in the hearts of all. Alas, when the 'tallyhos' discharge their weary passengers, the only cheers to resound in the darkness are those of the victors hastening across a narrow street to collect from Billy Edwards — the honest stakeholder — wagers they have won.

Yes, the very word 'tallyho,' despite its incorrectness, pictures for me not only a clumsy vehicle but a joyous age, as well. Furthermore, it recalls to mind a coach with primrose panels, at which, as a boy, I gaze in wonderment, while tarrying before a brownstone caravansary. On its box sits a courtly gentleman with the ribbons in hand of four spanking bays — 'all with plenty in front of the collar and bone to support them.' And while a colourful guard with a white beaver on his head assists a lady with a bustle up a ladder to its 'gammon board,' I see 'Tally-Ho' in gilt letters upon it

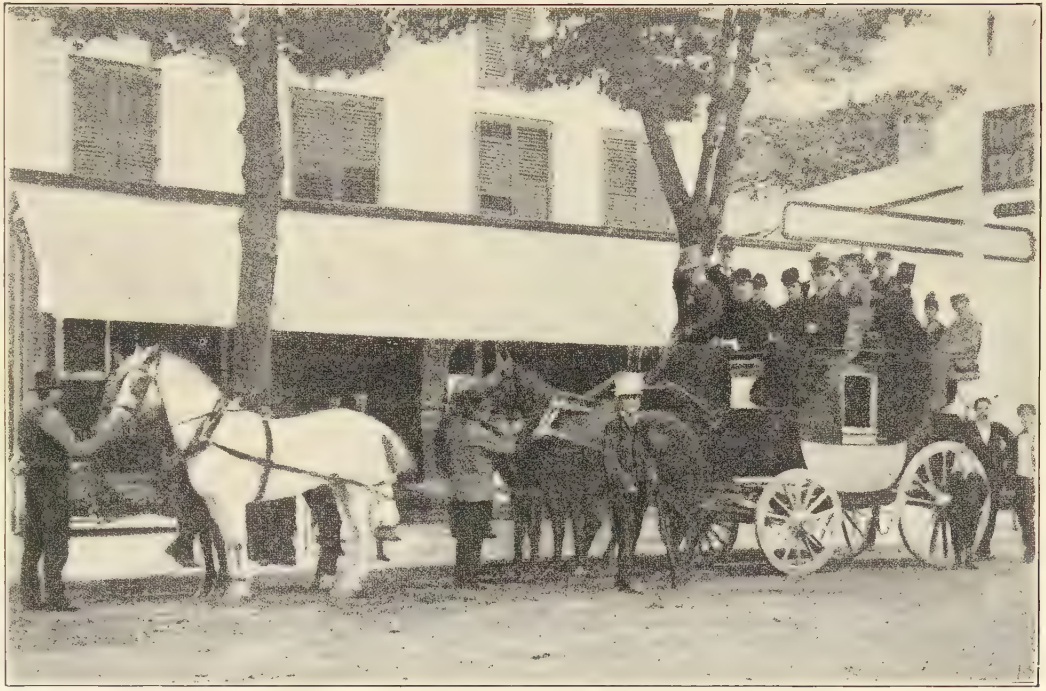
and think, like many another onlooker, that it denotes a style of conveyance new to American eyes.

Even after I became a roistering sophomore I had still to learn that 'Tally-Ho' was not a generic term, but the specific name of the coach which Colonel De Lancey Kane — American pioneer in a glorious sport — drove during the centennial year from the Hotel Brunswick, in Fifth Avenue, to the Bridge Hotel, in Pelham.

With a change of 'cattle' at the Point View House, another at the Swan Inn, Union Port, this run of fifteen miles or so was made at the Royal Mail speed of ten miles an hour, to a tootle of 'three feet of tin' and a clatter of hoofs that frightened out of their wits the buggy horses hitched to rings in the sidewalks of Fox Corners, Westchester and Middletown, or awoke with a start the village constable who, with an authoritative star upon his breast, dozed peacefully beneath the awning of the 'general store.'

During its second season the Tally-Ho ran to New Rochelle, where its proprietor dwelt; and, since coaching is a sport I love above all others, I shall crave the reader's pardon for wandering afield in order to quote from a Germantown newspaper, nearly half a century old, a quaint description of this run shown to me not long ago by Mrs. Kane, the widow of a noble sportsman:

Mr. Editor, Have you seen the 'Tally-Ho'? On a beautiful morning a few days since, after breakfasting at the Brunswick Hotel I took passage in it. . . . Ten o'clock, A.M., the 'Tally-Ho' coach with four very handsome bay horses stands before the door, the driver and guard are ready to assist the passengers to reach the top of the vehicle, which is of the old



THE TALLY-HO COACH LEAVING THE HUGUENOT HOTEL, DELANCEY KANE DRIVING
Among the passengers are Jay Gould and Chauncey M. Depew

English pattern — as seen by visitors at our Centennial last year — very heavy and very nobby.

On that morning our company consisted of Mr. Mitchell, the lessee of the Brunswick Hotel, the lessee of the Windsor Hotel, Fifth Avenue, three other gentlemen and eight beautiful young ladies, all on the top of the coach, together with Colonel De Lancey Kane, the owner of the line. The Colonel has about twenty-five horses, worth from five hundred to two thousand dollars each, in perfect trim, all with tails cut short. As the heavy coach dashes up Fifth Avenue with horn blowing it attracts very general attention; passing Dr. Hall's elegant Presbyterian and Saint Thomas's Episcopal churches, the Windsor, Buckingham, etc., and reaches the park at Fifty-Ninth Street gate; we directly enter the gentlemen's drive, and away we go at a lively rate and reach Harlem at ten thirty-three, and the Huguenot House, at New Rochelle, at noon, just two hours. . . .

I don't believe there is a more delightful drive in the United States than this trip on the 'Tally-Ho.' So when you visit New York, good reader, engage your seat, you will not regret it.

When I stood before the Hotel Brunswick gazing in admiration and wonderment at the 'very heavy, very nobby' Tally-Ho, I was too young to engage my seat. A decade later, however, I drove in 'the gentlemen's drive,' myself, not as a 'finished ribbon-holder,' such as Colonel Kane, but as a tyro taking a first lesson in 'waggoning' from a tidy whip of English blood. But while I tried under his supervision to keep four 'prods' in the road, my forearm felt as if it would surely break in twain if those wretched animals bore on their bits another minute.

In due course of time I learned to keep a team up to their bits myself; yes, and even to hit a near-side leader

under his swingle bar, or, if he were hanging back from his collar too sluggishly for this to prove effective, to throw the whip into his flank and draw it back without startling the wheelers. But in order to gain a proficiency such as this I spent many a wearying morning in Central Park, with my forearm nigh to breaking and perspiration pouring from my forehead:

> 'For sure the coachman-hands are few
> That wield in style the polished yew,
> And onward, as their horses press,
> Restrain their courage, motionless!'

It was in Central Park, in fact, that I first heard the gentle rattle of the bars, while leaders step along as if they had but a feather at their heels; and at the very thought of those days when the sound of the horn was still mellow, I raise, in memory, a glass of the 'drag-man's' drink of rum and milk, for:

> 'Here's to the shape that is shown on the near side,
> Here's to the blood on the off, Sir;
> Limbs with no check to the freedom of stride,
> Wind without whistle or cough, Sir!'

I am tempted, moreover, to confess that once after an evening spent in listening to Scalchi and Campanini, I sat up all night with Elisha Dyer — a lovable figure of the time — talking about life and its pitfalls. In truth, I did not leave his rooms in the Metropolitan Opera House until about nine A.M., at which hour I had agreed to look at a pair of chestnuts in Central Park. With an 'inverness' to cover my evening clothes, but with

nothing to hide the telltale sheen of the crush hat on my head, I drove back and forth upon the white macadam for perhaps five minutes, then bought without further ado the best pair of horses I ever owned. And how I loved those chestnuts! When I see my son examining the mechanism of a motor with the same tenderness with which I used to feel a horse's tendons, I consider that he is wasting human affection upon a 'robot.'

But I am wandering afar from the time when I was trying, as well as in me lay, to learn the delicate art of keeping four horses together. A decade, or more, had passed by since the day when I gazed in boyish wonder at the Tally-Ho, and meanwhile New York had taken unto itself a half million more souls. Meanwhile, too, it had moved its pleasurable endeavours from Fourteenth Street to Madison Square.

Tiffany's store was still in Union Square, to be sure, and likewise the theatre of that name; but A. M. Palmer, the veteran manager, had already installed his company in the cozy little playhouse with a double stage which Steele MacKaye, the visionary, had built in Twenty-Fourth Street. Uptown, at Thirtieth Street, Lester Wallack's name was to be seen above the door of a theatre where, in 'The Captain of the Watch,' he had just made his last appearance on a stage of his own; but across the street in the refurbished Wood's Museum to which Augustin Daly had attached his patronymic, 'withering age' was still to be seen beside 'flaming youth' — Charles Fisher, the septuagenarian, and dear old Mrs. Gilbert, I mean, acting in 'The Merry Wives of

Windsor' with young Ada Rehan and John Drew, Edith Kingdon, and Otis Skinner.

New York had moved uptown, as it has a habit of doing. No longer was the bald-headed gourmet with a flower in his buttonhole to be seen at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, gazing, while he ate his favourite viands, at houses such as Henry James described as having 'a kind of established repose which is not of frequent occurrence in other quarters of the long, shrill city.' Yes, Delmonico's was now in Madison Square, and in its prime, as well. When the sun streamed through its windows at the noon hour, or when its candles glowed beneath their crimson shades, the somebodies of the town were to be seen at its damask-covered tables, even the Brunswick across the way, being more of a housing-place for its overflow than an actual rival.

'Shall we dine at "Del's" to-night? We'll have three hours, at least, to while away before it's time to put in an appearance in the ballroom upstairs, so why not dine together and go to the Casino? You've seen Francis Wilson and Pauline Hall in "Erminie" a dozen times! Well, down at the Union Square there's "The Henrietta" with Robson and Crane, and Kyrle Bellew, the handsome young Englishman, whom all the girls are raving about, is at Wallack's; or we might do worse than go to Koster and Bial's! But here comes Philippe, with his suavity and his whiskers, to take our order.

'Rockaways, a clear turtle soup, terrapin à la Maryland, a canvas-back, and a bottle of Romanée-Conti!

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UNION SQUARE, WEST SIDE, ABOUT 1880, SHOWING THE OLD GOELET HOUSE AT THE CORNER OF 17TH STREET

Very good for the house, Philippe, but not for our joints, particularly when we know that you intend to palm off "sliders" on us, at the ball to-night, and call them "diamond-back." Something simpler, Philippe, something to spare us a doctor's bill and a trip to Carlsbad. A trout from the Catskills *à la meunière*, a prairie chicken, and a bottle of Pommery '74! That is better, but tell the minion to chill the champagne only, and not to *frapper* it. And with the coffee, Philippe, a glass of *fine* for my friend, and a yellow chartreuse for me!

'A good dinner and a good play! What more could you ask? Yes, "The Henrietta" was a wise choice. Will you ever forget Bertie the Lamb tossing a coin to see whether to go long or short on the market, and by this simple method, beating Wall Street at its own game? If the managers only had sense enough to give us good and wholesome native plays instead of naughty ones from Paris, or silly ones from England, we'd have a drama of our own before you could say "Jack Robinson"!

'Well, here we are at Del's once more, and it's time for the dance at last, thank goodness! In a city where nearly all the men have to work, isn't it absurd not to be able to go to a ball before midnight without losing caste? And in a country that supposedly is democratic, isn't it absurd, as well, to see pretty girls and their chaperons curtsying to the patronesses as if they were grand duchesses? But perhaps these stately ladies are entitled to the prerogatives of royalty. Surely no

sovereign is more puissant than is Mrs. Astor in the realm she rules over, or more of an autocrat, either, since she wields the power of social life or death. And where, moreover, is there a lord chamberlain more punctilious than Ward McAllister, or a master of ceremonies who bestirs himself more assiduously than Harry LeGrand Cannon who is leading the cotillon?

'Yes, and where, I beg to ask, can you find ladies-in-waiting more beautiful and stately than Mrs. Burke Roche and Mrs. Prescott Lawrence, the bride, who are just arriving, or débutantes of any court to vie in loveliness with Miss Marion Langdon and Miss Sally Hargous, unless it be the fair Miss Handy, who has come on from Richmond for the ball.

'What is the name of the waltz Landers is playing? "Les Patineurs," I think. No, I'm wrong; it's from "The Beggar Student"!

'The world and his wife are certainly here, and his best girl, too; and so is a disdainful lady with the air of the queen she hopes to become when the throne is vacant. How well Mrs. Fish is looking, and Mrs. Cruger, too! As for the men, I'd rather have the old beau manner of Peter Marié than be as handsome as Brockholst Cutting. But there go Center Hitchcock and Woodbury Kane, and Lewis Rutherford, too, making for the elevator. We haven't partners, and the doorway is already full of stags! How about a table in the café downstairs until there is more room on the floor?'

I have been dreaming, it is true, but when in my dreams I hear the strains of Johann Strauss, or of

Waldteufel, and see the pretty girls in tulle of long ago with garlands in their knotted hair, gliding in seemliness, as well as grace, over a glistening floor, or with only the colour of youth in their cheeks romping through a pyramid, or a basket figure, I know that I prefer Delmonico's ballroom in the days of its glory, to any cabaret on earth.

Yet there is a reverse to this medal commemorative of another day, the pretty face of which I have attempted to show you, and this Thackeray has pictured in a note to Bayard Taylor concerning a dinner the American man of letters was arranging in honour of his English confrère. 'And don't, don't,' said the distinguished visitor to our shores, 'give a dinner at Delmonico's, please. I did yesterday, and it is a sin to spend so much money on the belly. Let us have content and mutton-chops and I shall be a great deal better pleased than with that godless disbursement of dollars.'

IV

I LOVE New York beyond peradventure, yet I agree with Thackeray in finding 'a godless disbursement of dollars' to be her besetting sin. Indeed, unless it be in Buenos Ayres, I doubt if in all the world there is a place where extravagance is so prevalent as upon Manhattan Isle. Still, when I look back upon the city of moderate size and seemly aspect I recall as the New York of my youth and compare it with the fretful monster of the present, I am astonished to learn that the great satirist was annoyed by 'the uncommon splendatiousness' he found in the American metropolis.

How delicious the phrasing! No one, in fact, but Thackeray could have coined so apt an expression with which to condemn a quality that still exists, I fear, not in New York alone, but in every city of the land; for whenever an American becomes rich suddenly he is only too likely, I think you will admit, to become 'splendatious' as well.

Yet when I compare the American maiden of an age more decorous than ours with the overdressed, or rather underdressed contemporary young woman, who lolls crossed-legged with a cocktail before her (aye, in spite of Mr. Volstead and his law), while puffing cigarette-smoke from her painted lips, I am surprised to find the author of 'Vanity Fair' declaring over a decade before I was born and some twenty years before New York had reached its 'flash age,' that, 'surely Solomon

in all his glory, or the Queen of Sheba when she came to visit him in state, was not arrayed so magnificently as these New York damsels.'

I confess furthermore to astonishment on finding that Thackeray had never seen 'such luxury and extravagance, such tearing polkas [what would he have thought of our modern dances?], such stupendous suppers and fine clothes' as he found in New York in 1853. It is mortifying, too, to learn that he would not have liked to have 'the girls' (meaning his daughters) live in New York. 'I watched one young lady at four balls,' he declares, 'in as many new dresses, and each dress of the most "stunning" description. Fancy Annie and Minnie in yellow and silver — the Lord forbid!'

New York may be, however, a leopard among cities and unable in consequence to change its spots. At least, in the very year of Thackeray's first visit to our shores, George William Curtis, our own satirist, was immortalizing the social climber of the day; hence it is possible that the distinguished visitor from abroad had the honour of meeting the 'Gnus,' the 'Crœsuses,' the 'Silkes,' and the 'Settum Downes,' and even 'Mrs. Potiphar,' herself, the sight of whom, as 'Mr. Cheese' assures us, was 'as refreshing as Hermon's dew.'

Quite by chance, moreover, the future portrayer of our Virginian aristocracy may have been standing before the door of Stewart's store when Mrs. Potiphar drove up in her barouche, and therefore able to see 'the red plush, and the purple, and the white calves, springing down to open the door,' as well as hear an admiring

crowd murmur, 'I wonder who that is?' when 'the plush and purple and white calves' jumped up behind Mrs. Potiphar, and that lady was driven home to dinner, Thackeray may even have sat beside her. How else, in truth, except by meeting both her and her set, could he have arrived at the conclusion that the luxury of New York is 'prodigious'?

New York in Mrs. Potiphar's day 'possessed,' according to Theodore Roosevelt, 'a large wealthy class which did not quite know how to get most pleasure from its money, and which had not been trained, as all good citizens of the republic should be trained, to realize that in America every man of means and leisure must do some kind of work, whether in politics, in literature, in science, or in what, for lack of a better word, may be called philanthropy, if he wishes really to enjoy life, and to avoid being despised as a drone in the community.'

At the time when he was writing these words, I happened to know Theodore Roosevelt with a degree of intimacy that permitted of my being invited to sup once or twice at his house on Sunday evening, and I can remember the vehemence with which he used to denounce an upper class based solely upon wealth, and composed of those who, as he said, 'look at life from a standpoint of silly frivolity, or else pursue a commercial career in a spirit of ferocious greed and disregard for justice.' Yet during the age when I attained to man's estate there was a seemly charm in certain portions of New York, of a kind that is difficult to find at the

present time — the charm, I mean, of a Knickerbocker family living in the home of its ancestors.

In a mansion in Washington Square of a family such as this, I dined shortly after graduation and listened, in the meanwhile, to an appeal made by the débutante daughter of the house for permission to attend a ball a certain family of newly acquired riches was about to give in upper Fifth Avenue.

'Do you mean to tell me, my dear,' exclaimed a mother proud of her descent from a patroon of New Amsterdam, 'that you would accept the hospitality of mere upstarts who have the audacity to invite you to their house before I have deigned to call on them?'

To-day, when I hear the children of these very upstarts, or their children's children, spoken of in awe and with bated breath, I smile, albeit sadly; for the proud family that dwelt in Washington Square has been lost to sight utterly in what my friend Brander Matthews calls 'the welter and chaos of the commercial capital of the country.'

I remember, too, rushing out of a house near Gramercy Park while the hallways were filled with smoke and burly firemen were dragging a hose up the front steps. There was warrant, it would seem, for my emergence without a necktie; yet the great lady of the neighbourhood who graciously made of her mansion a haven for refugees was so shocked by my unconventional appearance, that before offering a chair to any of us, she told her butler to supply the deficiency in my attire. This he did, forthwith, but the tie he handed

me was so startling in colour that, in order to reassure myself as to the propriety of wearing it, I glanced at the maker's name, which was that of a well-known haberdasher in Fifth Avenue. The lady, astounded also by its polychromy, asked the man if he had not given me one of his own ties; and upon learning that he had, she ordered him to get one of his master's instead. It was not a case, however, of like master like man; since the second piece of neckwear, while modest in the extreme, bore the name of a department store in Fourteenth Street.

A moral is to be found, I suspect, in this anecdote of the manners and customs of 'upstairs and down,' and another, as well, yet more deplorable, in the sale at auction, only the other day, of that same great lady's household effects. From parvenu to patrician, from patrician to pauper, or, as the proverb goes, three generations between shirt-sleeves and shirt-sleeves! How often, alas, has this proven to be the story of an American family!

At the close of the nineteenth century there were in New York, just as there are to-day, people who exalt wealth above all else. A few of these lived, as the majority of their type do at the present time, in François premier châteaux, or Mansard palaces with rococo ball-rooms misplaced in upper Fifth Avenue. But the majority dwelt in ugly brown mansions where Géromes and Bouguereaus hung in massive gilt frames on the walls, and the drawing-rooms were filled to overflowing with mahogany furniture ornate with lyres, wings,

bears' claws, and sphinxes of ormolu or brass such as have been found pleasing, alike, by parvenu emperor and parvenu millionaire.

Ah, but there were New Yorkers in those days of a sort far different from the owners of these ornate mansions, New Yorkers, in a word, who lived with both decorum and taste in what Henry James has called 'very solid and honorable dwellings'; for while its luxury was prodigious then, as well as now, the city was courtly, too. You may still meet the Gnus, the Crœsuses, the Silkes and the Settum Downes; yet how rarely do you see Mr. Knickerbocker — distinguished in appearance, faultless in dress — stepping to the curb in order to face Mrs. Saint-Nicholas as she passes in her carriage, and doff his shining hat to her with a courteous sweep of the arm that is the habit of a lifetime!

Thackeray, in fact, in whose company, according to Fitz-Greene Halleck, you could not be 'without the positive feeling that you were in the presence of a gentleman,' knew that all New Yorkers were not splendatious, since his favourite haunt was The Century, which to him 'was the best and most comfortable club in the world.' His intimates, moreover, 'the merry blades,' as he called them, were Halleck himself, George William Curtis and Bayard Taylor; likewise Fred Cozzens, wine merchant as well as author. It is not surprising, therefore, to find Thackeray declaring to a friend at home that 'the great point to try to ding into the ears of the great stupid virtue-proud English public, is that there are folks as good as they in America.'

The folks whom Thackeray had in mind were 'the merry blades,' no doubt, and not the Gnus and Settum Downes whose sumptuous dinners must be returned at godless outlay; for I am sure that he would have agreed with George Washington that 'the company in which you will improve most will be the least expensive to you.' Indeed, I am inclined to shun, even in memory, the society of those whose flunkies have white calves, and whose gilded drawing-rooms are surcharged with cockle-shells, cupids, and acanthus leaves, in order that I may consort in simpler surroundings with those who love art and practise it because of an unquenchable longing that is in their hearts.

There was a noted drawing-room in New York at the time I have in mind — the drawing-room, I mean, of Mrs. Paran Stevens, in which on Sunday evening the world of fashion and the world of art foregathered without blending. It has been called America's only salon; yet in looking back upon it I feel that fashion predominated there, and that the few artists in evidence were present either as captive lions or in order to advance their prospects.

To find folks in whose society Thackeray would have rejoiced it was necessary to desert Fifth Avenue for East Fifteenth Street, where in the hospitable 'studio' of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder the lions, instead of being caged for great ladies to eye them through lorgnettes, were free to roam, and even to caper when the spirit moved them so to do; since as likely as not Modjeska would recite, or Clara Louise Kellogg

sing, just for the fun of reciting or singing to an audience of fellow artists.

Though quite a young man, at the time, the secretaryship of a branch of The American Copyright League enabled me to be invited once or twice to the Gilders' studio on a Friday evening. Among the notables I met there was James Russell Lowell, and because of a kindred interest not only in international copyright but in Americanism, as well, he contributed a poem to the first number of the weekly paper which Slason Thompson and I launched years ago in the fatuous hope of overcoming the evils that were threatening the national welfare. These, in our purview, were unrestricted immigration, the negro question, and a 'danger to the people, arising' as we declared, 'in the selfishness of increased intelligence, either in the form of combinations of capital or of irresponsible organizations of labour.'

While we were uttering these prophetic opinions editorially in Chicago, Mr. Lowell was declaring to a New York audience that the Nation's crying need was for 'an active class who will insist in season and out of season that we shall have a country whose greatness is measured, not only by its square miles, its number of yards woven, of hogs packed, of bushels of wheat raised, not only by its skill to feed and clothe the body, but also by its power to feed and clothe the soul.'

Alas, are not the same dangers still threatening the land, and is not the need for a class such as Mr. Lowell outlined even greater to-day, I ask you, than in 1888?

But to return to the Gilders' studio, where, in the

words of Robert Underwood Johnson, one of its few living habitués, 'the privileged visitor was likely to find persons worth meeting of the literary and artistic set, including well-known authors from out of town.' Of the literary lights from afar Thomas Nelson Page, with his courteous Southern manner and lisping Southern speech, comes first to mind, rather, I imagine, because I knew him well during many years and look back upon him as one of the most likable of men. At the time when 'Marse Chan' was a name on every lip and 'Meh Lady' had just appeared in 'The Century,' their author's head, in spite of fame won suddenly after years of patient waiting in a Virginian law office, remained squarely on his shoulders, modesty being a quality which, like courtesy, he retained to his dying day.

In a corner of the Gilders' studio I see dear old Charles Dudley Warner of patriarchal mien sitting in modest retirement and radiating kindliness; while there is the gracious host of the occasion, too, of gentle bearing and unpretending manner, and likewise Edmund Clarence Stedman, to bring to mind a generation of writers in whom there was 'an excellent touch of modesty,' such as Sebastian, the brother of the fair Viola, perceived in his friend Antonio, the sea captain.

In looking back upon these days I see notable women as well as men — Julia Ward Howe and Frances Hodgson Burnett, for instance — and great actors, too, such as Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson, whom I am glad to have met, even though it meant but a word of greeting and a shake of the hand. In the house of

Mrs. Burton Harrison, the aristocrat in letters, I was a frequent guest, and William Dean Howells I knew with a degree of intimacy that enables me to remember him as a lovable soul, not only erudite but kindly as well. In fact, his counterpart in our self-assertive age would be difficult to find were it not that Brander Matthews, another man of letters in the truest sense, unites a day of literary seemliness with ours. To him, let me say:

> 'Thy face, my friend, is graven on my heart,
> Traced by the finger of that Wingless Love
> That draws a man unto his friend with bonds
> Not lightly to be severed.'

The Gilders' studio is but a distant memory, now. I was too young at the time, in fact, to be one of its habitués, and stood rather in awe of the great men and women whom I met there. In Irving Place, however, at the corner of Seventeenth Street, a literary and artistic set of a somewhat later day that was well worth meeting, too, was wont to foregather in a house in which Washington Irving had dwelt — the quaint little house, I mean, in which Elizabeth Marbury and Elsie de Wolfe lived during the nineties, and at the beginning of the present century.

There, of a Sunday, I used to go, not alone for the pleasure of greeting these interesting friends and drinking a cup of their excellent tea, but to take delight, as well, in forming a humble part of a veritable *salon*, such being a place, I gather from the pages of a French lexicographer, where 'men and women of the world come together to converse, and where the art of con-

versation shines.' From the same authority I learn, moreover, that a *salon* should have a queen who 'is a woman superior in grace and wit, around whom men of intelligence gather.'

In Irving Place there were two such queens, and often at the tea-table a president's wife presided — fascinating Mrs. Cleveland, I mean. Around it, moreover, sat queens of society who were neighbours — Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, for instance — or queens of song such as Nellie Melba, and queens of the stage, like Mrs. Pat Campbell, or perhaps a visiting queen of both wit and fashion, in a word, Mrs. 'Jack' Gardner.

As for the men of intelligence to make an art of conversation, I see the faces of F. Marion Crawford, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Clyde Fitch, Bourke Cockran and Eliot Gregory. Alas:

> 'As life runs on, the road grows strange
> With faces new, and near the end
> The milestones into headstones change,
> 'Neath every one a friend.'

But there are the living — the brilliant hostesses, themselves — Sir Gilbert Parker, dear John Drew, and others, to recall the charm of what, to me, far more than the mansion at 243 Fifth Avenue, was America's Salon; since in Irving Place not only did the art of conversation shine, but in the quaint old house itself, with the touch of individuality its occupants had given it, there was that rare quality known as atmosphere.

Atmosphere was to be found, as well, in the tower room a genius had designed for his hours of leisure, yet

of a kind to recall the time when Lorenzo the Magnificent entertained bounteously in a room Brunelleschi had built; for here the walls were hung with tapestries, and upon one side of a table laden with luscious fruit in glistening dishes, black-coated dilettanti sat beside ladies whose white shoulders sank into the softness of crimson cushions, and whose eyes sparkled in the light of candles blazing in gilt torchères. Here the atmosphere was of mirth, while that of music was to be found in the apartment of Miss Collender and Miss de Forest, where great artists were in the habit of appearing in a setting of true hospitality, or else in the house of Reginald de Koven.

The composer of 'Robin Hood' having been related to me by marriage, an adequate expression of the pleasure I derived from the musicales he and his talented wife used to give at 83 Irving Place would appear to be unbecoming on my part. Still, I cannot refrain from mentioning the aftermath of a luncheon at their board during which the de Reszkes, Edouard and Jean, sang to Paderewski's accompaniment for the greater part of an afternoon, not arias from operas, as you might imagine, but folk songs of their native land, or snatches of cabaret ditties learned in Paris during student days, or anything, in fact, that happened to hit the fancy of any one of these three famous sons of Poland; for I remember that Jean de Reszke tried to sing 'Oh, Promise Me,' but failed because he did not know the words.

However, as I look back upon those days of long ago the pleasure that is foremost in my mind is that of being

received in the bosom of some family, dwelling in what has been described by Henry James as a 'wide-fronted house, with a balcony before the drawing-room windows and white marble steps ascending to a portal which is also faced in white marble'; or if not in a house such as this in Washington Square, in one of brownstone looking upon a little green park; since in the great city of to-day, I seek in vain the dignity that was the charm of another age.

Yet almost within the memory of man Washington Square itself was a potter's field, and time was when 'a little crooked knife brook' wending its way to the East River from what is now Madison Square, was known as the 'Crommersie,' a name that has become Gramercy in its modern corruption. Time was, too, when the stately mansions surrounding a park that nestles, now, at the feet of garish skyscrapers were inhabited, not by bohemians and art students, but by Cyrus W. Field, builder of the first Atlantic cable; James Harper, one of the founders of a noted house; Samuel J. Tilden, philanthropist, governor, prosecutor of Boss Tweed, and the people's choice for president; John Bigelow, his friend, executor, and biographer, as well as the courageous representative of our land in France during a momentous time; Edwin Booth, whose very name tells of his fame, and Abram S. Hewitt, New York's most patriotic mayor, of whom Richard Watson Gilder said in the hour of his death:

> 'Following the truth, he led his fellow men, —
> Through years and virtues the great citizen.

'By being great, he made the city great, —
Serving the city, he upheld the state.

'So shall the city win a purer fame
Led by the living splendor of his name.'

I wonder if any poet of the standing of Mr. Gilder will sing the present mayor's fame in words as glowing as these! I wonder, too, if in a city of six million souls there are six men such as those who once dwelt in Gramercy Park!

V

SHOULD patriotism blind an American to his country's faults, I asked myself, the other day, while gazing at the Statue of Liberty from the deck of an ocean liner; and as I pondered the question, a fellow passenger said scornfully: 'That statue ought to be shipped back to the land of its origin as an undesirable alien; for there is no such thing as liberty in America, now.' Once upon a time a president of the United States had appointed the man who spoke these words to be its representative in the capital of one of the great powers; yet in the same sneering breath with which he uttered them, he added: 'I'm going back to France as soon as I can. I was born in a free country, and I mean to live and die in one.'

Already ruthless seals had been placed upon a convivial portion of that very ship; and with my fellow countrymen who were aboard her I had just been herded in her cabin in order to be asked inquisitorial questions by an officious federal officer. I knew, moreover, that my baggage would soon be ransacked brutally despite the fact that I had been made to declare under oath the cost and nature of the dutiable articles it contained; and when I thought of the ease with which I had entered a foreign land two years before, and the liberty I had enjoyed while there, I was tempted to echo the aspersions my companion had cast upon the country of our mutual birth. Nevertheless I began to

wonder if in declaring the United States to be a land without *liberty*, he had not confused that word with *licence;* so, when I had run the gauntlet of the customs and reached my hotel, I consulted the little dictionary that is my constant travelling companion, and found liberty defined therein as the state of being 'free from captivity, imprisonment, slavery and despotic control,' all of which privileges, save one, I apparently enjoyed.

The expression 'despotic control' lingered pleasingly in mind, it is true, as being descriptive of the limitations a majority of my fellow countrymen — or rather their representatives — had placed upon my actions. Yet when I read that civil liberty is 'natural liberty limited only by laws established in behalf of the community,' and that licence is 'excessive liberty of action,' as well as an 'abuse of freedom, and *disregard of law* or propriety,' I came to the conclusion that the objections held by my distinguished friend and myself and by a goodly proportion of our fellow citizens, as well, to a particular law 'established on behalf of the community,' offered no just reason either for law-breaking on our part, or for the removal of the Statue of Liberty from its pedestal; while in forceful contrast to the sneer I had just heard uttered within its very shadow, these words of Daniel Webster came helpfully to mind: 'I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American!'

Still, this patriotic utterance did not answer my question as to whether or not Americans ought to be blind to the faults of their country. Indeed, the more I pondered it, the more convinced I became that one of

the gravest of these is an inability on the part of far too many of us to see either the defects of our native land or the virtues of other nations.

Thomas Paine, a much maligned patriot, once declared the world to be his country and doing good, his religion. He was an Englishman by birth; therefore I am glad to note that the first article to emanate from his pen after reaching our shores was written in opposition to the institution of African slavery, and not about our uncouthness; for, in common with most Americans, I resent the condescension that leads his fellow countrymen of the present day to believe the pointing-out of our manifold faults to be their bounden duty. Yet I understand in some measure why the British stranger in our midst, such as Mr. G. K. Chesterton, should 'feel as if he were in another planet when in the United States.'

In truth, it was my own experience upon landing in New York to find 'a people who artificially manufacture the climate of the Jordan [is the geography satire, too, I wonder?] in their houses and hotels.' And I am sure that I agree with Mr. Chesterton in his belief that 'a child at lunch in a New York hotel is not like anything in heaven or earth or in the waters under the earth,' rather than with Mr. W. L. George, his fellow countryman, in the conclusion that 'the shrewd and hard American child, who hates to be fondled and seldom kisses an adult,' differs from its enthusiastic English compeer because it comes in close contact with its parents, is 'of them,' is 'treated seriously' by them, and therefore 'does not look upon the adult as a god.'

Although I should like to concur in so kindly a view in regard to the American child of the present day, I cannot forget that I was born of a generation that held with Solomon in believing that 'he who spareth the rod hateth his son.' And when I see American children destroying for their elders the peace and comfort of public places, or when I view their unconscionable behaviour after they have reached their teens, I feel the fault to lie not in their close contact with their parents, but in the failure of their parents' bare hands to come in close contact with them.

Mr. George says, too, 'that the hard child suggests the hard home which is characteristic of America.' Yet upon landing on our shores I felt New York to be a city without any homes at all — palaces, yes; hotels, apartments, as well, either splendid or modest, and sordid boarding-houses, too; but the red brick or brownstone home of yesterday had become an ill-conditioned tenement on whose once proud 'stoop' mothers with alien faces held sickly babies to their breasts while city firemen in a sweltering street played cooling streams of water from their hoses upon the backs of pale and meagre children. Of new homes there appeared to be none, save those on surburban acres that were for the well-to-do; and as I looked in vain for any belonging to families of modest resources, these words addressed by Calvin Coolidge to the committee which, in 1920, notified him of his nomination to the vice-presidency came prophetically to mind: 'Look well to the hearthstone; therein all hope for America lies.'

The aspect of New York had altered more during the two years of my absence than had that of Paris in my lifetime. Streets, in fact, which had been congruous and seemly when I departed had become seething canyons, so crowded with humanity that I pictured the city abandoned by its inhabitants one day because there was not room in its streets for them to circulate, or uncontaminated air of Heaven sufficient within its vast confines to enable them to live, breathe, and have their being.

Yet the new structures of man rising storey upon storey into the empyrean had a grandeur to dwarf my recollection of both Paris and London; for nowhere, I believe, is the meaning of the phrase 'might, majesty, and dominion' made so apparent as when beholding from the deck of an approaching ship, the stupendous buildings of New York, or when gazing upward at their prodigious height from the pavement of one of the city's turbulent streets. There is august beauty in them too, if you can escape oncoming wheels long enough to see it, especially at night when the protean signs of Broadway adorn them with light; for then their splendour is beyond belief. Indeed, in all the world there is no such enchanting sight, I believe, as that of New York after dark, when viewed from one of its high places.

There is individual beauty, too, within the city's vastness — the slender simplicity of some building, or the grace of a tower — and there is beauty even in that part of it where wasted faces peer from murky windows as your elevated train speeds by; for on the ledge of one

of them I saw some pots of flowers in bloom which a girl with a bright shawl about her shoulders was watering tenderly, while bending her pretty Italian head. Yes, and there was beauty in the heathen banners gay with dragons that fluttered from the walls while heathen gongs were clanging. But when I descended in Chatham Square with a longing to see that alien beauty closer, I found it gone; for then the hellish tune of traffic was in my ears, and in my eyes the pain of seeing gaunt human beings shambling by me without a ray of hope in their spiritless faces, or perpetually cutting, basting, sewing, and sweating in dingy basement holes. Meanwhile, too, to make me doubt being in the land of my birth, alien smells were oozing from forbidding doorways, and when beneath the name 'Thalia Theatre,' I read that on that evening 'La Compagnia Perez darà il Dramma in tre atti, La Trovatella di S. Maria,' it was difficult to believe that as a boy I had seen in that very theatre brave, eccentric Davy Crockett making his last stand in 'The Alamo.'

In a foreign city years ago I looked upon a race of men with crooked noses, whose beards were unkempt and whose unclean hair was curled in a ringlet beside each ear, as the most unprepossessing human beings I had ever beheld; yet within a stone's throw of Chatham Square I saw many of their kind wearing cassocklike coats with the dirt of a lifetime upon them, such as I had seen in Cracow when a boy. Now they were my fellow countrymen; and so were the wily denizens of a street near to their ghetto who were selling ripe olives,

oil, and tobacco in gloomy shops having signs above their doors written in characters such as Themistocles had used, long centuries ago, to tell the story of an expedition to the very triangular island whence came the swarthy little chaps with rings in their ears whom I saw pushing handcarts laden with fruit that was grown, I dare say, upon its lovely slopes. But where, I asked myself, were the blarneying Irish lads who, in the days of my boyhood, had inspired those rollicking farces of East-Side life, 'The Mulcahy Twins,' and 'The Mulligan Guard Ball'? And where, I might add, is there a Yankee such as the Jonathan of Royall Tyler's play, 'The Contrast'?

Mr. Hilaire Belloc has discovered the contrast of our own times to lie in the difference the New World presents to the Old; and because of 'the freedom in the soul' he finds in our land, which he believes to be 'the breeding soil of happiness,' he considers us Americans 'the happiest white people in the modern world.' Did he find this freedom and this happiness in Chatham Square, I wonder, or in the region round about it?

Although I should like to agree with him in his conclusion that no modern society is so free as ours from the 'detestable heresy of mammon worship,' I feel, nevertheless, that had he strolled that day with me from Chatham Square to a fashionable restaurant in Park Avenue, he would have seen at its luxurious tables a few Americans, at least, of a kind who 'conceive that the mere possession of material wealth makes of its possessor a proper object for worship,' and 'who feel abject

before another who is wealthier' — emotions such as Mr. Belloc believes, 'do not so much as enter the American mind.'

Sitting in the midst of luxury and with the nauseous odour in his nostrils that is blended of cigarette smoke and perfume, he would have thought, I am sure, in case it were possible for him to think at all amid the cackle and clatter of such a place, not that 'the New World is wholly alien to the Old,' but that barely a mile away in a city of contrasts there is a world where sunlight seldom enters, and where in many a fetid room an entire family dwells, a world of sweat-shops, junk-shops, and delicatessens, as well as of sordid tenements on the iron fire-escapes of which limp men in dirty shirts and women with flabby breasts were panting for the breath of life, while sirens screeched and engines whirred, and a subway tunnel belched forth sweltering humanity upon a street where my lady's footman, in days of yore, used to open for her the door of a coach on which the lance of the De Lanceys, the burning castle of the Morrises, or the ship of the Livingstons was blazoned.

'Of the men of high social standing in the Old World who came over to make their fortunes in the New, probably the majority failed,' said Theodore Roosevelt, 'and their descendants slipped down into the lower ranks of the population.' Yet the daughter of one of them having married long ago the son of a pedlar, or perhaps it was a ferryman, of ability, their pretty descendant sat near me in that restaurant in Park Avenue, crimsoning her disdainful lip. Perilously high

in the air, meanwhile, workmen whose wages were greater than the salary of a college professor, were rivetting steel girders on the opposite side of the street, in order that another modicum of wealth might be added to a dowry; and meanwhile, too, a titled foreigner was curling his mustache while gazing covetously into a pair of discontented eyes.

But the rivetting had become so excruciating that I was tempted to take a restful stroll. Alas, the street in which I found myself had been disembowelled so that the maze of wires beneath it might be augmented; and when I turned a corner, I was obliged to climb a flight of steps and traverse a causeway, in order to pass over an excavation in the depths of which an uproarious little engine was engaged in hoisting a steel beam to a dizzy height. Fearful that it might fall upon me, I watched its upward progress so intently that I came to a crossing and plunged, inadvertently, into a maelstrom of whizzing motors and slithering wheels, from the perils of which, by the grace of Heaven only, I escaped with my life. Upon reaching an hotel that, like everything else in New York, was being made larger, I opened a book, not in quiet, but amid the sound of hammering, and read with astonishment these words written by Thackeray seventy-three years ago:

'Broadway is miles upon miles long, a rush of life such as I have never seen; not so full as the Strand but as rapid. The houses are always being torn down and built up again, the railroad cars drive slap into the middle of the city. There are barricades and scaffoldings

banging everywhere. I have not been into a house, except a fat country one, but something new is being done to it, and the hammerings are clattering in the passage, or a wall or steps are down or the family is going to move. Nobody is quiet here; no more am I.'

There never has been a time, it would appear from this, when New York was not tearing itself down and building itself anew, or when it was not growing bigger, and at the same moment changing in character, for with each increase in size its traits have altered. Thus, in my boyhood, when the city numbered a scant million souls, three fifths of its foreign-born were Irish; while now there are six millions or more within it, of whom a half, almost, first saw the light of day in other lands. Russia, because of its despotism, both past and present, leads all other lands in numbers; Italy being second, Germany third, and the Emerald Isle an insignificant fourth; whereas England, whose traditions are our own, is sixth upon the list; facts that recall distressingly to mind this question placed by Shakespeare on the lips of Sicinius, the tribune:

'What is the city but the people?'

Do not look upon me, pray, as one who hates New York because of her overwhelming size and wealth, or even because she is ignorant that any United States exists beyond the Hudson, or the Harlem; for while in slippered comfort I may dream with delight of the days when she was more placid, I find even her helter-skelter

so alluring that whenever I am able to lay my pen aside I hasten toward her with affection in my heart.

I know, moreover, that ignorant though she is in regard to my own habitat, London is scarcely aware that Montreal, or Sidney, or even New York itself, exists; and that to the Parisian mind all France is provincial, and the world at large barbarian; there being a parochialism that is essentially metropolitan in its manifestations. Though not the oldest and most sedate, nor even the most beautiful metropolis on earth, New York is the largest, perhaps; consequently it is not surprising to find her sharing a failing common to her kind. In fact, when you or I go forth with money in our pockets in order to spend it in the glare of her lights, she will jazz beneath them with no more greeting than a shrug at our outlandishness or a scornful glance our way; and when we return to a beloved home town to rail against the wickedness we had journeyed far to enjoy, or a coldness that pierced our hearts with its cruelty, she will never know that we have spoken ill of her, and would not care a fig if she did, since she is sufficient unto herself.

But if, after traversing at night a lurid mile or so of a street that is nineteen miles in length, and finding your pockets empty, you should come to the hasty conclusion that New York is a city without a soul, go on the morrow, I beg you, to Central Park and see a free museum of art that within a generation has become one of the finest in any land. And when you have viewed the treasures within it, journey across the park to Manhattan Square

where there is a museum of natural history to vie with any in the world; then on to Morningside Heights to look upon the graceful buildings of a university in which some thirty thousand students are enrolled.

A mile or so beyond you may see a seat of learning where half as many more of the city's youth are receiving their education free at its hands. Should you still think New York heartless, go, when the lights of Broadway lure you, to the Bowery instead, there to attend the midnight service of its Mission and see the hungry fed by kindly hands; for here, and in a hundred kindred places, dwells the active soul which Emerson declares to be 'the one thing in the world of value.'

And if on the morrow the frenzy of a certain street should make you doubt that the city has any god but Mammon, go at the noon hour to the end of that street and there, beside the grave of one who laid the foundations of your country's welfare, see a churchful of weary men and women heartened by the playing of an organ; for if a people are without the love of music and beauty, and worship only riches: 'though their city be greater than Babylon of old, though they mine a league into earth or mount to the stars on wings — what of them?'

PART IV

Chicago

CHICAGO

I

TO find my earliest recollection of Chicago concerned with the railway whose soot and screechings have marred, through the years, pleasing dreams of her would seem to be an irony of fate. Indeed, the love I bear for the city of my birth is inspired not by a material greatness in the achievement of which that railway has been, no doubt, a factor, but by a spirituality of whose very existence the world at large is still ignorant — seething Chicago, to those who know her least, being but a soulless place 'where cattle are handled so swiftly that life itself becomes a raw material.' Yet for the moment I am concerned not with her spiritual being, but with an attempt to trace my steps backward to the time when my feet being too little to take any steps at all, a nurse used to hold me in her arms before a window in order that I might see passing trains.

Although I first saw the light of day within the vast division of Chicago where resides almost a half of the three million people the city now claims to possess, and where thirty foreign tongues are spoken, I left it when six months old in order to dwell for a time in Wabash Avenue. Having returned at the age of eighteen months to what is now chidingly called 'The Great West Side,' it would be impossible, I am told, for me to recall anything happening previously to that time; and that

what appears in the light of a reminiscence is only a subconscious recollection of something related to me during childhood. Nevertheless, I would take my oath that I remember seeing trains from my nursery window, at which I cried, '*Ca! ca!*' in a vain attempt to articulate the word 'car.'

An early recollection less dubious than this is likewise of railway cars, but instead of rumbling beneath a window on an iron track they were brought down a chimney by 'a jolly old elf with a little round belly,' while eight tiny reindeer pranced and pawed in the new-fallen snow that lay upon a roof in West Washington Street.

It was my third Christmas morning on earth, and I was playing with a train of tin cars. My father, who was smoking a cigar, laid his paper aside, picked up the locomotive, filled its funnel with smoke from his lips and replaced it upon the carpet on which I sat before a crackling fire. He died when I was barely ten, and when I think of him it is with a twinkle in his eye and a loving smile on his lip, watching my childish delight at seeing real smoke curl upward from the toy locomotive Santa Claus had brought me in answer to my prayers.

But I have opened the book of memory at too intimate a page, I fear; therefore let me turn to one that presents a real engine hissing beneath the murky roof of a stone 'depot' at the foot of Randolph Street. Its smokestack, shaped like the half of an hourglass, was of a kind in use when wood was plentiful; its cylinders, its sandbox, its bell, and even the metal straps around its boiler were of

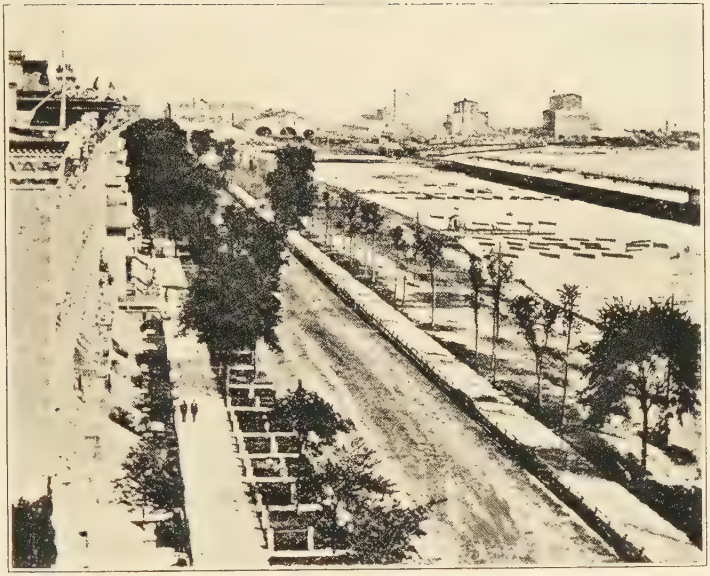
shining brass. It had an ungainly cowcatcher before it, too, and the tender behind it was heaped high with logs for a journey to the Illinois town where dwelt the dear old grandmother of a little boy who was being reluctantly dragged past it by a ruthless mother because he would fain tarry to examine its every piston-rod and check-valve.

Although its destination lay barely more than a hundred miles away, the departure of this locomotive had been set for an hour so early that the boy's breakfast had been cruelly cut short in order that he might not arrive on a platform too late to find a seat in the day coach attached to the baggage- and smoking-car that was coupled behind it; for it had so little power that it would snort throughout an entire day before reaching its journey's end. It would stop, moreover, from time to time in order to drink from a tank or else to have its fuel replenished, a log at a time, from a wood-pile; and at the noon hour it would tarry to let the passengers it had been slowly dragging across a green prairie satisfy their hunger in a room overlooking a swift-running stream in which there was a mill-race, with a huge wheel turning round and round so to distract a child born and bred in a city that again a meal was curtailed, though not by a heartless mother, but by a friendly old conductor, watch in hand, shouting 'All aboard!' To a little fellow hastening across a wooden platform toward a wooden car, this locomotive looked a veritable monster; yet were it placed beside the one I saw described to-day as being 'seventy-two men long and three men high,'

it would be a puny thing indeed, the fat engineer who was pulling its bell-cord being almost as big and round as its boiler.

Instead of crossing all the prairies of a State, I meant to journey, in memory, only over some piles in a lake and gaze meanwhile across a stretch of smooth water at a row of new white houses that were called 'The Marble Terrace' — or, more briefly, and also more commonly, 'Terrace Row' — and were flanked by statelier mansions of brick or wood having green swards before them and cupolas upon their roofs. Yes, and to look at steeples, too, that were taller than the tallest building and rose toward the skies above spreading shade trees. Moreover, where now there is land I can see in memory sailboats and rowboats a-many protected from white-capped waves by the wooden piles over which a train was rumbling; and at a muddy river's mouth, instead of steamers built of steel, there was a little busybody tugboat dragging at her hawser's end a topsail schooner, with mainsail flapping in the wind as lusty sailors hauled it aloft; while far as childish eyes could look the blue horizon of a lake was dotted with white sails.

When the puffing locomotive with a clanging bell upon its brass-bound boiler rounded a curve, these pleasing sights were hidden by unlovely houses built of wood, each with a 'week's wash' dangling from a clothes-line in its back yard. Soon tumble-down shanties came into view, with piles of rubbish behind them, and ragged children before them playing in an unpaved street; while at each muddy crossing there were burly teamsters sit-



THE LAKE FRONT, CHICAGO, LOOKING NORTHEAST FROM NEAR TERRACE ROW

THE MARBLE TERRACE

ting, cud of tobacco in mouth and whip in hand, upon the lofty seats of drays, express-wagons, and two-wheeled carts, all waiting for the train to pass; aye, and whiskered farmers, too, were to be seen perched high up on loads of hay, or, goad in hand, standing nigh knee-deep in mud beside the cattle they are driving toward a slaughter-house.

Then the train from which the child had seen these sights suddenly came to a stop amid yellow lumber piled symmetrically upon the bank of a malodorous river, a little ball of warning having been hoisted upon the pinnacle of a bridge, and a brawny Irishman having begun to push a lever round and round slowly and perspiringly like a slave of old harnessed to a grist-mill. When a white schooner from Muskegon or Manistee, laden to her wales with fragrant pine, had been dragged by a snorting tug past a red turn-bridge, the waiting train patiently sped on, and soon was rumbling through the waving grass of a prairie where now are the humble homes of the thousands upon thousands of toiling human souls that have come to it from every land on earth. But there was scarcely a house upon it at the time I have in mind, and only a corduroy road or two across it, over the rough planks of which farmers in springless wagons drove their crops to market.

Alas! I have wandered again beyond a youthful city's limits; therefore let me hasten to a pleasing street that was lined on both sides with spreading horse-chestnut trees. Here there were staid houses surrounded by green lawns, and blocks of 'marble fronts,' as they were

called, on the 'stoops' of which the occupants sat in the twilight, palm-leaf fan in hand, while a bishop drove by in a stylish carriage to set their tongues a-wagging; for the street was West Washington Street, and the bishop was Bishop Whitehouse of Anglican mien and manner, who gave distinction to a rough-and-ready city in the days of its youth. He gave it something to gossip about, too, his splendour being such as never before had been seen in it. In fact, he so set a modest neighbourhood agog as to make it wonder whether to be flattered or shocked by his presence. Still, in looking back upon these primitive days, I feel him to have been a metropolitan in a dual sense, whose broadening influence was needed in a city that barely twoscore years before that time had been but a little frontier post from the stockaded fort of which Colonel Zachary Taylor and Lieutenant Jefferson Davis had sallied forth in pursuit of Black Hawk and his painted warriors.

Tall, lanky, sallow Abe Lincoln, a river pilot out of a job down on the banks of the Sangamon, went forth to fight them, too; although, by his own confession, he did not know how to put the company of which he was elected captain *endwise* in order to get it through a gate. But with that genius for extricating himself from ticklish situations which was to stand him in good stead in later years, he gave in that perplexing moment the homely, yet comprehensible, command, 'This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in on the other side of the fence.'

A gawky captain of militia, even though he became

one of the greatest of men, is a far cry, however, from the polished bishop who gave to West Washington Street in the days of my childhood not only an aristocratic standing in the community it has long since lost, but a bone of contention as well; for while the Episcopal cathedral over which he presided stood within its shaded precincts, the spires of other churches arose there, too, beneath which worshippers sat on the Sabbath to whom gaiters and shovel hats appeared in the light of popery. In fact, it was a street so puritanical that the toys of many of its children were put under lock and key on Saturday at supper time, their hapless little owners being not only forbidden to play with them, but with one another until sundown on the following day, at which hour might be heard the small boy's whoop of unrestrained joy.

Over half a century has passed since those pristine days, yet I seem to hear through the shutters of a belfry the doleful clanging of a bell, and in a street where stately trees cast shadows on a pavement made of wooden blocks see rows of demure houses converging on a little park where there is an artificial lake with rowboats on its rippling waters, and a sunken pit in which a giant bear is pacing back and forth contentedly, while I, wretched boy, must go to church and listen to a minister in a white choker preach everlastingly upon hell and its everlasting fire. I see, in memory, too, the gates of picket fences swing open and hear the squeak of Sunday shoes upon the wooden sidewalks of a highly respectable street, as flounces, leghorn bonnets, and lace shawls

folded crosswise mingle with flopping broadcloth coats and stovepipe hats, the straight and circumscribed brims of which are typical of the ancestry of those who wear them, they being descended in great part from the austere men and women who, in the words of a recent historian of their rock-bound coast, 'left an abiding stamp upon the New England consciousness.'

That consciousness had been brought to Chicago by earnest pioneers who had trekked there in covered wagons or braved the storms of inland seas. And there it had been planted in a virgin soil beside a pioneer spirit less rigid, by far, yet fully as courageous — the spirit of the Old Dominion, I mean, which had blazed a trail across bold mountains to blue-grass plains, and thence had journeyed northward in the hearts of men at a time when the digging of a canal from lake to river transformed a little frontier post into a bustling city of a hundred thousand souls. Lest this picture of Chicago's inheritance appear to be overdrawn, its truth may be attested by Mr. Robert Shackleton, a writer who, being neither a native nor an adopted son of hers, should be free from the suspicion of having inherited a certain tendency for which, I fear, she is noted.

'Chicago's greatness,' says he, 'her unique qualities, her amazing rise and advance as a city, came from an unusual and balanced combination of the best blood of New England and of the South.'

Yet in West Washington Street, in the days of long ago, I did not think either of the blood flowing in my own veins or in those of my strait-laced elders, but

THE COURT HOUSE IN CHICAGO IN 1860

rather of the joyful fact that the Sabbath Day was over, and that on Monday morning, bright and early, Sam, an old negro coachman who had 'come up North befo' de wah by de "undergroun'," ' as he used to delight in telling, would drive me downtown behind a 'span' of black horses with white fly-nets on their glossy backs.

Still, there was an ordeal to be endured upon that Monday morning almost as trying as going to church. I would go in spooky darkness through the new tunnel under the river and hear the steamboats tooting overhead; and I would pass a brownstone court house standing in the midst of a little park, and perhaps hear the big bell on its roof ring an alarm of fire. I might even, in case I were exceedingly lucky, see a red hose-cart drawn by a galloping horse, and a lumbering fire-engine belching sparks and smoke, and perhaps a hook-and-ladder, too, with firemen in shiny leather hats clinging to it: yet the sad fact remained that I must go downtown dressed up in a clean white frock with a blue sash across the shoulder, and stand perfectly still while young Mr. Pickering painted my portrait. There wouldn't be the slightest chance to skylark, either, since old Mr. Healy, with tousled hair, which looked as if it had never been brushed in all his life, would be painting my mother's portrait, too, in that same dingy room that smelt so horribly of paint, and had nothing in it to see but easels and palettes and the backs of half-finished pictures, with their faces turned to the wall.

Yes, my mother's eye, worse luck, would be upon me all the time. Ah, but if I were a good little boy and did

not move or fret, perhaps she would let me ride on the iron lions in front of Gossage's store, when that tiresome old sitting was over, and she went shopping in State Street. Besides, that bitter business of having a portrait painted could not last forever and soon Forepaugh's Circus would be coming to town, with its red band in a gilded wagon drawn by six white horses, its cages filled with roaring lions and snarling tigers; its elephant with flapping ears and a trunk that looked like a big black snake, reaching out for peanuts and candy; its funny clown in a donkey cart; and its pretty ladies and plumed cavaliers riding on piebald ponies, with shaggy manes and tails that swept the ground. And, joy of joys, it would pitch its tents in a vacant lot that stood 'catty-corner' across the street from the house where I dwelt.

In case you should only know the grandeur of a 'greatest show on earth,' with acrobats, bareback riders, girls on trapezes, Japs on slack wires, lions, stallions, and a troupe of silly clowns all performing in three rings at once, you will have no conception, I fear, of the intimate charm of the old-fashioned circus, with its single ring, its single clown (ah, but he was an artist, too), and its single ring-master, with waxed mustache and shiny boots, who was manager and proprietor, too, likely as not, as was Adam Forepaugh, whom I have in mind.

Oh, to sit once more upon a bending board, with legs dangling in air! Oh, to munch again sweet-smelling peanuts or drink pink lemonade and, at the same time, see a pretty rider with a red rose in her hair pirouetting in pink tights upon the back of a fat horse, while a

courtly ring-master cracks his whip, and a white clown his jokes! What joy to sit so near a circus ring that you are actually spattered with sawdust! So near, in fact, that you can even whiff the musk perfume upon a gauze skirt when the dashing equestrienne jumps through a paper-covered hoop that a clown, upon a painted tub, is holding. 'Hoop-la!' she shouts, 'Hoop-la!' A white horse gallops faster, faster, so it seems. It is but an illusion, alas! produced by the faster cracking of a whip and the faster wheezing of a trombone out of tune. 'Dream on,' says Oliver Wendell Holmes; 'there's nothing but illusion true!'

Yet childhood had its realities, too, that are as pleasing or as vivid in their recollection as its illusions — that of sitting atop a swaying stage-coach drawn by six galloping horses, for example, or else of seeing shaggy buffaloes sweeping in a cloud of dust over sand and sage-brush in numbers so great that a train must wait to let them pass, while wanton passengers fire cruel shots at them. In memory, also, I see herds of antelope scampering over the plains, and quaint little prairie-dogs, sitting on their haunches beside friendly rattlesnakes. Rough miners, too, kneeling pan in hand, before a rushing stream, and, far cry though it be, my own little self upon the deck of the *Robert E. Lee* as she glides past the red redoubts of Vicksburg only a few years after their grim guns had spoken. Yes, and I see smoke arising from the slender chimneys of white steamers moored to the bustling levees of New Orleans, and negro roustabouts, bent to the weight of barrel or bale, 'coonjining' up a

gangplank under the stern eye of a mate whose jaw is constantly moving, and whose hands are plunged in the pockets of trousers that are tucked in his boots.

Still, of all the memories of childhood, the most vivid, by far, is that of a night when from an attic window I gazed at tongues of fire that were lapping the sky and listened to the bell upon a distant court house tolling a city's knell. I was only six years old at the time, yet I remember, as if I had seen them only yesterday, the houses of West Washington Street illuminated by a lurid light, and in the red heavens beyond them blazing embers borne on the wings of a gale. And amid the constant roar of flames I seem to hear the crash of falling walls or the far-off boom of the powder General Sheridan was exploding in order to halt the merciless march of a fire that through a night of horror sped on and on, yet spared the pretty, tree-lined street in which I lived.

When the sun rose over a wind-swept lake, a pall of smoke, with gleaming fire beneath it, lay upon a stricken city. I drove then, with my mother, in her carriage to Canal Street and saw a lone fire-engine pumping water from the river, while weary men in rubber coats held, pointed toward a blazing warehouse, the nozzle of a hose from which a muddy stream was gushing. They might as well have squirted perfume from a lady's atomizer, since, cloud upon cloud, black smoke arose from a blazing city, while red flames burst from window and roof, or ruins smouldered as a giant fire swept past the walls of brick and mortar which man

THE BURNING OF CHICAGO

From a lithograph published in 1871 by Currier & Ives, New York. The flames as shown indicate a north wind. This was an error, for the wind was from the south during the fire.

had vainly called fire-proof, then over the impotent waters of a river at which it roared defiance.

It was not a time for idle sight-seeing, as my mother saw; so I was driven home, although reluctantly, I must confess, the awe-inspiring sight I had seen being preferable by far to that of the pitiful refugees who soon began to troop through West Washington Street.

All that day they came, and all the next day as well; some in tears, some frenzied with fear, and some bearing bravely the burden of their sorry lot. They were lodged, so far as was humanly possible, in the churches and schools or else in private dwellings, while on the vacant lot where the tents of a circus had been pitched, barracks were hurriedly built in which for weeks, aye, even for months, the most destitute among them lived upon the charity of their fellow men.

In looking down in memory from my nursery window upon that camp of misery, not with compassion, alas! but rather with childish wonder, I find its most enthralling aspect to have been that of a company of Zouaves, in baggy red trousers and funny caps, with fuzzy tassels dangling from them, that marched into it one morning, with bugles blaring, for the purpose of keeping its wretched denizens from pillaging one another.

At that tender age I did not appreciate in all its unselfish beauty the philosophy of the golden rule; yet during a great calamity I was made to practise it in a way that has been helpful to me ever since. All one day the homeless had been begging at our door, and so

tender was my mother's heart that when nightfall came I found I had been bereft of all my wardrobe except the velvet suit, with a silver buckle on its belt, of which I was inordinately proud. No sooner had I been tucked away for the night in my crib than the doorbell rang anew, and fearing the worst, I crept stealthily to the head of the stairs. In the hall below I saw a bearded man with tears in his eyes who was pleading with my mother. In his arms was a boy of about my own age, with a nightgown the only stitch to his back, and to him, as may readily be imagined, my one remaining suit was given.

Until other clothes could be procured for me, I was kept in bed, and, the stores of the city being then in ashes, obliged, alas! to mourn for several days in solitude the loss of my most cherished possession. 'Charity,' says Pope, 'is all mankind's concern,' a lesson I was taught by the Chicago Fire.

II

IN a world where political, religious, and ethical beliefs that have long been held dear are being destroyed or altered before my very eyes, to accept the new order of things as being, on the whole, a change for the better would seem to be the part of wisdom. Nevertheless, I am inclined to suspect that almost as many crimes are being committed to-day in the name of that magical word 'progress' as once were laid by Madame Roland at the door of liberty; or at least that the countless changes that are being made are not all to be viewed in the light of 'good deeds shining in a naughty world.'

But this is a progressive age, declare you of a generation 'knocking,' as Ibsen has said, 'at the door' — or, as Mr. G. K. Chesterton has put it more aptly, 'entering without knocking' — an age in which youth may express itself freely both in life and in art.

Alas, unless it be lived in abject loneliness upon a desert isle, life is never free from restraint; and I suspect that Cicero was right when he said two thousand years ago, that 'in art, the chief thing is that what you do shall be befitting.' I am sure, at least, that I agree with Mr. Ramsay Macdonald — who is not to be dismissed with Cicero as an old fogy of a bygone day — in his contention that 'we cannot do without ceremony, and cannot do without art, but are only allowed to choose whether our ceremony or our art shall be dignified or vulgar.' All of which has nothing to do with the Chicago

of fifty years ago, I readily admit, save that in a city of three hundred thousand souls, there was more dignity and less vulgarity, I believe, than now in one of three millions.

There was more piety, too, the Chicagoans who did not attend church being anathema, then, in the eyes of their neighbours. Yet the piety of that day verged upon sanctimoniousness, even my father being looked upon askance, by some, because he played whist, and my mother, by others, for permitting dancing in her house. Ah, but there was one custom of those strait-laced days, the comity of which I sorely miss — that of calling on 'New Year's,' which, burdensome though it no doubt was to hostess and caller alike, was indeed a courtly custom free from the rowdyism and vulgarity of 'seeing,' or rather drinking the New Year in that has succeeded it.

Indeed, no more pleasing recollection remains to me than that of New Year's day, half a century ago. I can even hear the sleigh-bells jingling in West Washington Street and the snow being crunched beneath the wheels of carriages, as I think of my mother in a stately velvet gown puffed out behind by a bustle, standing, fan in hand, beneath a blazing chandelier to receive the callers who troop through her 'parlour' in order to extend a white-gloved hand, and wish her a happy New Year. Though the sun is still shining, the curtains are drawn and the gas-jets lighted, evening dress being, in the language of the time, 'de rigueur.'

But to a little boy who peeps from behind a curtain,

a more entrancing sight, by far, than velvet gowns and swallow-tails is that of escalloped oysters, chicken salad, ice-cream and chocolate cake; for while grinning darkies are passing goodies such as these and pretty girls with curls that nestle on their alabaster necks are pouring steaming coffee into china cups, or filling crystal glasses with lemon sherbet, and smiling meanwhile with maidenly coyness at the mustached or bearded swains who are waiting to be served by their fair hands, a childish mouth is watering, in memory, upon a day of days. In Ashland Avenue, Kentucky belles were wont, I have been told, to dispense egg-nog on New Year's Day, and even old Madeira that had journeyed round the Horn; but in West Washington Street the tenets of New England governed. In fact, not until I disturbed the decorum of the Langham Hotel with my childish cries, did I see wine at table, or learn that dinner was other than a noonday meal.

'Blessed is simplicity,' said Thomas à Kempis, a sentiment that recalls the time when my father carved at the head of his table, and I observed him patiently, hoping that a drumstick would remain unbespoken when it became my turn to be served. The luscious odour of that turkey haunts my nostrils still, and I can see, with longing in my eyes, a Lowestoft dish heaped high with potatoes that are mashed in cream and crowned with melting butter. Yes, and another filled with peas that were picked by my own little hand; for though I dwelt in a mansion surrounded by a lawn, in the midst of which a fountain spurted from a conch-shell poised upon

a smudge-faced cupid's palm, I had been taught to be useful, instead of ornamental.

Enclosed by an iron fence and shaded by spreading trees, this home of my boyhood stood a goodly distance back from the curb of West Washington Street. It was built of brick and was painted red, and it had green blinds upon its windows, and before it was bought by my father it had been the residence of Joseph Medill, editor-in-chief of the *Chicago Tribune*, and, after the Great Fire, mayor of the city. I had seen the Grand Duke Alexis Alexandrovitch drive up to its door one day, accompanied not only by its owner, but by General Sheridan, too, and therefore I thought it a proud mansion.

But when I went to dwell within it I had lived only eight years in what Mr. Arnold Bennett calls 'a jolly strange world'; therefore my memory of Joseph Medill is distinctly of a later day, when he had become exceedingly deaf and used to sit in his brownstone house in Cass Street, with a lean hand curled behind his ear. He was a man of surpassing mind, and I can fairly see the sparks of intellectual fire that used to flash from the keen little eyes that shone above a reddish beard, when, in a thin and rather high-pitched voice, he spoke terse words of wisdom.

He belonged to the school of personal journalism that ceased to exist, I venture to say, when he and Charles A. Dana, his contemporary, died. Horace Greeley, too, was of that school, and at the time when Joseph Medill was serving Chicago faithfully as its mayor, the editor of the

New York Tribune was waging a futile fight for the presidency. This, in fact, was the first political campaign I am able to recall, my most vivid recollection being of a huge 'Greeley hat' surrounded by pretty girls in red, white and blue dresses, that was borne through the streets on a waggon drawn by dappled greys. I remember the Republican 'Wide-Awakes,' too, in oilcloth cape and cap, marching in West Washington Street with blazing torch in hand. When they passed beneath my window, I cheered them lustily, my father being a Grant and Wilson partisan, and I an ardent little chip of the old block.

Politics are luring me, I fear, away from memories of a decorous street that was shaded in summer by spreading horse-chestnut trees, and, in winter, was covered with glistening snow over the surface of which pretty sleighs were wont to glide, their trotters spurred to greater speed by the cheers of fur-capped onlookers, who, to keep their feet from freezing, stamped in unison upon the icy sidewalks. Yet in the stirring times of torchlight parades and rousing speeches that were delivered either from hickory stumps at country cross-roads, or from flag-dressed platforms in vacant city lots, a political campaign had a zest as well as a picturesqueness one looks for in vain in these days when the candidate — a horde of star reporters at his elbow — journeys from coast to coast in a luxurious train, or, seated in the White House, broadcasts his speeches by radio.

Alas, in looking back to other days and thinking them

more pleasing than our own, I am forgetting that the pretty wife of a next-door neighbour eloped with a gay Lothario, and that the mother of one of my playmates ended her life by jumping over Niagara Falls. I am forgetting, too, that when I was a boy, a cannon was unlimbered on the Twelfth Street Bridge and that within a stone's throw of it, eighteen 'ragged commune wretches,' as Monroe Heath, then the city's mayor, had called them, were killed by the militia.

Upon that same riotous day, moreover, the police fired without warning into a peaceful meeting of unarmed workingmen, murdering an innocent journeyman and wounding several of his comrades. Yes, and with their clubs they even felled a helpless old man at the feet of a fair-minded employer who had come at the invitation of his men to discuss their grievances in a friendly spirit, necessity being, as William Pitt, the younger, has truly said, 'the plea for every infringement of human liberty.'

I heard the distant fusillades of those riots of '77 and drove in a buggy with the family coachman toward the scene of them, but was halted by a sentry and forced to return to a shady street, where I endeavoured to assuage my warlike curiosity by gazing at the ununiformed troopers of a citizens' patrol, riding beneath its trees, from time to time, with revolvers strapped to their belts and sabres of the Civil War jangling against the bony flanks of the street-car horses on which they were mounted. I saw a detachment of regulars, too, march into town with burnished rifles across their

shoulders and knapsacks on their backs — regulars who had been pursuing Indians on the war-path until a need more urgent for their services arose. Bronzed by the sun, and sinewy as greyhounds, they marched with sturdy step to no other music than the rhythmical rattling of canteens and bayonet sheaths. But no sooner had they encamped upon the Lake Front than peace began to reign within the city; they being soldiers of Uncle Sam, with whom, as the rioters well knew, it would be unwise to trifle.

To be able to point out the errors of a bygone day leads me to hope that the gate of youth is still ajar; for 'who,' as Montaigne has said, 'ever saw old age which did not praise the past and blame the present?' Yet the chasm separating me from youth is too great, I fear, to be bridged. In fact, when I see the young girl of to-day drinking in a darkened corner from the hip flask of a boy who, in the days of long ago, would already have been tucked in bed by his mother, or lasciviously dancing cheek to cheek with him — as I did last night, not in a brothel, but at a country club — I am tempted to exclaim with Terence: 'How many things become wrong and corrupt through the evil manners of the age!' Indeed, I long to turn time backward in its flight to the period when seemly girls with pretty curls and 'perfect gentlemen' in swallow-tails, danced the stately measures of the Lancers or 'The Prairie Queen' in my mother's 'parlour,' while Johnny Hand, the Viennese musician, called out the figures in his broken English and vehemently bowed his 'cello.

Among the many 'twinkling feet' I see, in memory, upon a crash-covered carpet are those of the regally beautiful Miss Delia Spencer, known to the world of to-day as Mrs. Marshall Field, and beloved in Washington and Chicago alike. I see Huntington Jackson, too, Chicago's handsomest man, waltzing with the charming bride of John M. Clark, whose talented daughter, Cecil Clark Davis, needs no introduction, I am sure. And as the music ceases, Miss 'Susie' King, a Titian beauty and a reigning belle, steps into the hall to catch her breath before a polka is played, her gloved hand resting on the arm of jovial 'Archie' Fisher whose rakish ways are frowned upon by many a strait-laced matron. Her fan is carried by Scott Keith, a misanthropic beau tempted to flee, like Alceste, 'unto a silent desert far from man's approach'; and her bouquet of moss roses is borne reverentially by 'Sandy' Forsyth of General Sheridan's staff, who, stiffened by an arrow wound, is following slowly in her wake.

She has, in sooth, set many a heart a-flutter, including the one in my own little breast. Yet when she passes me in the doorway where I stand beside my governess, she fails to reward my devotion with even so much as a smile, for my Uncle Wayne Chatfield has stepped to her side to tell her in his courtly way that Sheba's beautiful queen could not have had a tithe of her charm. He does not join her suite, however, but brings joy instead to the plainest wallflower in the room by asking her to dance, he being what Lord Byron has called 'a finished gentleman from top to toe.' Yes, and a dearest friend, as well

as dearest relative, let me add, to whose memory my heart pays loving tribute; for never have I known his equal either in courtesy or thoughtfulness, or in kindness of heart without ostentation.

If my uncle had a fault, it was an excessive reverence for birth, since he believed whole-heartedly that though men may be made of one metal, as a Scotch proverb says, they are not all cast in the same mould. He had a reverence for achievement, too, and because of it, he took me during my boyhood to call with him upon his friend, General Sheridan, so that in after years I might have the pleasurable memory of having known the hero of Cedar Run.

On that occasion, I acquitted myself badly, I fear, for when 'Little Phil' talked to me affably, I could only stammer, while blushing, a few unintelligible words. To gaze into the piercing eyes of a little red-faced man with a fat neck, and a beak-like nose beneath which grew both a grizzled mustache and a scrubby goatee, and try to picture him, meanwhile, not in a comfortable armchair, as I saw him, but riding 'in the grumble and rumble and roar of battle,' upon a steed 'as black as the steeds of night, from Winchester, twenty miles away,' was enough to tie the tongue of any boy, born, as was I, while the land was still rent by civil war. Standing in awe upon trembling legs, I was made dumb by the very thought of the man with whom I was face to face 'striking his spurs with a terrible oath' into the flanks of a charger grey with foam, then dashing down a battle-line amid a storm of loud huzzas, to check a wave of

retreat. The only words, in fact, that came to me — and they did not seem appropriate to the moment — were those of Thomas Buchanan Read which I had memorized at school:

> 'Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
> Hurrah! hurrah! for horse and man!
> And when their statues are placed on high,
> Under the dome of the Union sky,
> The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
> There with the glorious general's name
> Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
> "Here is the steed that saved the day
> By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
> From Winchester, twenty miles away!"'

You may laugh this doggerel to scorn; yet it has rung in my ears for fifty years, and thrills me even now; while of the mass of modern verse I read when serving on the advisory board of Miss Harriet Monroe's *Poetry*, scarcely a line remains in memory. This is said, however, in disparagement of a faulty mind rather than of the contents of a praiseworthy magazine. Indeed, I voted wholeheartedly to award the Levinson Prize to Carl Sandburg, his poems being redolent, not only of Chicago's sordidness but of its youth and enthusiasm, as well as of its veiled beauty when 'the fog comes on little cat feet' to sit 'looking over harbor and city on silent haunches, and then moves on.'

I recall a delightful hour, moreover, when on Mary Aldis's shaded lawn I listened to Vachel Lindsay's inimitable reading of 'A Chinese Nightingale.'

But I am wandering afar from Chicago's adolescence:

therefore let me hasten back in memory to a time when a long, squat building, round at both ends, stood upon the 'Lake Front.' It had innumerable doors and windows and three disproportionate domes, and upon its roof of glass there was a forest of poles from which fluttered the flags of all the nations of the earth. Indeed, with the possible exception of the Royal Albert Hall in London, I doubt if I have seen an uglier building. Yet when I first beheld it with an eager multitude before it waiting for its doors to open, it was not only with admiration but with pride, as well; since I walked hand in hand with a father on whose breast was a gold badge having the words 'Executive Committee Inter-State Industrial Exposition' engraven upon it.

While ordinary mortals stood in line to buy red pasteboard tickets that would permit of seeing the wonders within, I walked exultingly through a private entrance to feast my boyish eyes unhampered upon the flag-adorned booths of a thousand exhibitors. When the doors were finally opened to the multitude and the strains of martial music arose from the glistening instruments of Vaas & Hoffmann's uniformed band, I sat, while innumerable wheels were turning, in an ornate pavilion where twenty-five young women were operating as many buzzing machines in the process of manufacturing, before the eyes of a marvelling public, the pinions and wheels of a make of watches, one of the three or four varieties of which bore the name of the father of whom I was inordinately proud.

On the spot where I sat, steps lead upward, now,

between bronze lions to the portal of a stately edifice built in the style of the Italian Renaissance, and in which its spirit dwells. Though its stones are already grimed by the coal-dust of years, there stood for two decades upon its site, an historic, yet ungainly structure that was known to my generation as the 'Exposition Building' — historic, I say, because beneath its domed roof many an event occurred that was of moment, not only to the city but to the Nation, also.

It is befitting, I think, that an Art Institute should occupy the site of this building of another day erected in order to house an exposition, the purpose of which was: 'To exhibit in systematic arrangement, in one immense collection, the products of all kinds of mechanical, *artistic*, and industrial skill and labour, including the products of manufacturers, mines, inventions, agriculture, horticulture, *painting*, *sculpture*, and all the trades and *arts*, together with the raw and wrought materials of commerce in all forms'; and to provide, furthermore, 'for *musical* and other popular entertainments' in an exposition intended 'to be national as well as metropolitan in scope.'

The resolutions setting forth these all-embracing purposes of 'The Inter-State Industrial Exposition,' were presented, I am proud to say, by my father at a meeting of its organizers held at the Sherman House barely more than a year after seventeen thousand of the city's buildings had been destroyed by fire and a third of its inhabitants had been made homeless. Painting and sculpture are coupled somewhat incongruously with

industry and agriculture, it is true; yet these resolutions gave birth, I believe, to the first artistic endeavour of the city after a holocaust had laid it low.

An Academy of Design, of which E. B. McCagg was the leading spirit, had been organized a few years previously; yet fire had destroyed not only its feeble collections, but, as a chronicler of the time has said, 'the demand for art,' as well. The present Art Institute is the successor of this academy, but where it stands an exhibition of painting and sculpture used to be held annually in conjunction with a display of commercial, mechanical, and agricultural products in the building that was erected in furtherance of the resolutions presented by my father at the Sherman House — an exhibition inspired, let me add, not by him, but by James H. Dole. It was managed so ably by Miss Sarah Hallowell that within its galleries Americans had their first opportunity of viewing paintings from the studios of artists such as Cazin, Meissonier, and Sir John Millais. Among the exhibitors of native birth, moreover, were Whistler, Sargent, Chase, Eastman Johnson, and David Neal, the works of some of whom were to be seen when the doors of the Exposition Building, the memory of which is dear to me, were opened for the first time, in the year 1873.

In the words of Major Joseph Kirkland, Chicago's pioneer man of letters, as well as her historian: 'This annual exhibition of art was not so thoroughly appreciated on this side of the Atlantic as on the other, where it was generally known among artists as the

American Salon. Strange to say, there was nothing of its eclectic character and high standard in either New York or Boston.' Major Kirkland spoke not of to-day, but of a time when the pictures that gave this exhibition so high a standing were shown in a remote part of a building in which machines were whirring, while the Illinois Central engines were 'tooting' as he says, 'just outside,' and, amid the scent of popcorn, 'a brass band was banging bravely, from a gallery.'

After walking for hours while machinery was ceaselessly grinding, I, the young philistine, used to wander sometimes into a remote and softly lighted room and there rest a tired little body upon a cushioned settee. Because they were before my eyes, rather than through any innate love for them, I used to gaze at the pictures hanging on its walls, and in time I became unconsciously absorbed by their beauty. I am bound to confess, however, that Bouguereau's fleshly brush-strokes had a greater charm for my adolescence than the infinite technical resources of one who possessed, not only the art of making enemies, but likewise that of painting in a magical way.

Still, in looking backward to that time, I find that the picture I remember best is not by a painter such as these, whom you and I both know, but by a man whose very name I have forgotten. In an oblong gilt frame it hangs, in memory, on a wall of the old Exposition Building, and it shows me General Washington rebuking Charles Lee, the renegade, upon the field of Monmouth. In the background, a spick and span regiment of British

grenadiers is seen retreating, while in the foreground a detachment of ragged and battle-scarred Continentals are resting on their arms while listening to the righteous anger of the chieftain who has ridden upon a bloody field too late to undo the blunder of the coward, or more likely, the traitor, who is sitting his horse with bowed head, but with a look of sullen hatred in his hangdog face.

At Monmouth, Washington 'swore like an angel from Heaven,' a soldier who fought in that battle has said; and it is as a militant angel who knew just when to swear that I like to think of him. In fact, until I saw that picture, the Father of my Country was, to me, a good little boy with a hatchet in his hand, who could not tell a lie, or else a stern patrician in a velvet coat whose bag-wig placed him far beyond my ken.

After I saw him depicted swearing at General Lee, I began to regard him in the light of a human being instead of the aloof demigod of my schoolroom. To-day, I hold with Thackeray, whose fellow countrymen he fought, in believing that 'here indeed is a character to admire and revere — a life without a stain, a fame without a flaw.' And with the late William Roscoe Thayer — surely an able judge of men — I look upon Washington as 'the greatest of Americans, if not the greatest of men.'

III

FROM the gallery of a building that is ablaze with bunting I gaze in memory, as a lad of fifteen, upon a sea of perspiring heads out of which thirty-eight banners arise, each inscribed with the name of a State. On a flag-decked platform the officials of the Republican Party are listening, palm-leaf fan in hand, to the oratory of Roscoe Conkling whose beard nestles pompously upon his breast like the beak of a pigeon. He is placing in nomination for the presidency one whom he declares never to have been defeated in peace or in war, and whose name is 'the most illustrious borne by living man.' Thunderous applause shakes the roof and dies beneath it; then the audience is thrilled anew as these stirring words flow from the speaker's lips:

> 'When asked what state he hails from,
> Our sole reply shall be —
> He hails from Appomattox,
> And its famous apple tree.'

After the consequential senator from a consequential State has said with fitting gesture that the Republican Party, 'its ensigns resplendent with illustrious achievements, is marching to certain and lasting victory with its greatest Marshal at its head,' and after the rafters have trembled once more to the shouts of a multitude, three hundred partisans vote unwaveringly for their hero throughout thirty-five futile ballots; and meanwhile a

Plumed Knight's lance is shattered in a last onslaught upon a stalwart phalanx. Then an untried chieftain steps forth, who throughout six gruelling days has been but one of many hopeful delegates sitting on the floor of a convention, or moving stealthily up and down an aisle in order to whisper a strategic word in the ear of a henchman. Alas for pinning faith to fickle votes! In the words of a limerick of that year eighteen hundred and eighty which have remained in memory ever since:

> 'When Grant heard the news from Chicago
> He felt like a ship without cargo.
> He sent no dispatch,
> But took up a match,
> And lit it to make his cigar go!'

When the nominee went forth I stood at the door of the Exposition Building and saw the flush of pleasure on his face; and when he waved his slouch hat triumphantly I shouted with a frenzied multitude, 'Hurrah for Garfield!' Yet before that fateful hour, to me, as to many another in that throng, the very name had been unknown.

I have been a sweltering onlooker at many another of the gatherings at which presidents are nominated; yet that seventh convention of the Republican Party stands forth preëminently in my recollection as a battle fought and lost by men who, in their day, were titans. Yet in thinking of those stirring times the bearded face of Grant is not the first to come to mind, nor that of James G. Blaine, but rather the smoothly shaven one of Zachariah Chandler, the Wolverine, with its Grecian

nose, determined lip, and shock of grey hair in forensic dishevelment.

In case you are not of my generation, the name, likely as not, is unknown to you; yet before Sumter had been fired upon 'Zach' Chandler of Michigan horrified the Nation by declaring that 'without a little blood-letting the Union would not be worth a rush.' Moreover, when Lincoln called for volunteers to the paltry number of seventy-five thousand, he was upbraided by this fiery senator, yet canny merchant, for not demanding half a million at least.

To me the memory of 'Zach' Chandler's face is vivid because, in a room at the Grand Pacific Hotel adjoining my own, I saw it with the pallor of death upon it on a November morning long ago. I agree with Byron, however, in disliking to see a human soul take wing; therefore I will close the door of a chamber death had entered in the night without warning, and descend at once to a hotel lobby in which slouch-hatted politicians are sitting in leather-covered chairs, while chewing the ends of long cigars.

In its heyday, John B. Drake, its Boniface, gave to the Grand Pacific a touch that was at once urbane and hospitable; for while at convention time the comfortable corners of its lobby were usurped by the henchmen of Grant, Blaine, Logan, and Garfield, many an estimable citizen of the town resided upon one of the floors above it the whole year round — dignified J. MacGregor Adams, as an instance, or comely Huntington Jackson, whose equal in courtliness it would be difficult to find

to-day, or brusque old John Crerar, the confirmed and crusty bachelor whose monument is the library bearing his name. Lordly N. K. Fairbank, too, of immaculate attire, although he dwelt elsewhere, was frequently to be seen beneath the Grand Pacific's roof, as was gigantic 'Long John' Wentworth, descendant of a Tory governor of New Hampshire, and dressed by day, as well as by night, in a 'swallow tail,' his massive head, crowned by a 'stove-pipe' hat, arising above other heads in the lobby like 'a tower that, firmly set, shakes not its top for any blast that blows.'

Although a promiscuous human lot was to be found on the lower floor of the Grand Pacific, in the carpeted parlours above it, and especially in a long dining-room when coloured waiters were hastening through it, bearing trays of dishes from beneath the covers of which luscious odours were escaping, men and women of both dignity and consequence were to be found. In fact, some of the city's best were dining there, and a few, such as William Monroe, the Canadian who out-Britished the British in manner, were wining as well; and meanwhile a head-waiter from London town was moving importantly from table to table, or exchanging a pleasing word with a guest whom he felt to be worthy his attention, he being an exalted kind of servitor you must needs address as 'Mr. Murray' in tones that were respectful, if you would not go hungry to bed.

Upon a certain evening of the year, moreover, the breasts of both Mr. Drake and 'Mr. Murray' were inflated inordinately with pride, their shirt-bosoms

being then as lustrous as the occasion itself. Even the white teeth of the black minions shone with an unwonted brilliance, as their lips parted in broadening smiles of welcome while they drew back the chairs of the tables they served in order to receive the patriciate of the city, advancing in all its finery into the long dining-room to a march played by 'Johnny' Hand.

If, as Bernard Shaw declares, 'there is no love sincerer than the love of food,' the Grand Pacific was then the place of all places for its requital. There were no tongues of humming-birds to batten on, to be sure, yet there were tongues of buffaloes, as well as loins of bear — brown, black or cinnamon, *au choix;* likewise antelope steaks, roast beaver, 'possum' or raccoon, Scotch grouse, plover, prairie-chicken, and many a game-bird of a species now so rare that even the pot-hunter knows not its haunts, the occasion I would picture being the annual game-dinner of the Grand Pacific Hotel at which the meat of every beast that roamed a continent was served, as well as that of every bird that flew its air — a feast, in short, such as only 'a very valiant trencher-man' might compass, and survive.

But in expatiating upon the bountifulness of the Grand Pacific I am slighting its rival, the Palmer House, where I also lodged in boyhood. It had a lobby, too, through which humanity in all its conditions trooped the whole day long, and where a cuspidor awaited the expectorant guest beside each leather-covered chair.

The Nation, luckily, has overcome the loathsome

habit which Dickens, when travelling in the land, called 'an exaggeration of nastinesss'; but the strident voices that reverberated then through public places are still uncurbed, I fear. 'The lip-laziness of Americans' Mr. Edward W. Bok has called the national failure to modulate vocal tones and enunciate distinctly, we Americans being known in other lands, he says, 'for our slurring speech and our careless pronunciation.' To find one whose Americanization is not in doubt speaking in so caustic a way about a national shortcoming, leads one to hope that it may, in time, be corrected; for, as Mr. Bok declares, 'To speak well should be, as it can be, the hall-mark of the American.' Lip-laziness, alas, is not a failing of American manhood alone, and having had the temerity to say so, I shall bring to the attention of the other sex these poignant words of H. C. Bunner, who, in his day, was the editor of a periodical known, far and wide, for its Americanism. 'A lady,' said he, 'is a woman who thinks in a high tone, but who speaks in a low tone.'

Already, in the bypath into which I have wandered, I hear the hum of angry hornets; therefore, I shall scamper back at once to the lobby of the Palmer House whence I fled, in memory, at the sight of the 'spittoons' upon its marble floor and the sound of nasal voices reverberating beneath its vaulted ceiling. In these respects, however, it did not differ from the lobby of the Grand Pacific, or, in fact, from that of any hotel of the period. A refectory, too, was to be found on the floor above it, in which coloured waiters scurried to and fro

with trays of dishes balanced on their upturned palms; yet I recall no one of 'Mr.' Murray's dignity, or parts, to escort you to your seat. Furthermore, although you might occasionally see the grey head of the proprietor through the glass partition of his counting-room, he was a man of such varied endeavours that he failed to give to his hotel a touch of hospitality as personal as that of John B. Drake.

In the barber-shop of the Palmer House there was a floor inlaid with silver dollars to dazzle a boy's eyes with their ostentation; and adjoining the office of this hotel there was a spacious 'billiard parlour' in which at all hours males of all ages, in their shirt-sleeves, were to be seen leaning luxatedly upon the sides of ponderous tables, or chalking the ends of slender cues, while watching intently the course of an ivory ball a rival's skill had impelled. There, a boy's money, when it burned in his pocket, was quickly dissipated, to make a delicate carom or a difficult bank shot being an ambition of the time akin to that of driving two hundred and fifty yards at golf or of smashing an unreturnable ball down 'the alley' of a tennis court, outdoor sport, save rowdy baseball in a vacant lot, having been a joy unknown to the boy of my generation.

But the door of the 'billiard parlour' was not the only one in the hotel of long ago which, when open, might tempt not merely a saint, as the proverb says, but a callow youth as well. There was, in fact, in the Palmer House, and in the Grand Pacific, too, a mirrored retreat in which throughout the day, and half the night as well,

a white-jacketed demon with mustaches waxed satanically was engaged in placing unstoppered bottles upon a mahogany counter, in order that the tippler with a crimson nose, or his sallow confrère with a trembling hand, might fill a tiny tumbler to a height, according to the state of vitiation, of two, three, or four fingers placed horizontally beside it; then swallow at a gulp the potion thus measured of hell's fiery water. To an onlooker of tender years peeking between a pair of slat doors, whenever they happened to swing open, this glistening Tartarus appeared an alluring place; yet by many a tormented soul within it hope had been abandoned.

There was temptation, too, of an even more insidious nature lurking for the fledgling within a stone's throw of these hotels; since in streets adjacent to them were windows in which the cyprian sat in scanty attire, beckoning to the passerby. Indeed, I consider it lucky that my sojourns at both the Grand Pacific and the Palmer House were of a transient, rather than of a domiciliary kind, and that after my father's death I spent a goodly portion of my youth abroad; for while I am inclined to suspect that in my native city there was then more courtliness in human intercourse, more veneration for age and its achievements, and even more reverence for God than now obtains, there was less public decency, I am sure, or, in case you prefer the phrasing, less curbing of personal liberty.

Once upon a time, in fact, not only Chicago, but New York, too, was inhabited by the boodler and the boodled, American cities having been during the last quarter of

the nineteenth century helpless in the hands of whiskey and its concomitants — the heeler, the barkeeper, and the tough. In the glare of the street lamp, the gambler and the scarlet woman roamed, then, at will in search of their prey. To-day they are forced to seek cover, and so is the briber, who once flashed his roll of greenbacks beneath the very dome of the legislative hall. In fact, the wrongs of to-day are not to be charged to the corrupt politician, so much as to the jurist and the lawyer, or, if not to these, to the sentimentalists who urge our laws upon us; for, as Chief Justice Taft has courageously, as well as truly said: 'Criminal Justice has become a byword throughout the land,' and the administration of criminal law, 'a disgrace to civilization.'

But if the age of which I have been dreaming was one of political corruption and the flaunting of vice, it was, so far as concerned Chicago, an age of wonderful growth and accomplishment. It took but a decade of striving, in truth, to change a provincial town of a few hundred thousand souls into a metropolis housing a full million, to which the curious came from the four corners of the earth, to look, and then to marvel.

When this had come about the bony horse with a tinkling bell upon his collar was no longer to be seen dragging a 'bob-tailed car' through State Street, or the 'rockaway' of the leading citizen to be found before the door of Field's, with the backs of its long-tailed horses enmeshed in fly-nets and an unliveried 'hired man' dozing beneath its protruding roof. Almost in a jiffy, ca-

bles began to whirr beneath the streets to drag the cars that clutched them; and meanwhile the English coachman took his seat upon the box of the victoria or brougham. Meanwhile, too, the doors of the houses in Prairie Avenue and in Rush Street began to be opened by supercilious men-servants, instead of by frowsy 'second girls,' the town having travelled a pace during the years when I had been sojourning abroad, or attending college. When, after my graduation, I returned to it, I found it driving in a 'top-hat' to the races behind horses with gay rosettes upon their head-stalls, and tails that were fashionably docked. Indeed, I doubt if Chicago has been, at any time, more cosmopolitan than during the eighties and early nineties. It was then that 'Cardinal Bemis' of the Richelieu gave it the best food and drink it ever tasted; then, too, that, from his hostelry in Michigan Avenue, a line of vehicles stretched right up to the steps of the club house in Washington Park.

The parade in Chicago upon 'Derby Day' was, in fact, almost as catholic as that to Epsom Downs — for side by side with the wife of the millionaire in her victoria, drove that of his purveyor in a rattle-trap of a surrey, to the spavined nag of which he clucked lustily while slapping his back with the reins and shouting 'Git ap!' My lord of industry, too, sat ill-at-ease in his mail-phaeton, with a groom from London on the seat behind him to whisper how the reins and whip were to be held without tangling the one or dropping the other. But the whiskered old codger who passed him in a buggy would

eye him scornfully, meanwhile, over the rim of a pair of spectacles, and refuse to budge so much as an inch for him, even though he were the world's greatest manufacturer of gluten, or its most successful cornerer of grain.

In the Derby Day parade, moreover, were 'sea-going hacks,' as they were styled, a-plenty, in which flashy young 'sports' sat with their arms around the wasp-like waists of pretty coryphées from Rice's 'Evangeline' troupe, or that of 'Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves.' There were express-wagons, too, with pine boards athwart them, in which an entire family — even to the baby in arms — fared to the races. If you would avoid the sight of humble lovers of the horse, you must stand in cliquish aloofness upon the verandah of the Washington Park Club at the hour when the wealthy and well-born of the town were alighting from victorias, stanhopes, dog-carts and tilburies, or else descending from the roof of a lofty drag against the glistening side of which a ladder was being held by an imperturbable groom, whilst another stood at the heads of a sleek team of bays, chestnuts, or roans, the 'ribbons' of which were in the gloved hands of 'Charlie' Schwartz, Valentine Dickey, or Hall McCormick, Chicago's pioneers in coaching.

But I have already written of that age of the horse in Miss Caroline Kirkland's 'Chicago Yesterdays'; therefore I shall turn from it — though not without reluctance — in order to dwell in memory on a tree-lined street where lived the triumvirate of Dii Majores whom

William T. Stead, the caustic Englishman, once called 'Chicago's Trinity.' Indeed, if he is to be credited, Marshall Field, P. D. Armour, and George M. Pullman were revered by Chicagoans far more than was the Deity — an exaggeration, no doubt; yet true in so far that the average young man of the city longed to emulate these Crœsuses, and to exercise a power such as they wielded.

But if in Cicero's day the manners of Rome became 'corrupted and depraved through admiration of wealth,' it is but natural that those of a young commercial metropolis should have been affected by an undue reverence for its three most successful money-makers. They were exceptional men, moreover, each in his way, possessing in marked degree the love for Chicago and faith in her destiny that is characteristic of her sons, both native and adopted.

The foremost of these workaday Gods was a Yankee as taciturn as our honoured president, and as scrupulous too, in his field of endeavour, every dollar of Marshall Field's millions having been, so his partners declared, 'clean money, gained in legitimate commerce.' An unobtrusive man, moreover, of meticulous instincts, and modest in dress, he was entirely free from the ostentation that impairs so frequently the man of newly made riches.

When dining at his table in Prairie Avenue, you were never forced to listen to longwinded tales of Mr. Field's early struggles and subsequent successes, nor were you overawed by any manifestation of his riches. Further-

more, your fellow guests were not bejewelled females in sheeny gowns, or bumptious males, who in the smoking-room inserted their thumbs in the armholes of satin waistcoats, whilst flicking with pudgy fingers the ashes from the ends of long cigars. On the contrary, your host was a silent man of quiet tastes who took delight in the intimacy of a few seemly friends to whom he extended his hospitality, but never his confidence; for if ever a man kept his own counsel it was this merchant prince.

His last will and testament was a disappointment to Chicago; yet on her Lake Front there is a fine expression of his love for her. Still, more than one elderly citizen is shambling now, I suspect, with shoulders bent, through one of her ill-conditioned streets, who closed with a sigh, long ago, the door of a little retail store, because a big retail store had added one more to its many departments; — legitimately, no doubt, yet without remorse for a heart that had been broken, Marshall Field having been, in the words of Apuleius, the philosopher, 'a man more keen-sighted in business than Lynceus or Argus, and with eyes everywhere about him.'

His neighbour, George M. Pullman, enjoyed far more than he the importance of being rich, and took delight in bidding the top price for a box at the charity ball or the opera. While he made his name familiar to the travellers of the land, and acquired his wealth without resorting to the more cruel methods of big business, Mr. Pullman left no white marble museum upon the Lake Front. Nor did he found an institution of learning to equip young men and women for the struggle of life, as

did P. D. Armour — the most unpretentious of these supreme money-makers, and the most generous, too, I am inclined to believe, many a story having once been current of his liberality in relieving individual distress, as well as of delight in helping some young man along the stony road to success.

'I do not want any more money,' Mr. Armour once said to an interviewer; 'I have more than I want. I do not love money; what I do love is the getting of it, the making of it.'

This is the reason, I imagine, why the successful American business man is so loath to retire after he has acquired a fortune, it being not the love of money, but rather the love of making it that sends him to his office at an hour when you and I still lie beneath downy coverlets, and keeps him at his desk long after his clerks have begun to yawn and glance at the clock. Yet money is not, as the proverb says, omnipotent, for it will not buy health or esteem or love, or any of 'the peace of mind which passeth all understanding.'

P. D. Armour, however, must have possessed a modicum, at least, of these treasures of life; for although he was the head of a gigantic butchering establishment and possessed of none of the social graces, he was, at the same time, a likable soul far more ready to smile than was either Mr. Field or Mr. Pullman.

Thirty or more years ago, while leaning upon the rail of an Atlantic liner as she was leaving the harbour of Southampton, I saw a middle-aged man approaching as if with the intention of speaking. His shoulders were

slightly bent and his face, smoothly shaven save for whiskers such as then were known as 'side burns,' was at once kindly and hard, if this be not an utter contradiction. His features, however, were unfamiliar, for although he proved to be a neighbour of mine in Prairie Avenue, our paths had been so divergent that I was not conscious of ever having seen him before. His memory was superior to mine, since he said with a certain shyness: 'I think I have seen you in Chicago. I live there, too. My name is Armour.'

An hour later I visited the ship's barber and while waiting my turn in his chair was amused by the homely yet comprehending quips of a fellow passenger upon the feudal customs of the land the ship was leaving in her wake. His speech and manner led me to suspect that he dwelt upon the banks of the Wabash; yet when I entered into conversation with him I was astonished to find that instead of talking about crops he talked about books, and with an insight that amazed me.

'My name is Riley,' he said as we went our respective ways, 'but I am not the Riley they speak of so highly, the Riley who keeps the hotel. I wish I were. Hotels pay better than poems.' This gave me an inkling as to his identity, yet not until I found the name James Whitcomb Riley upon the passenger list did I believe that my chance acquaintance was actually the author of 'The Boss Girl' and 'The Old Swimmin' Hole.'

Walter Damrosch, handsome as a young hero of the Nibelungenlied, was aboard that liner, too, and likewise Burr McIntosh, actor, football-player, photographer,

and prestidigitateur. Soon a congenial circle was formed in which the Hoosier Poet and these two became spontaneous entertainers with story, music, and sleight-of-hand, while P. D. Armour, my wife and I played the part of applausive listeners. Throughout the entire voyage, in fact, we of this little group enjoyed one another's company, and when the ship was docking in New York we were photographed together in grotesque attitudes with P. D. Armour as the axis of the picture, a place I feel confident neither Mr. Field nor Mr. Pullman would have enjoyed taking. Nor would they have joined heartily in singing under Walter Damrosch's leadership:

'Follow the aylee, aylee Olee man,
I'll do all the divil I can.
Follow the aylee, aylee Olee man.'

But a transatlantic voyage, even though made in the company of one of Chicago's three 'gods of the marketplace,' is a far cry from the pretty street in which they dwelt at a time when the city was growing by leaps and bounds, while making 'I will' her shibboleth.

In the material development of Chicago this triumvirate of wealth played a considerable part; yet in its social life their wives were far from being omnipotent. Mrs. Pullman, it is true, kept open house, and, with Mrs. Wirt Dexter and Mrs. John M. Clark, sponsored the delightful subscription balls known as the 'Dancing Class,' the origin of which had been a desire on the part of the husbands of these ladies to learn the intricate steps of the schottische and the polka redowa, as well as

the stately measures of the lancers or those of that pleasing quadrille of local origin called 'The Prairie Queen.' But the first Mrs. Field, although a woman of charm, was an invalid who when able to entertain at all preferred to gather young people together for a 'Mikado party' or to open her house to Madame Adelina Patti and those companionable singers, 'The Bostonians,' rather than assume duties so arduous as those of a social leader; while to the society of that time Mrs. Armour was scarcely known by sight. In fact, it was still the day of the Ogdens, the Catons, the Arnolds, the Skinners, the Blatchfords, the Huntingtons, the Walkers, the Carpenters, and the Meekers, whose progenitors Harriet Martineau found to her astonishment, when visiting Chicago some ninety years ago, to be both 'educated and refined,' and whom Frederika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, looked upon a decade later as 'the most agreeable and delightful people she had ever met anywhere.'

It was the day, too, of the Whitehouses, the Lathrops, the Bryans, the Medills, the Dexters, the McCaggs, the Masons, the Mortons, the MacVeaghs, the Porters, the Ishams, the Wallers, the Badgers, the Honorés, the Houghtelings, the Farwells, the Glessners, the Blairs, and the Williamses; the day, in a word, when there was social rivalry between Rush Street, Cass Street and Dearborn Avenue on the one hand and Prairie, Michigan and Calumet Avenues on the other; rivalry, too, between the 'Cinders' of the North side and the 'Dancing Class' of the South side, and when there was

seemliness and simplicity, as well as a charm of manner that has disappeared, not from Chicago alone, but off the face of the earth.

> 'Oh, to bring back the Homeric time,
> The simple manners and the deeds sublime!'

Alas, to the present generation the simple manners would appear in the light of tiresome manners, while the deeds sublime would be dwarfed by the magnitude of the income-tax returns. Nevertheless, I recall the eighties and early nineties, in Chicago, not only as an age of simple manners, but of great achievements as well. It was then that the once nefarious 'Sands' were extended to form the Lake Shore Drive; then, too, that the building in which Garfield, Blaine, and Cleveland had been nominated for the presidency was razed to make way for the Renaissance walls of the Art Institute — the dear, ugly, drafty old Exposition Building where Theodore Thomas had wielded his baton on summer nights, where the voices of Patti, Christine Nilsson, Scalchi, and Campanini had been heard, and where we horsemen of the town had driven our four-in-hands, tandems and high-stepping pairs round and round a tan-barked arena, whilst a band played a Sousa quickstep, horse-loving onlookers cheered, and little gloved hands applauded.

But soon Theodore Thomas's musicians were bowing their fiddles upon the stage of the Auditorium which in the closing year of the eighties was, in words of Mayor Cregier, dedicated in the presence of President Harrison

and four thousand of Chicago's citizens to 'the honour and glory of the city, and the culture of her people,' while Patti sang 'Home, Sweet Home' and, as a chronicler has said, 'ladies waved their handkerchiefs and gentlemen cheered.'

But scarcely had the trills of a perennial diva died away and the great Tamagno's voice ceased to thrill the hearts of those who, during its first brilliant season of opera, packed the Auditorium to its topmost gallery, than geniuses such as Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Richard M. Hunt, Stanford White, and Frederick Law Olmsted responded manfully to the invitation of John Welborn Root, Chicago's own genius of untimely death, and that of his partner Daniel H. Burnham, to inspect a wind-swept shore and plan to make of it a paradise.

Snow lay then upon its dunes, yet before another winter's snow had fallen the domes and pinnacles of a magic city had arisen upon a once barren waste. Meanwhile, we who had lent money begrudgingly, instead of willing hands, to an enterprise the success of which we doubted, had gone our various humdrum ways; while criticizing, when we chanced to meet, the courageous few with a vision broader than our own. But when an ethereal city finally stood beside a material city, and the white of its fairy palaces was actually to be seen in dazzling contrast to the blue of lake and sky, those whose abject hearts had doubted were spurred to effort, too; for the world had still to be convinced that out of an uncouth Nazareth good had come.

In fact, it was only by untold effort, even wiliness,

that the world was beguiled to Chicago and made to see with Walter Besant that her 'people had dreamed the greatest and most poetical of dreams.' One by one, at first, and then in increasing numbers the venturesome souls of Europe, Asia, Africa and Oceanica journeyed to an inland shore, and finally, as Mrs. Paran Stevens condescendingly averred, 'the very nicest people in New York paid Chicago the great compliment of visiting the World's Fair.'

IV

CARPENTERS were hammering frantically, one afternoon, in order to finish a temporary floor in the Auditorium on which little feet in satin slippers were soon to glide beside spurred heels. Florists, meanwhile, were attaching green garlands to gilded balconies, and nimble decorators, high up on ladders, were fastening banners of red and yellow silk — the *oro y sangre* of Spain — to Venetian masts; when into the midst of this hubbub came the governor of a sovereign State, very red in the face, to demand of a pair of tired young men why a box for the ball of that evening had not been reserved for him.

One of the young men was John L. Chamberlain, then a first lieutenant of artillery, but now, so has time flown, a retired Major-General with a D.S.M. for 'exceptionally meritorious service' as Inspector General of the armies of the United States. The other was the writer of these memories, functioning as Secretary of the Inaugural Reception Committee of the World's Columbian Exposition of which brave and stately General Nelson A. Miles was the chairman, its members being Hempstead Washburne, mayor of Chicago, Marshall Field, George M. Pullman and N. K. Fairbank.

For days and days Lieutenant Chamberlain had been helping me to solve the seemingly insoluble problem of how to place in forty boxes of six chairs each, at least four hundred importunate officials every one of whom

demanded not a seat only, but an entire box labelled with his name and rank in letters so large that all who ran might read. Before a wrathful governor began to upbraid us for a fancied slight to his dignity as ruler of a great and glorious commonwealth, we had been prodding carpenters, florists, and decorators for hours and hours, while counting the precious moments that remained to us ere John Philip Sousa's bandsmen were due to play a march dedicated to a great republic, and its dignitaries to appear upon a floor not yet finished, while the figures '1492–1892' blazed forth on a stage where banners were still being hung to slender poles.

Just when the anger of one who had not had the politeness to reply to a courteous invitation had reached its apogee, a citizen who was either a *cameriere del Papa*, or something quite as hierarchical, appeared upon the scene to demand with more politeness than His Excellency had shown, yet with equal insistence, the tickets for the box of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. Now it happened that the secretary of an exposition which was holding its dedicatory ceremonies six months before its doors were to open in order to make prospective exhibitors aware of its existence, had failed not only to inform Chamberlain and me that this great prelate had been invited to attend them, but that he was actually in Chicago accompanied by Archbishops Satolli and Ireland. Luckily, we had had the foresight to retain for such an emergency the tickets for a box which, although well situated, bore the number thirteen. But between the demands of an angry governor and an

insistent *cameriere*, we were in a quandary until, putting our heads together, we came to the conclusion that whereas the chief executive of a State was able, no doubt, to create a rumpus within its confines, a cardinal might, if offended, spread an unfavourable impression of Chicago's cherished enterprise throughout the entire Christian world. To the emissary of His Eminence, therefore, the tickets for box thirteen were given, His Excellency being placated by the enclosure within red ribbons of six orchestra chairs, and the hanging upon a neighbouring pillar of a flag on which were blazoned the arms of a commonwealth.

When the last banner had been hung and the last nail driven, my able coadjutor and I dressed in a jiffy and bolted a hasty dinner; then, with the assistance of a corps of white-gloved young men wearing red and yellow sashes across their shirt-bosoms, we formed upon a floor completed but an hour before a receiving-line composed of a score of the city's most prominent ladies, with Mrs. Potter Palmer, beautiful and bejewelled, at its head.

An ungracious chief executive of the Nation having remained in Washington, our next duty was to marshal the members of the Cabinet, the Diplomatic Corps, and the Supreme Court, together with the governors of some thirty States, their gold-braided staffs, and sundry senators, congressmen, and officers of the Army and Navy, all in order of precedence behind Vice-President Morton, who, being 'kind and affable to every creature,' fulfilled a definition of a gentleman made centuries ago.

This task performed, Sousa, on a sign from me, raised his baton; whereupon the most imposing array of personages Chicago has ever beheld filed in slow procession into the Auditorium, to dazzle with gorgeous costumes, stunning uniforms, and glittering decorations eyes unaccustomed not only to the sight of Orientals in court-dress, but to that of stately diplomats as well, with orders on their breasts, swords at their sides, and cocked hats in hand. To startle with his fierceness the many eyes that gazed that night, there was a mustachioed grenadier with a plumed *pickelhaube* on his giant head, and to entrance the onlooker with his manly grace, a blue hussar with dolman, sabretasche and tasselled boots. But the most impressive marcher in that unwonted procession was a noble knight of Calatrava in a cloak that swept the floor majestically; the quaintest being, without a doubt, a little ochre-coloured Korean who wore high up on his glossy coiffure a contrivance of wire that looked for all the world like a fly-trap.

When the last pair of spurs had begun to click to the wearer's forward step, I glanced into the room in which these men of many lands had assembled and, to my consternation, saw a scarlet-clad figure entering its farthest door. Again Cardinal Gibbons had been overlooked, and to save an unpleasant situation I introduced myself forthwith as one appointed to await his coming. Offering him my arm, I led him past a slowly moving procession to a place near its head belonging to him as a Prince of the Church; and from that chance meeting I have carried through the years an impression of an up-

right man, at once kindly and courtly — in a word, 'a wealthy priest, but rich without a fault.'

Of the ceremonies during which the buildings so magically built by Daniel H. Burnham were tendered by him to the officers of the Exposition, then dedicated to humanity by Vice-President Morton, my recollection is less vivid. I remember, however, that medals in recognition of their truly wonderful achievements were given, not only to architects such as Charles F. McKim, Richard M. Hunt, Stanford White and Frederick Law Olmsted, but to Louis Sullivan, William Holabird, Francis Meredith Whitehouse, and other Chicagoans whom I was glad to find were not without honour in their own land, neglect or ridicule rather than recognition being only too often the lot of Americans who devote their lives to what Mr. Higinbotham, the president of the Fair, spoke of that day as 'the civilizing arts.'

Painting and sculpture, too, were acclaimed when, for its beautification at their hands, a grateful Exposition awarded its medals to Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Frederick McMonnies, Francis D. Millet, Carroll Beckwith and a number of their confrères, as well as to Chicago's gifted citizens — Lorado Taft and Walter McEwen. Literature, moreover, was remembered, and local talent also, when Miss Harriet Monroe's 'Commemoration Ode' was read to an audience of a hundred thousand souls, who, to us upon the platform, were, in words of Robert Browning, 'human beings, like spiders newly hatched.'

These happenings were in 1892. On May Day in the

following year, Grover Cleveland came to press the button that was to start gigantic wheels, and, at the same time, send the Stars and Stripes fluttering up a gilded pole between the banner of Castile and that of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic Kings. But before these flags were given to the fitful breezes of a day — half rain, half sunshine — a great president said:

'The machinery that gives life to this vast exposition is now set in motion. So, at the same instant let our hopes and aspirations awaken forces which in all times to come shall influence the welfare, the dignity, and the freedom of mankind.'

Five years later to a minute, through one of fate's strange ironies, the epauletted officers who listened to this idealism of their commander-in-chief were directing in Manila Bay the fire of ruthless guns against the very flag in whose honour cannon boomed when he had finished speaking. But the crowd surging before a platform while women fainted in its midst, thought not of war, or peace, or idealism, but of how to edge closer to the Duke of Veragua in order to see his resplendent uniform and gilded collar of the Golden Fleece.

At the invitation of Congress, this descendant of Columbus had come to view the exquisite buildings that had arisen beside the belching chimneys of what, until then, the world had looked upon as the least imaginative of its cities. He was a stately grandee with features such as Goya would have taken delight in painting; and when he reached the shores of Lake Michigan, he was escorted in pomp to his hotel by the yellow-plumed cavalry and

blue-coated infantry of his host, the American Nation. Being of a race whose manners are courteous and whose ways are leisurely, he did not view himself in the light of a nine days' wonder, but rather as the guest of a rich and powerful people invited, as its emissary had led him to believe, not for a day or a week, but for the duration of an exposition held to commemorate the achievement of his ancestor.

An official in Washington who counted the very pennies of the ducal board-bill thought otherwise; so, in due course of time, this guest of our people was bluntly told that he had outstayed his welcome. When in chagrin he departed, no blue-coated soldiers of Nation or State stood in line to honour him with their salute; but at my instigation, I having been at the time the honorary consul of his land, a troop of amateur hussars sat on black chargers before his hotel, ready to escort him to his train. Not being enrolled in either the regular army or the organized militia, the honour these troopers paid was without official significance; yet they rode fine horses and carried gleaming sabres; so when they wheeled into line before His Grace's carriage they looked an imposing escort, and to his European eye they appeared as soldiers of his host. Thus by a pardonable subterfuge was a heart humiliated by official discourtesy made glad for the moment. This duke and his duchess, let me add, were gentlefolk as unpretentious as any it has been my good fortune to meet, while the courtesy once shown by them to me in their native land was of a kind such as I shall remember always with delight and gratitude.

THE DUKE OF VERAGUA

The Infanta Eulalia of Spain came also to Chicago as the Nation's guest in that year 1893, and being of royal birth, she set the city's heart a-flutter. By nature a joyous Parisienne, rather than the proud and haughty Spaniard of Romance, or the gracious princess of fairy tales, her playing of the part of royalty was at variance with the exalted notion of it held by a city remote from kings and their majesty, and believing with Euripides that 'it is necessary for a Prince to please the many.'

Now the pretty princess who journeyed across the seas Columbus had sailed, thought not of pleasing the many but rather of pleasing her own vivacious self, she being a somewhat wilful lady, filled to overflowing with *la joie de vivre*. She was accompanied, furthermore, by a royal husband who took delight, like a caliph of old, in roaming incognito in search of questionable adventures through the streets of the city by night. Being the antithesis of democracy's own picture of royalty, this princely pair was not the ideal one to present it in a favourable light; and when it became apparent that neither the Infanta nor her consort would play the royal part in the pompous way in which it had been written into the agenda of the Exposition, many an official heart was in despair.

Upon the very evening of her arrival, in fact, and while sky-rockets were still exploding in her honour behind a white peristyle, Her Royal Highness said to me in a tone of ennui: 'In Havana, in New York, and in Washington — which cities I have visited since leaving

Spain — and now in Chicago, it has ever been the same tiresome story of officials to meet, officials to placate, and officials to bore me to distraction. I want to see the World's Fair in peace and in comfort and without an official in sight. You must arrange it.'

Being a young man still in the twenties, the idea of protecting a fair princess from pestering officials appealed to me, I confess, as an adventure at once bold and romantic. To a telephone, therefore, I went straightway, and called up Allison Armour. Although but a namesake of the founder of a noted industry, and not in any way related to him, this friend in need possessed, nevertheless, sufficient worldly goods to have enabled him to be the owner of a steam yacht named the *Gryphon*, which speedy little craft he agreed to have within hail, off the Lake Front, on the morrow. Each day during a fortnight Allison Armour and I managed to spirit the Infanta aboard her, and, after reaching the Exposition grounds, to land, first, at one place, then at another, but always with a retinue of wheeled chairs in waiting.

Besides the Infanta and the bold conspirators, the party during these clandestine cruises was composed of two ladies of the city whose presence had been royally commanded, and Her Highness's own suite, consisting of the Spanish Minister Plenipotentiary, the cynical and sophisticated grandee who was the royal chamberlain, an ancient marchioness who played the dual rôle of duenna and lady-in-waiting, and an American naval officer, who, detailed as official escort to royalty, was

incongruously accompanied by his wife, and a daughter still in her teens.

Once having set foot within the Exposition grounds, the Infanta was usually able to enjoy herself undisturbed until the luncheon hour, and during these unceremonious wanderings, she proved to be a delightful as well as a merry companion. At 'Old Vienna,' however, at the 'German Village,' the 'Pickwick Inn,' or wherever her noonday repast had been ordered, the reporters were pretty certain to discover her, generally about the time when, in her most affable mood, she had lighted an after-luncheon cigarette. Her gracious manner changed then to one of coldness, or even of vexation, should an official chance to enter the royal presence and proffer his services.

The story of her ill-humour at the reception given for her by Mrs. Potter Palmer I prefer to tell in the graphic words of Mrs. William J. Calhoun, who, before marrying a minister plenipotentiary and learning by a court experience of her own how to judge of royal breaches of etiquette, used, as Lucy Monroe, to assist in editing that little magazine of enchanting memory, *The Chap Book*.

'Unfortunately,' says this accomplished lady, in 'Chicago Yesterdays,' 'the Infanta learned that her host to be was the landlord of the hotel where she was lodged. An innkeeper she thought him, and therefore unworthy to entertain a princess. She was constrained at last to put in an appearance, but she arrived an hour late and departed outrageously early, making no

response, meanwhile, to the greetings of the guests as they were presented. She sat upon the dais, which, with too much courtesy perhaps, had been prepared for her, in sullen, unsmiling, unbending silence, while her beautiful hostess, standing at her side and offering martyred Chicago society at her altar, tried in vain to thaw the icy atmosphere.'

Being a Spanish official at the time, I had my own unpleasant moments, too, such as when at a party given by my wife and myself I was obliged, on account of the Infanta's aversion for officials and desire to be surrounded only by gay and amusing people, to seat at a supper table other than hers, not only the Spanish Commissioner-General, whom she disliked heartily, but Carter Harrison, as well, whose Southern hospitality she had enjoyed at the house in which but a few months later he met death at the hand of an assassin. Indeed, my most vivid memory of the courtly old politician who so adored to rule Chicago, is not of the impressive sweep of the hand with which he was wont to doff his slouch-hat to a cheering multitude, while riding through the streets, but of the hurt look that crossed his benign face when he discovered that although mayor of the city, his seat was not to be at the royal table.

Had the Infanta Eulalia not rebelled against her own caste, since then, and expressed in candid words her contempt for it, I should have been loth to tell, even in borrowed words, of the incidents of her visit that angered Chicago. To her entourage she was graciousness itself, and to have been her courtier for a day was

I was in your coach the Chetfield
boy lot do not forget it
Eulalia
Chicago 1893

an amusing experience. Yet the memory of it, coupled with stories told me by friends who were behind the scenes during other royal visits, has led me to suspect that a monarchy may best serve its own interests, in a democracy such as ours, by keeping its royal persons at home.

My glimpse of court-life was luckily too short to prevent me from enjoying happiness during it, or from attaining it elsewhere, this, according to La Bruyère, being the fate of those who haunt royal antechambers. Nor is it the experience of World's Fair days to which I look back with the keenest pleasure. For such a memory I must turn from white buildings beside a blue lake to the lawn of my father-in-law, Senator Charles B. Farwell, where, under his greenwood tree, the Augustin Daly Company gave, for the benefit of a crèche in the Exposition grounds, its only *al fresco* performance of 'As You Like It.'

No doubt the dual rôle of publicity and property man played by me upon this occasion was humble. Yet it was not without its difficulties; particularly when I was called upon to stick a number of freshly hewn saplings into the ground beneath the gnarled oaks of Lake Forest in such a way that the actors might have their exits and their entrances between them, and the tents that served as tiring-rooms be hidden by them, while the saplings themselves appeared as the undergrowth of the Forest of Arden.

Still, in spite of my arduous duties, this performance lingers in memory, together with Celia's words in the

play, as 'wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful.' It had, in fact, a joyousness, a naturalness and a youthful buoyancy such as I have never seen beneath a spot light. Ada Rehan, girlish and exuberant, was 'Rosalind of many parts,' the virtuous Orlando being John Drew who, though verging on forty, still looked to be a youth of twenty. 'The melancholy Jaques' was played by George Clarke, and Audrey 'honest in deed and word,' by pretty Isabel Irving.

James Lewis, the inimitable, was Touchstone; yet upon the first sunny day of a rainy June the part was not to his liking, his legs, though still nimble, being, alas, rheumatic. So, when not making merry as a motley fool, he stood upon a pair of wooden blocks which, when it became his cue to cry, 'Come apace, good Audrey, I will fetch up your goats,' he hid behind a tree. Yet he but cursed beneath his breath the cruel lord and manager who had forced him to play upon wet grass; whereas John Drew, when he appeared in grease-paint in the dazzling glare of a noonday sun, nearly broke up the performance; for when Ada Rehan saw him she burst into laughter. 'John,' said she in a perfectly audible stage-whisper, 'you look like a Pawnee.' The audience meanwhile joined the chaste Rosalind in her mirth, the actors being unable to play their parts coherently until Orlando had removed his war-paint.

This thought of John Drew, grease-painted in broad daylight, recalls a joyous evening passed with him in the little café which in more convivial days than these

was to be found in the tunnel under Congress Street connecting two of Chicago's hotels. There, with a zither player who made sweet music for us upon his instrument and the waiter who served us from time to time as our sole companions, John and I made good cheer while chatting the whole night through; for when we emerged the sun was rising over a wind-swept lake. Alas, I wonder if friendship such as a poet has called 'the mysterious cement of the soul' is not doomed to disappear from the face of American earth!

Had Eugene Field never yielded to any worldly temptation, had he been animated solely by a spirit such as the one that caused his ancestors and mine to lash helpless women with bared backs through the streets of New England towns, merely because they were Quakers — a spirit still abroad, I fear — could he have penned the generous and sympathetic words of this letter received from him at the time my first book, a novel of Chicago, was being slated by the local critics?

My dear Taylor: If you intend to follow writing as a profession, you must cultivate your skin until it becomes a hide — the hide of a pachyderm. I have been all through the experience with which you are beginning. The *Herald* said of my first book that it was evidently written by a man who lampooned Chicago society because he couldn't get into it. I believe it is better to be antagonized than to be patronized. Go right along doing the best work of which you are capable and you are bound to succeed in spite of the ill-will of some people. There are in the midst of us many who, incapable of ambitious endeavour, themselves, envy and hate those who do try to do somewhat and to be somebody. Do not let these creatures worry you. After a while they will be only too glad

to fawn upon you. With all faith in your future, and with honest regard for your abilities, ambition and pluck, I am and shall be ever your friend,

December the tenth, 1891 EUGENE FIELD

I was one of Eugene Field's pallbearers, and whenever I hear his name, sadness enters my heart. Full of sympathy and understanding such as he expresses in this letter, he was a genius both lovable and unaccountable, as true to his friends as he was tender to children.

His mentor, Dr. Frank W. Reilly, beside whose sanctum Field used to sit with his feet on a desk while writing 'Sharps and Flats,' is another one whose place in my affections is still vacant. Long before he became the editor of the morning edition of the *Chicago Daily News*, and, by frequent and fervent quotation from Horace, the inspirer of Field's love for a Sabine Farm, 'Doc' Reilly, as his friends used to call him, had served as a surgeon in the Civil War, a mellowing experience that may account for my recollection of him as the most human editor I ever knew. The kindest, too, let me add, since he used to accept my articles, and even trust me with difficult assignments in the days when I was apprenticed to the newspaper craft.

In memory, I see Field and Reilly strolling together into the remote and delectable corner of McClurg's bookstore over which for many a year George Millard presided. There sit the Reverend Frank W. Gunsaulus, the Reverend M. Mosely Stryker, and the Reverend Frank M. Bristol, its 'Saints,' thumbing rare tomes in

This portrait reminds me
to being vastly paler
than when in paride, & knelt beside
My charming friend's bewitching bride –
Sweet Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor.
– Eugene Field.

The tallest poet in the room sat at the feet of a gracious and fashionable belle. Just home from the Crescent City and missing here the warmth and flowers he left there, he saught to sun himself in beauty's smiling face.

company with George Armour, Ben Cable and 'Charlie' Barnes, its 'Sinners.'

The fear, alas, of being an unwelcome philistine kept me from venturing too near this hallowed spot, though I longed to hear the bibliophilic ravings of

> '"Maniacs shrewd or imbecillic,
> Urban, pastoral or idyllic,
> Richly clad or dishabillic,"
> When, "George Millard is home!"'

Fear came upon me, too, and also trembling, when with manuscript in hand I ventured upstairs to the lair of General Alexander C. McClurg. In wearing grey side whiskers of the style known as 'Burnsides' during the war of which they both were veterans, this publisher and bookseller resembled Doctor Reilly. Yet here the likeness ceased, for never did the General sit in an oyster house at midnight with a plate of rockaways and a bottle of claret before him; nor did he share the editor's keen sense of humour, since he even looked upon the free advertising Eugene Field gave his rare-book department daily in 'Sharps and Flats' as an offence against the dignity of literature. But he was a gentleman of the old school, who in manner was courtliness itself. He published my first book, moreover; hence there is affection for him in my heart; while in my recollection there is a stirring picture of him standing sword in hand before a grey-coated regiment with white cross-belts and immaculate duck trousers, he having been the first commander of Chicago's 'Dandy First.'

Others who are gone cross the stage of memory like

actors after the curtain has fallen — my debonair friends and clever publishers, Herbert S. and Melville E. Stone, Jr., sons of a grand old father, and victims, the one of the *Lusitania*, the other of a dread disease; Major Lyman B. Glover, the dramatic critic, who, by inducing me to talk upon Molière in a course of lectures he was arranging for a Woman's Club, led me unawares into a path in which I wandered for years; and engaging 'Biff' Hall, too, newspaper man, justice of the peace, and scintillating President of the Forty Club in the days when every actor in the land who starred enjoyed its hospitality. One by one they pass — William Morton Payne, apostle of good literature; Bert Leston Taylor, with his 'Line o' Type or Two' to rival 'Sharps and Flats'; Emerson Hough, his glance as keen as that of the pioneer sitting rifle in hand in a covered waggon, and finally, Charles Francis Browne, the modest painter, whose heart was the bravest I have ever known, whose ideals were dimmed only by death.

The most enchanting heart still beats, I am glad to say, though shyly, in the breast of Henry B. Fuller, whose grace of style and whimsicality led James Russell Lowell to exclaim, after reading 'The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani,' 'A precious book, it tastes of genius.' To us (we are, alas, too few) who know his insight, subtlety, and quaint perception, the books of 'Henry B.,' as we fondly call him, are precious still; and since his mind is of 'a diviner pattern' than any of ours, he fulfils for us Horace's conception of a genius.

High up in a skyscraper that has been profitably

consecrated to the Fine Arts there is a studio leased by Ralph Clarkson, doyen of Chicago painters. On one of its walls hangs 'Las Meniñas,' reproduced by the tenant's skilled hand; and, to invoke with still more incongruity in the midst of a city seething with commerce, not only the spirit of Velasquez but of his land as well, there stands against another wall a Spanish cabinet with rusty lock and a nest of tiny drawers inlaid with ivory and gold. Into this soothing spot 'Henry B.' flutters on Friday in his shy way, for while it is a painter's studio six days of the week, on Dies Veneris it is 'The Little Room.'

A wealth of charming memory lies for me in this name of a club composed of Chicagoans who practise the Fine Arts — a name derived, I believe, from the title of a story by one of its founders, in which there is a ghostly little room that disappears and reappears at intervals. To me, however, it is Shakespeare's 'little room confining mighty men.' A grandiose phrase, perhaps, with which to describe a studio where the few and lonely artists of a commercial city gather to talk joyfully for an hour, while drinking tea together, a language not of its streets. But if, as Bulwer Lytton says, 'The pen is mightier than the sword,' those who use it should be mightier than warriors; and if this be so, are not the wielders of both brush and chisel mighty, too, I ask?

But mighty men alone are not to be found in The Little Room. At a table, in fact, where Clara Laughlin is pouring tea from a samovar (if you're going to Paris be sure to make her acquaintance), I see, in memory, Jane Addams sitting beside Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler,

and surely they are mighty women. Elia W. Peattie, delightful as her stories, perceptive as her book reviews, sits there, too, in company with valiant Anna Morgan whose love for Chicago is 'a malady without a cure,' and, upon whose little stage, two floors below, many a play by Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Shaw, Yeats, or Lady Gregory has received, at the hands of her clever pupils, its first American performance.

In a corner where there is a divan beneath a hanging lamp, is Harriet Monroe, founder of *Poetry*, and discoverer of poets, and there in 'sweet clover' too, sits Clara Louise Burnham, side by side with Edith Wyatt, who is enjoying 'great companions,' I suspect; for hovering near, with cup in hand, I see Lorado Taft and Robert Herrick. Of 'men of enchanting spirit' there is, indeed, 'dear variety,' — Will Payne, for example, Henry Kitchell Webster, I. K. Friedman, Frederic Clay Bartlett, and 'Bob' Peattie, as I am constrained to call him, 'Robert Bruce' being far too stately a name for one of his good-fellowship and parts.

Yes, and into that room of dear memory come the McCutcheons — John T., cartoonist and mighty hunter, with His Majesty, George Barr of Graustark — likewise Harrison Rhodes, another delightful friend, who sits afar off to-day upon a reviewing stand. At the threshold these three are greeted, as is every one, by Ralph Clarkson, most courteous of painters, and in their wake I see George Ade, Rex Beach, and 'Mr. Dooley,' though they are but occasional visitors rather than habitués of The Little Room. But standing near its steaming

samovar of a certainty are Wallace Rice, the poet, and Oliver Dennett Grover, the painter.There of a certainty, too, expounding his views upon art, is Hamlin Garland, 'the handsome Westerner,' as Mr. Thomas Beer calls him, who has done fine things besides writing, such as creating The Cliff Dwellers Club, but nothing half so fine as being 'the rescuing angel' of Stephen Crane.

Indeed, it is not as the world's butcher that I dream of Chicago, nor as a smoke-ridden Babel where thirty tongues are spoken by as many alien races, and murder is of almost daily occurrence. Rather is it of a city out of which a university sprang fully equipped, like Athena from the head of Zeus, and where from the ashes of a holocaust three libraries have arisen; a city, moreover, where a hall for an orchestra and an auditorium to house a civic opera company have been built by the public spirit of its citizens, as well as one in which a marble museum of natural history, and an art institute attended by more students and entered by more visitors than any in the land are standing where, in boyhood, I sailed with my father in a white-winged sloop. But the Chicago of my deepest affection is under the skylights where the painters, sculptors, musicians, and writers who are my dear friends still strive with might and main to foster and spread abroad the spirit of the idealism that has brought these and other fine things to pass within the material place in which I was born — a city that has grown fifteen-fold during my lifetime, and numbers now some three million souls instead of a paltry two hundred thousand.

V

TO describe the middle part of a country the pretty word 'midland' is a noun in good lexicographical standing; I hope, therefore, that the time may come when the vast and prosperous territory lying in the middle of the United States, and not by any stretch of imagination in the middle of the Western part of it, may call itself the Midland, or — if the memory of days when trails were blazed across it must be conserved at all hazards — at least, the Midwest. This aversion for the illogical and uncultivated term 'Middle West' once led, in fact, to my election to an honourable and pleasing office — an event that happened in the fateful year when Europe began to war.

In emulation of a bellicose example, Mr. John M. Stahl, the president of The Writers Guild of Chicago, turned his typewriter at that time upon the authors of Illinois, and, by a rapid fire of letters, subdued them completely. But when in triumph he had them gathered as his prisoners in a banquet-hall and was on the point of forcing them to constitute themselves a state society of authors, Hamlin Garland arose in mutiny. Wresting by his fiery eloquence the command from Mr. Stahl, he stretched the boundaries of the territory in which all authors were to be mobilized until it included not one State only but all those of the so-called 'Middle West.'

Silent until then, I denounced this expression with such vehemence that I succeeded in having 'midland'

accepted as a pleasing and fitting substitute with which to qualify the authors residing in the twelve central States that lie between the Alleghanies and the Rockies, north of Mason and Dixon's line.

'They was some contendin' — yit
We broke up in harmony.'

Such harmony, in fact, that James Whitcomb Riley, whose words these are and who, alas, was too ill for active service, became the honorary president of the Society of Midland Authors; whilst I — because of Hamlin Garland's intention of migrating to an effete part of the land, and my own triumph in the selection of a name, rather than of my deserts — emerged from the first meeting of that 'Literary' as its president.

It is not my intention to chronicle the history of the Society of Midland Authors, but merely to tell of its name and origin in order that I may say that at a dinner once tendered me as its first president, a speech was made that has caused me to reflect many a time while writing these pages.

Miss Alice Gerstenberg, the dramatist, presided upon that occasion, and I suspect her of having been also the inspirer of an event which, until she called upon me for a speech, was as gratifying as any of my life. In fact, before that trying moment came, I had been listening to the affectionate words with which Wallace Rice, Anna Morgan, Edwin Balmer, Harriet Monroe, Donald Robertson, Clara Laughlin and other dear friends had welcomed me after an absence of years; the warmth of

their greeting having filled my heart with a gratitude I longed to signify. Indeed, I wished to make each one at that table know the depth of my love for Chicago; yet when I tried to express it I found myself praising the city's past, at the expense of her present, just as I have been doing in these pages.

So strongly did I dwell upon a decorous Chicago with churches and homes and ambling family nags as preferable to a turbulent one of giant buildings out of which tired humanity gushes at dusk into a torrent of onrushing wheels, that Lorado Taft, the sculptor, when called upon to speak, took me to task in his kindly way for not appreciating the city's bigness and greatness, or the wonderful things it is accomplishing.

I am aware that Chicago is the distributing centre of the Nation, and, in the words of Carl Sandburg, its 'hog butcher and stacker of wheat'; aware, too, that it has the lowest death-rate and the lowest bonded indebtedness of any great city of the land, and that in building construction, manufacturing and post-office receipts it is exceeded only by New York. Furthermore, as one who loves Chicago for her idealism rather than for her materialism, I point with a pride far greater than I take in any of these things to the fact that both in church attendance and in the percentage of homes owned by those who dwell in them, Chicago excels the metropolis. But when I read in a report of the city's crime commission that during a recent period of six months' duration a hundred and seventy-seven murders, or practically one a day, were committed in Chicago, I

blush with shame, a blush that grows still deeper when Mr. John Hays Hammond tells me that within the city of my birth, during a single year, '16,915 charges of felony were brought and only 4224 convictions were had.'

Still, Chicago's murder rate per thousand inhabitants is exceeded by that of several American cities, while in Greater New York, with a population approximate to that of the British metropolis, there are said to be 'ten murders to London's one.' Moreover, according to the American Bar Association, there are annually now in the United States between nine and ten thousand homicides — a blush therefore should tinge the cheek, not of the Chicagoan alone, but of every American.

'During the last ten years,' exclaims Senator Borah, 'eighty-five thousand people, from poison, the pistol, the knife or other unlawful means have suffered death!' More Americans, he might have added, than were killed in all the battles in which our armies were engaged during the World War.

Two years ago I happened to arrive in London on the day when a murder was committed. When I left that city six weeks later, not only had the murderer been apprehended, but he had also been convicted and hanged. 'I like the English way best,' said the late Vice-President Marshall, à propos of our concomitant national vices of law-making and law-breaking. 'The English don't make laws,' he continued, 'until they know the people want them. I'd like to repeal all the Federal and State laws and re-enact the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule.'

But in lamenting a national disgrace, I am failing to answer the charge of my friend Lorado Taft that in dreaming of a bygone Chicago I overlook the marvels that have come to pass within that city. Chicago is more beautiful, certainly, in many of its aspects than in other years, and day by day it grows more beautiful still, as one by one the elements of a far-seeing plan become realities. No one man, moreover, has done more to beautify it than has Mr. Taft himself.

When gazing at majestic buildings with towers that pierce the very skies, I do not forget the rookery of other days on the site of which they stand. And when in a motor car I speed over a monumental bridge, I recall but too vividly the jumble of trucks and drays through which — the reins of four horses in hand — I used to drive with temerity while burly teamsters jeered at me, or maliciously blocked my progress. Nor have I forgotten the skids over which I hurdled when afoot, while grocerymen in leather aprons rolled creaking barrels into cavernous depths from which arose the stenches of cheeses, hams, and other ill-smelling edibles.

Still, even when recalling these forbidding aspects of a primitive Chicago, I yearn for stately mansions in tree-lined streets; yearn, too, for the sight of little wooden cottages owned by the artisans who dwell in them, the home that is ever so humble being no longer on 'a spot of earth supremely blessed' but on the sanitary tiles of a two-roomed flat with kitchenette, or else upon the fetid floor of a tenement with fire-escapes outside its grimy windows.

In his enthusiasm for the present, Lorado Taft might picture for me a leaky shanty with an unpaid mortgage upon it, and a lean goat browsing on refuse beside it; likewise a corner saloon in which a drunken father leans, glass in hand, against a mirrored bar, whilst a barefooted child in rags tugs tearfully yet vainly at his sleeve.

There are fewer unpaid mortgages in the land, I am told, and more money is to be found in the savings banks since the corner saloon was eliminated; yet the murder-rate has not been reduced, nor would it seem that the morals of the young have been bettered, else in my morning paper I should not read of a speech made at a meeting of De Molay chapters, in which Mr. Roy E. Dickinson of Kansas City declared that 'crime among boys between the ages of nineteen and twenty-one has increased fifty per cent within the last two years.' I read in that paper, too, that Mr. Everett Hill, president of the Rotary International, said in another speech that 'the automobile has corrupted more youth than any other agency.'

By putting two and two together hastily and jumping at a conclusion in the manner of extremists, I might readily declare the time ripe for the organization of an Anti-Automobile League, with a view to amending the Constitution in a way to prohibit the use of a conveyance that, during the past year, has killed nineteen thousand Americans, and wounded four hundred and fifty thousand, while corrupting the youth of the land. Were it not that I believe in the justice as well as in the

wisdom of tolerance, gladly would I attempt the organization of such a league, the automobile having wrought, I believe, more havoc to the morals of the Nation than did the corner saloon. But I pray that I may avoid fanaticism and ever be as tolerant as was Abraham Lincoln when he declared that 'taken as a class, drunkards compare favourably in head or heart with any other.'

Having wandered once more away from the argument with Mr. Taft, let me close it by assuring him that he is right in declaring Chicago to be more beautiful now than in other days, and doubly right in admiring the fine men and women who work so unselfishly and ardently for her moral and physical betterment; for, as a New Yorker has truly said, 'Chicagoans love their city, not as though it were a city at all, but as though it were their actual flesh and blood.' Nevertheless, when I try to accommodate myself to Chicago's nerve-racking present, I sigh for the days when the loudest sound in State Street was the tinkle of the street-car horse's bell, a tenable reason for this preference being found, I think, in this editorial from the columns of *The Chicago Tribune:*

Five died Wednesday, and Death's paying-teller jotted down six hundred and fifty-seven killed this year by motor cars in Cook County. It was pay-day Wednesday on the streets — every day is pay-day — and the teller over at the window adds a long column — two, five, three, four, six, two, five, day by day without rest. It is a long pay-roll, and no one knows whose name is written there.

These things go on. Guns took three hundred and thirty-

two; moonshine took two hundred and eighteen; motor cars took six hundred and fifty-seven lives this year, in what we call a civilized community. There is cynicism, indifference, and wild answers, and things go on. The police go on for duty seven days a week, ten hours a day, against the odds of graft, corruption, and indifference to law, and nothing much results. It is our city, exhibit one, and not unlike the other cities of America. These things go on in all of them. . . .

What a contrast this picture presents to that of a Sunday when for a mile or more I walked through the streets of Chicago in broad daylight without meeting a single automobile. It was in war-time, and men had other thoughts than of gain and pleasure or of robbing and murdering their neighbours, love of country being in their hearts, or else desires so craven that they strove to hide them from their fellow men. So, except upon an errand of mercy or necessity, not a wheel in the city was turning unless it was drawn by a horse.

My memory of that 'gasless Sunday' is especially vivid because the walk I took through silent streets was to a railway station where I was to meet a soldier son upon his arrival to enjoy a last leave of absence before, on a platform at dead of night, he was to entrain his company in darkened cars, while lights flashed here and there amid whispers, and piles of accoutrement melted away at the hands of a baggage detail.

A dilapidated hansom drawn by a lean horse whose ribs were discernible drove up to the station at the time I reached it. It was hailed by many a traveller frantically, but once upon a time its cabman had worn boots and breeches, and in me he recognized a fellow

horseman of other and better days. When I drove away in his rickety cab a son sat beside me who but a year before had been an undergraduate. In place of the slouching manner of a college boy was the erect carriage of a soldier, and instead of the heedlessness of youth a realization of the responsibility imposed by the wearing of two little silver bars upon each shoulder.

Within a few short months, as it seemed to me, my son had acquired a new body, and a new heart as well — the heart of a man. It was hard, indeed, to believe that he was the same care-free lad whose fondest wish, when last I knew him, had been to carry a pigskin ball across a goal line — harder still to realize that soon he would be shivering in a soggy trench only a few yards away from fellow men who were awaiting the chance to take his life. How mercifully war dulls the heart with the anodyne called duty. As Stephen Crane has sung:

> 'Do not weep, maiden, for war is kind.
> Because your lover threw wild hands toward the sky
> And the affrighted steed ran on alone,
> Do not weep.
> War is kind.
>
> Hoarse, booming drums of the regiment,
> Little souls who thirst for fight,
> These men were born to drill and die.
> The unexplained glory flies above them,
> Great is the battle-god, great, and his kingdom —
> A field where a thousand corpses lie. . . .'

One may doubt that war is kind but not that it is fine, its 'unexplained glory' being found, not in the 'little souls who thirst for fight' — they are thirsting in peace

as well as in war — but rather in the big souls that war nourishes. Never, so it seems to me, have the men and women of Chicago — or of the Nation either — been so splendid as during the merciless days of war. Merciless, I call them, for so they appeared; yet more mercy was abroad in the land, more love of man for his fellows, more belief in God and country than ever I have seen in days of peace.

Have you forgotten the time when at sight of a uniform you stopped your car and beckoned to the wearer? How often do you stop now to give a ride to a man trudging beside the road with a bundle on his back? Do you remember the Thanksgiving Day when you carved a turkey at the head of your table for a dozen young fellows in khaki — your gardener's or your chauffeur's son among them, mayhap — or the time when at a canteen you poured coffee for men drawn from every class in life, and even with your own hand washed the cups from which they had drunk? Do you recall furthermore the alacrity with which you put that hand in your pocket for the Red Cross, the Salvation Army or the Y.M.C.A., and the avidity with which you went from house to house in an effort to sell Liberty bonds?

Only in war is true democracy found, and only in war are men so Christian as to love their neighbours, even while hating their enemies, in a manner akin to that with which in times of peace they are disposed to love themselves. Yet only in war is murder legalized and hate a consecrated passion; for war is a state of tragic contrasts.

It debauches the soul, while freeing it, and, at the same time, fills it with the spirit of adventure.

You leave the humdrum office or the shop of monotonous toil, your heart thrilling to cheers and the waving of flags. You march proudly away while drums throb and bugles blare to endure inscrutable hardships — and to lie, perhaps, in 'a field where a thousand corpses lie.' Yet for the moment you are a person of consequence admired for your courage and your readiness to serve. Even should you be but a humble mother or father of a son at the front, you are a somebody nevertheless, whose fears are tempered by pride in the service flag that hangs in your window, for even in the sacrifices it demands, war is kind.

In all my life I have never beheld a sight so inspiring as that of the young men from the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Sheridan marching in Michigan Avenue — three thousand strong, their step as soldierly as that of veterans. It was at the end of their three months of training and they had been ordered into the city to impress the representative of the short-lived Kerensky Government of Russia with the seriousness of America's preparation for war. As a committeeman charged with the arrangements for his visit, my place upon the reviewing stand was near this ambassador of a vacillating ally when he stood beside General Barry to receive the salutes of these young soldiers. To my dying day I shall remember the grim look of duty to be done, the courage, and the love of country that illumined the sunburnt faces of those splendid young men of the land as

platoon after platoon of them swept by, their heads turning in unison to the command, 'Eyes right!'

Nor shall I ever forget the thinned battalion of regulars I saw march into Buffalo long years ago — a battalion that had fought in Cuban jungles and had sweated in thick woollen shirts in a venomous climate until the few that were still alive had barely the strength left in their fever-stricken bodies with which to totter, after burnished arms were stacked, into a room banked with flowers, and there be fed by tearful women with the very goodies of which they had dreamed while lying delirious in reeking tents.

Although War is kind, he rides, nevertheless, sword in hand, upon a red horse side by side with Conquest mounted on a snow-white charger. They are escorted by Famine with balance in hand, crying, 'A measure of wheat for a penny,' and by Death on a pale horse; but invisible in the smoke of battle Faith, Hope, and Charity are riding, too, on winged steeds.

In Nuremberg, over four hundred years ago, Albert Dürer, master painter and engraver, pictured the four riders who come forth in lightnings and thunderings in a way as subtle as it was masterly, Famine, the third of these evil horsemen, being represented not as a gaunt and naked figure, like Death who rides beside him, but as a well-fed trader wearing rich clothes and mounted on a fat palfrey; — in a word, as a profiteer who is offering a penny for a measure of wheat in order that he may sell it, while the world is starving, for a shilling, or mayhap a pound.

The time when Albert Dürer drew his masterpiece was one of restless change and progress such as ours. Printing, like the radio, had just come into the world, and the use of gunpowder, like that of aerial bombs and poison gas, was revolutionizing war! 'But it was an age especially marked,' as Lord Bryce has said, 'by an event to which the world offers no parallel before or since — the discovery of America.'

While Columbus was sailing uncharted seas, while Niccolò Machiavelli was entering public life and Albert Dürer was engraving the four horsemen of the Apocalypse upon a block of wood, a somewhat general war in which France, Spain, Milan, Florence, Naples, the Papacy, Venice, Genoa, Switzerland, Albania and the Holy Roman Empire were involved, was being fought. When the peace that ended this one of many general wars in Europe had come to pass, a Kaiser who, unlike his ilk, was an altruist at heart, outlawed by imperial decree 'private wars' between the cities or the fiefs of his vast but disjointed domain, and foreshadowed still further the events that were to follow another general war by establishing a 'supreme court of judicature' the function of which was to deal with 'all and every business which might flow in from the Empire, Christendom or the king's hereditary principalities.'

But upon the shores of the Adriatic there existed,then, a great republic but little less remote, in point of the time required to reach it from this Kaiser's capital than is another great republic now. By its control of a vast commerce and of trade routes, as well as by the wealth

it had amassed, this republic excited the envy not only of the Vicar of Christ on earth, and of the monarchs by divine right of France and Spain, but likewise that of the altruistic ruler I have had in mind. Barely more than a decade, therefore, after he had outlawed private war and established an arbitration tribunal, this imperial visionary had joined a league composed of these 'Christian rulers' and himself, not for the purpose of enforcing peace but of crushing an arrogant republic that had grown abnormally rich by building a tariff wall around its territories, by granting monopolies to its citizens and by excluding foreigners from trading within its dominions. To-day, through its deserted palaces hordes of rich tourists from another republic wander, guide-book in hand, to view the relics of its glory long departed.

Eight years after a pope, a kaiser, and some 'Christian kings' had despoiled Venice, Sir Thomas More who died eventually upon a scaffold, published his 'Utopia,' in order to denounce the vices of power. Then a monk of Wittenberg nailed ninety-five theses upon a church door. May the day come when priest or pastor will nail upon another church door, not ninety-five theses — there are far too many of these on the doors of churches already — but the eight beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount! And may the world accept them wholeheartedly! But until that time arrives the most desirable citizens of a certain rich and sometimes arrogant republic will be, I suspect, not those whose consciences forbid them to serve her, or those who are

given to the passing of resolutions for the outlawing of war, but rather the thirty-five thousand young men who spend their hard-earned vacations upon one of the tented fields of the Military Training Camps Association and the hundred and eighty thousand other young men who refrain from jazzing or attendance at the 'movies' on one evening a week, in order to drill in an armoury.

Lest I appear to be glorifying war unduly, let me say forthwith, that while in its finest aspects it appears to me to be finer than any peace I have known, war, in its worst, is so cruel, so wasteful, so illogical and so hateful that the wonder is it was not outlawed long ago, as were ordeal by fire and by battle, feuds between hill barons and duelling between Anglo-Saxons. So long, in fact, as disputes between peoples are settled by war, the term civilization is a misnomer and that of Christian nation but an irony.

So long, however, as the peoples of the world worship the national gods that are symbolized by flags instead of worshipping Christ, war will obtain, I fear, and — the fulfillment of Washington's injunction to prepare for it in time of peace be wisdom on the part of a republic which during the century and a half of its national life has fought seven wars with foreign nations and the bloodiest civil strife in history.

Even when War is resting on his arms his dire companions ride on, the spirit of conquest being abroad at all times, and the desire to buy a measure of wheat for a penny in order to sell it for a shilling, or a pound, being ever in men's hearts. Death, moreover, rides his pale

horse every hour of the twenty-four. 'It is not the dying that makes war horrible,' says Dr. Edward A. Steiner, the sociologist, 'but the lying and the hating.' Yet do these cease in time of peace?

Only the other day I saw the emblem of love outlined in fire upon an American hillside as the emblem of hate. At a time when hate of the same unreasoning kind was in American hearts and a political party had been formed to foster it, Abraham Lincoln said that if the ideas that party professed should ever control, he would 'emigrate to some country, like Russia, where despotism could be taken pure, with no hypocritical talk about freedom and equality.' And while still a young man in his twenties, this same wise and tolerant American declared that 'as a nation of freemen we must live through all time, or die by suicide.'

Perhaps the weapon of self-destruction is already pointed at the Nation's heart. At least, during the aftermath of war, with its heritage of hate, it is not bleeding France or disillusioned Germany, but the happiest and most prosperous of peoples that has become 'the most lawless nation in the world' — an accusation made not by me, but by Judge Alfred J. Talley, of the Court of General Sessions of New York, at the solemn moment of inducting a new jurist into office. The reason for the United States being the leader in lawlessness among the nations of the earth, Judge Talley finds in 'the apathetic attitude of the people toward the strict enforcement of the law,' and their 'unwillingness to respect and obey the law,' or train their children 'in obedience and respect for lawfully constituted authority.'

But is not 'the American malady' law-making rather than law-breaking? 'No human being knows,' declares ex-Senator Albert J. Beveridge, 'how many statutes are hidden behind the forbidding covers of thousands of volumes that contain the acts of Congress and the legislatures.' 'The administration of the laws,' he adds, is so 'peremptory, insolent and autocratic' that 'officials have become vexatious tyrants and citizens have become cringing subjects.'

These words of one of Indiana's finest citizens bring to mind one of Machiavelli's cynicisms. 'Of all hard forms of servitude,' this Italian said, 'the hardest is to be subject to a republic.' Ah, but there was once an idealist in Italy, who was a statesman greater by far than this materialistic son of hers whose very name has become a synonym for duplicity — Count Cavour, I mean, the builder of the Italian Nation. 'The worst chamber,' he declared, 'is better than the best antechamber'; and therein lies my political faith.

It is a time of pessimism, this aftermath of war, and I have been seized no doubt by the malady that has entered most hearts; yet within the most lawless country in the world there would seem to be need for young men who will fight, not in khaki uniforms, while bugles blare, to make the world safe for democracy, but quietly and persistently in everyday clothes, in order that their country may be made safe for honest men. Tolerance should be their aim, not hate, or fanaticism; their weapon should be fairmindedness, not propaganda, and their war should be waged in a spirit of modesty

rather than of braggadocio. Indeed, there have been but two men who were qualified, it seems to me, to acclaim themselves one hundred per cent Americans — George Washington and Abraham Lincoln!

The ideal of these warriors of a younger generation than mine should be not the bringing about of the millennium by the passing of resolutions, but rather the instilling within their own hearts of what Lord Moulton called 'Obedience to the Unenforceable.' 'This,' said he, 'is the obedience of a man to what he cannot be forced to obey. He is the enforcer of the law upon himself.' 'Law and Manners,' this English jurist and statesman called the address in which these words occur; 'and it must be evident,' he said, 'that Manners must include all things which a man should impose upon himself, from duty to good taste.'

Alas, after a life of but little profit spent in wandering through 'the cities of many men,' I sit beside the sea, to-day, like King Canute the weary-hearted, and, at the age of twice thirty vainly bid the oncoming waves of the times to stand still. And like my friend Hugh Walpole, I am saddened by the thought that 'something, at any rate, has gone from the world, that the world will never see again.' Many things have gone from it, I fear; but those that I miss most are the respect of youth for age, home ties, and the gentility that in other days was born of faith and tradition.

THE END

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